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They are allowed to wear their beards, which the other Cossaks cut off without a scruple.

“ During our stay in Tcherkask we had an opportunity of seeing the ceremonies of Easter, and of observing the great devotion with which the Cossaks celebrate Good-Friday, Easter-eve, and Easter-Sunday. On Good-Friday the people assembled in a vast crowd in one of the principal Churches, all with lighted tapers in their hands. After the usual service a species of bier, covered with a rich embroidered pall, having the small figure of a dead Christ represented on it, was carried in procession from behind the Altar and set down in the Church, during which time some appropriate chapters in the Slavonic tongue were read. To all these offices the people attended with exemplary seriousness and great apparent devotion. The procession then moved to the great Church, singing hymns, and followed by all the principal persons in the town with their tapers. As the bier passed, the people bowed and crossed themselves. In the balcony of one of the best houses were assembled a whole family, who distinguished themselves by their devotion ; one of the daughters threw herself down and touched the floor with her head, kissing it repeatedly in token of humility. When the procession arrived at the Cathedral another service took place, when all the priests and the principal persons in the congregation advanced, one by one, and kissed the feet of the embroidered picture of Christ on the bier. The service ended with a sermon ; the preacher was a very rustic looking man, but he preached with energy and with some apparent effect.

“ The day following was also a rigid fast, and passed in nearly the same offices. At night all the Churches were illuminated, and all were crowded, particularly the Cathedral ; the congregations were dressed in their best clothes, and held lighted tapers in their hands. The effect produced was very solemn and magnificent. The priests and choir alternately continued singing plaintive solemn hymns ; we observed that the same hymns occurred repeatedly. The priests stood in ranks on each side the steps of the Altar, all in their most magnificent habits ; and the choir was placed in a very



high gallery at the west end. The congregation were attentive, and showed wonderful patience; many, I think, remained there the whole night without any rest or change of attitude, except from standing to prostration. The priests made several processions round the Church, carrying the great cross, the Bible, &c., and occasionally incensed the people, and received their offerings in a silver plate. I did not observe that any large sums were given, and we understood that their principal harvest at this season was made by going from house to house, when the people gave very bountifully. At the moment of day-break a cannon was fired, at which signal all the bells in the town rang, and the choir burst into a loud hymn: 'Christos voskress,' Christ is risen. To which the chorus of priests below answered, 'Yes, He is indeed risen!' They then embraced each other and kissed a cross, which they presented first to the attaman, and then to all such of the congregation as were fortunate enough to get near it. After this the service began for Easter-day; the Sacrament was administered, and a sermon preached. The old attaman, who had come into the town on purpose, and had remained in Church with his officers the whole of the night, stood in the aisle like all the rest, but distinguished by his red riband and the badge of his authority, a long ebony staff, with a round silver head, something like a melon. After the sermon the priests distributed small cakes of consecrated bread; and the people presented eggs to each other, accompanied by the address, 'Christ is risen,' which was always answered by an embrace, and the answer, 'Yes, He is indeed.' This is the only salutation allowed during the weeks immediately succeeding Easter, and all are in this respect on an equality. The empress herself durst not refuse the kiss of a slave, when accompanied with a hard egg and this exclamation. The eggs are generally prepared some days before, and are curiously painted and gilt. To foreigners the Russians in the southern part of the empire say always, *Χριστος ανεστη*, as the Greeks are the foreigners of whom they see the most. The rest of the day was spent in amusement and feasting. We all went to the attaman's house, where we found an immense Easter cake, a cold ham, and





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several other good things, with plenty of brandy and Donskoy wine on a large table; this was about nine in the morning. The Church choristers attended, and sang the Easter hymn; till this was finished, and grace had been said by the bishop, nobody touched the victuals. Afterwards they fell to with a famous appetite, as might be expected in men who had not tasted meat for forty days. The band were in a very handsome scarlet uniform. Several officers from seven or eight regiments, which happened to be on their return that day from Poland, came in with the rest of the guests, and among them was the Platof's son. His father received him with great dignity, not as a father, but as a commander-in-chief, till, after a few minutes' conversation, he called him to an inner room, where the door remaining half open, I saw him embrace him with great tenderness. About noon the attaman returned to his house in a handsome ten-oared barge. These barges are the principal articles of luxury in which Cossak chiefs indulge; their rowers are all splendidly dressed, and their prows profusely carved and gilded. All day the streets of Tcherkask were full of well-dressed women, *à la Cosaque*. The dress is elegant; a silk tunic and trousers fastened with a girdle of solid silver, yellow boots, and an Indian handkerchief round the head. Many wore a vast quantity of pearls. One lady, the wife of a lieutenant-colonel, was dressed after what she supposed the Moscow fashion; but she was the only exception; and our friend, the Cossak captain, did not seem to approve of this departure from the national costume. We walked about almost the whole evening, but, notwithstanding all the stories we had heard of Cossak brutality, we saw nothing of the kind.

“The Donskoy wine is sometimes very pleasant, but is, I suspect, a fabrication; I tasted some that was warranted genuine, which I could easily believe to be so; it was, indeed,

As wicked dew as Sycorax could brush  
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen.

“It is worth observing that the master of the post-office con-



sidered the Russian post as so insecure, that he advised me to enclose a letter home to Messrs. Rowand at Moscow, who would take care of it.

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“Tcherkask is a place of considerable trade in the way of lighterage, and sends many small vessels to Kertch, Taman, Mari-nopol, and even to Caffa. There is a sort of harbour contrived in the town, and fenced off from the river, in which floods are rapid and might be dangerous. The fortress of St. Anna Kreposte, built by Peter the Great, is now dismantled; it never could have been a very formidable place, and was, in fact, only wanted against the Turks; in spring and autumn it must have been inaccessible owing to the floods.

“All the stories of the impossibility of travelling in Russia during a feast time are greatly exaggerated; and are probably chiefly drawn from the excessive profligacy of a Petersburg mob. I do not think that the people in the other parts of Russia are more given to intoxication than the English.”

*To Richard Heber, Esq.*

*Phanagoria, in the Island of Taman,  
April 20, 1806.*

“MY DEAR BROTHER,

“I had hoped to pass my birth-day in the Crimea; but we have met with so many delays that it is daily growing less probable, and, as you will see by the date, almost decided that I cannot. For though the Bosphorus is now before me, and the opposite shore is only a very few miles distant, the wind is unfortunately contrary, and, what is still more unfortunate, there is no boat now in the harbour sufficiently large to contain our two carriages with convenience. Under such circumstances, my general, and always my pleasantest, resource is to write home; and as our last fortnight has been spent in countries very interesting and not very often traversed, I find sufficient materials for a letter. Our stay in Tcherkask was much more interesting than we had hoped, from the return of the attaman, a fine dignified old warrior, and from





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the celebration of the Easter festival, when all the great ceremonies, and all the finery and merriment of the Cossaks were at their height. The elegance of a European ball-room produces, indeed, a very trifling effect in comparison with the gaudy and barbarous splendour of these remote provinces. The men were all in full uniform with a profusion of silver ornaments. The dress of a Cossak girl consists of yellow morocco boots, silk trousers of the same colour, or sometimes of pink and silver, a silk night-gown, generally pink or green, girt very gracefully with a silver cestus, which those in richer circumstances ornament with pearls. The head is simply bound with an Indian handkerchief, and the hair is plaited and hangs down the back. The midnight scene in the Cathedral Church on Easter-eve, where some thousands of these gaudy figures were assembled, each holding a taper, the dim light of which served to harmonize what would else have been too glaring; the soft plaintive chaunt of the choir, and their sudden change at the moment of day-break, to the full chorus of 'Christ is risen,' were altogether what a poet or a painter would have studied with delight. The salutations of the succeeding day were equally curious. \* \* \*

"The Easter week is given up to amusement; but though we had heard much of the profligacy of the Cossaks, there was certainly far less drunkenness and rioting than on an English holiday. And though I walked through the town pretty late at night, I saw not a single battle.

"The character, government, and actual situation of this singular race, who occupy a territory, (including that of their brethren the Zaporogians,) perhaps almost as large as England, and can produce, in case of need, a force of seventy or eighty thousand horsemen,—is, if I remember right, very well, though shortly described in Tooke. Their land, which is much greater than their population requires, is divided into equal shares, to one of which every Cossak may lay claim as soon as he can bear arms. The officers have double or treble shares. They were formerly elective, but are now, except the Chiefs of villages, appointed by the att-



man of Tcherkask, and confirmed by the crown, which now also appoints the attaman himself. Nobility is unknown among them; and 'free as a Cossak' is still a proverb throughout Russia. They are exempt from all capitation; and their distilleries, salt-works, and manufactories are duty free. \* \* \*

Their uniform is very splendid, being, with a few variations, the ancient Russian habit: the favourite weapon is a long lance, which they do not know how to wield. In this present war they have contributed forty-five regiments, of 550 rank and file. Among these about a seventh part were Calmuks. These people are maintained on the same footing, having similar allotments of land. They still, however, adhere to the camels, the tents, and the mares' milk of their Mongul ancestors; and, in the midst of Greeks, continue to worship the Delai Lama. Their tents are generally pitched among the reeds and mud; the lattice-work which composes the sides, is all tied together with thongs so neatly that they look like wooden pegs. The roof is a frame-work of slight sticks covered with felt, one end resting on the wall, and the other fixed into a hoop of birch wood, which serves as a chimney, and which, when it is necessary to warm the tent, is covered with a hood of felt, so that all the heat of the fire is kept within. The door is merely a piece of felt, and the lower part of the walls is very neatly formed of reeds. The territory of the Don Cossaks includes both sides of the river, but the Asiatic side is little besides marsh and deserts.

"On Easter Monday we took leave of our friends, and set sail for Azoph, the attaman having ordered us a boat and kindly furnished us with a sergeant, whose assistance we found very necessary in procuring horses in our way to Ecatherinodar. From Tcherkask to Azoph is a dismal tract of marshes, in which the waters of the Don are entirely lost; at Azoph, where Peter the Great built frigates, there was not sufficient water for a long boat. The town is ruined, but there is a fort with a small garrison, where we dined with an old German officer.

"We continued our journey through a vast extent of green and watery savannahs, without trees or houses, covered with wild





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ducks and widgeons, and peopled with the noisiest generation of frogs I ever remember; the *Βρεκεκεκοαξ* of the river Styx was only a type of them. On the third day of our journey we passed a broken and ruinous causeway, where a hut of reeds with three long lances stuck in the ground, and guarded by a sentinel in a sheepskin, was shown as the frontier guard-house of the Zaporogian Cossaks, or, as they are now called to efface the memory of their ancient robberies, the Cossaks of the Black Sea. The morning after we found ourselves in Ecatherinodar, a miserable village of mud-houses guarded by a breast-work of mud, and a strong staken-bound hedge. We thought, however, but little of the town, our attention being entirely occupied with the greenness of the trees, '*atque novo calcans violaria luxa*,' the oak timber and the prospect of the wild range of Caucasus. Our immediate enquiries were, of course, directed to this quarter; and we found that every mouth was full of the robberies and invasions of their neighbours the Circassians. If you look in Arrowsmith's map, you will find exactly our present situation. Georgia and those provinces of Persia which form the western shore of the Caspian, are become a Russian province. The former in particular, as being of the same religion and an ancient ally, has united very readily with her powerful neighbour. We met with the sons of the late Czar, Kraelius, at Petersburg, and there are many Georgians who have a high rank in the Russian army. Bagration is himself a Georgian. Immeretta and Mingrelia are also Christian and friendly nations; but all the remaining range of Caucasus from the Cuban on the north to Immeretta southward, is inhabited by an untameable race of mountaineers, whose constant inroads and border forays keep the whole country in a state of precautions and policy similar to those of Branksholme-Hall.

"Our whole journey on the banks of the Cuban has been a comment on Walter Scott. We had escorts from post to post of Cossaks armed with lances and carbines, and travelled with our swords ready, our pistols primed, and enjoying all the novelty and dignity of danger. The peasants whom we passed had every man



his lance or musket slung over his shoulder; and almost every hill had a beacon, and a warder raised on four high poles, twisted at the top with wicker, so as to resemble a crow's nest. We were almost wicked enough to wish for a skirmish; but though at one time an alarm was given that seventy mounted Circassians were hovering at the river side, we made our journey in great peace. The Zaporogians are the fittest people in the world to have such neighbours, being themselves as wild irregular cavalry and as 'restless riders' as can well be conceived. They often regretted to us that the humanity of the emperor forbade all attacks on the Circassians, unless in the way of retaliation. Whenever they plunder a village, drive the cattle, or carry away Russian subjects as slaves, which the cordon is not always able to prevent, the Cossaks are assembled, attack the Tcherkassi in their turn, and carry off as many cattle, men and women as they can find, who are kept as hostages till the Tcherkassi (for that is the native name of these Circassians) restore their prey. Thornton asked if such a foray had taken place lately, and was told not this year; there had been some trifling thefts, but none worthy of a warder-raid. 'Formerly,' added our guide, 'we were ourselves a terror to our neighbours, but we are now,' said he with a sigh, 'a civilized people!' The establishment of the Black Sea Cossaks differs in some respects from their brethren of the Don; as they have employment enough at home they are never embodied for the purposes of regular warfare; but their constant habits of vigilance and danger must render them almost unequalled as light troops. They wear no uniform, which they consider as a badge of slavery; their clothes, made nearly in the Persian manner, are of the most glowing colours, and the richer sort have red or yellow boots. Their hair is shorn close to the head, except one long lock which hangs over the face. They all ride well, and never stir without a lance ten feet long, and a musket slung on the right shoulder. The richer sort add a pistol and a Circassian or Turkish sabre of exquisite workmanship. The poignards and sabres of the Circassians are the best I ever saw. We pass our





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time among these fine fellows very pleasantly ; we teach them the Hungarian broad-sword exercise, and they teach us the exercise of the lance. I have never seen a merrier or a more restless race of animals.

“ The country we have passed through is, in many respects, highly interesting ; deer, and every other kind of game, are in prodigious quantities ; but none are so abundant as pheasants and wild ducks, one or other of which we put up at almost every step. Among the birds were many which were new to us, such as the stork, the spoonbill, the bustard, and pelicans without end. Of these last, which we had several opportunities of examining, we have seen fifteen or twenty at a time. Eagles are not so common as they are to the northward. The land on the Russian side of the river is but scantily wooded ; on the southern side it rises in a magnificent theatre of oak woods, interspersed with cultivated ground and the smoke of villages, with the ridges of Caucasus above the whole. The nearest hills are by no means gigantic, but there are some white peaks which rise at a vast distance, and which proved to us that these were only the first story of the mountain.

“ Of the inhabitants of this land of romance we have seen but little. At Ecatherinodar we asked repeatedly if it were not possible to cross the border to some of the villages at peace with Russia, but were told that there were no villages which could be safely visited. At that place, however, we saw some hundreds of them, who were come to barter corn for salt, and one of their chieftains, who, some years ago, had emigrated to the Russian side of the river ; and here, at Taman, we have made acquaintance with a Sultan Selim Gerai, a fine young man, who, with his family and retainers, to the number of about six hundred men, had likewise thrown himself on the protection of this government ; he called on us this morning with six attendants, all equipped most gallantly in the dress and armour of his country. Such emigrations as these are by no means unfrequent ; we ourselves witnessed one of them. As we stopped at a small mud-fort in the wildest part of the frontier to change our horses and escort, we were told



that a Circassian prince had just swam over the Cuban, and was come to take shelter in the fort, being hard pressed by a victorious enemy. He was tall and thin, as the Circassians generally are, with a stern countenance; and though very lean, he had strong muscular limbs; his dress was plain, and he had lost his arms in the river. He had been in love, he said, with a girl whose relations asked a thousand rubles for her price, a sum which he could not pay. Unable, however, to live without her, he carried her off with an armed force from her home, and killed four of her father's retainers who attempted to resist him. His retreat to his own fortress was, however, cut off; his party put to the sword, and his mistress retaken. The girl would, he said, (and he cried bitterly as he spoke,) be sold to the Turks, and be lost to him for ever.

“ You will, of course, be curious to hear whether the Circassian women answer the expectations which every reader of eastern tales or French travels will form. I have, as yet, seen none; but by what I understand from others, there is no great difference between them, and the women of the neighbouring nations. Their fashions are quite as unnatural and unhealthy as those of more civilized countries. What rendered Circassia so celebrated for beauty was, no doubt, the circumstance of its inhabitants being great slave-brokers, and being the channel through which the Turks obtained their most beautiful females, who were, however, mostly brought from Georgia.”





## CHAPTER VIII.

### TCHERKASK TO LEOPOLD.

*Fisheries—Azoph—Tchernoimoiski Cossaks—Ferocity of an Ox—Ecatherinodar—Church—Quarantine—Circassians—The Cuban—Cossak forts—Danger from the Circassians—Tremrook—Taman—Sultan Selim Gerai—Mire Fountains—Passage to Kertch—Pelicans—Town of Kertch—Antiquities—Buzzards—Kaffa—Ruins—German Colonists—Polish Jew interpreter—Sudak—Dr. Pallas—Wine—Kaya—Lambat—Partenak—Ayoudagh—Sugar from the Walnut Tree—Vale of Baidar—Aktiar—Batchiserai—Palace—Jew's Rock—Akmetchet—Kibitkas of the Nogay Tartars—Perekop—Character of Tartars—Women—Berislav—Steppes—Cherson—Tomb of Howard—Odessa—Duc de Richelieu—Podolia—Jews—Brody—Leopold.*

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“FROM Tcherkask we set out in a boat procured for us by the attaman on Easter Monday. The Don is divided below the town into three principal and many smaller streams, which occupy a Delta containing about three hundred square miles; the whole space consists of nothing but morasses and swamps, which might, in many places, be drained and made good meadow land. Wherever the natural fall was sufficient to carry off the water the land seemed excellent. On such spots were generally small villages of Cossaks, who live chiefly by fishing; the Calmuk fishermen pitch their tents among the very reeds and slime. They possess few camels or horses; of the former we only saw one female with her foal. They transport their tents and families from place to place in large boats, of which one appears to be the joint stock of several families. One of them passed us, and afforded a



most curious groupe. The filth and stench of the country are terrible; the whole Delta, and all its streams and marshes are absolutely infected and poisoned with dead fish, owing to the slovenliness and carelessness of the fishermen. A Calmuk out of a prodigious haul of fish, as the salting or drying them for sale is expensive, merely selects the best, and leaves the remainder to perish and rot on the beach; if indeed it is so near his hut that the smell annoys him, and stench seldom annoys a Calmuk, he shovels the dead fish into the river. The fish on being caught are piled up in layers, with rushes between each layer, and the best are afterwards selected and salted. Large quantities of salt are annually imported from the Crimea for this purpose, as the salt produced in the Cossak country is not sufficient for the demand. Last year there was a failure of salt in the Crimea, and, by a singular coincidence, a great scarcity of fish in the Don and sea of Azoph.

“ The marshes might certainly be drained with ease, and perhaps will be so, if the country ever becomes more populous; the consequent changes will be singular. The vast increase of corn and of pasture-land would be one of the least; the inhabitants must purchase this increase by a great diminution of their fishing, as the superabundance of fish is evidently occasioned by the vast extent of shallow water, the abundance of cover, shade, and nourishment afforded by the reeds, the aquatic vegetables and reptiles, and the numberless creeks and harbours of the marsh. On the other hand, they will find much greater advantage in rendering their river navigable, the waters of which are now lost in the morasses, in decreasing the unhealthiness of their climate, and, perhaps, even in adding something to the depth of the neighbouring parts of the sea of Azoph. The town of Azoph is distant from Tcherkask sixty versts by water, and something more by land; it stands on the left-hand bank of the southern branch of the Don, where the water is not more than three or four feet in depth. It is little more than a collection of half-ruined cottages, with a dilapidated fort, on which are still shown the batteries named after





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Peter, Menchikof, &c., and which is garrisoned by a regiment of two battalions, each of which ought to consist of 640 men. This regiment is one of the number that is exclusively destined for garrisons, consisting partly of invalids and partly of boys, who are instructed and formed for soldiers. Each company has one hundred and sixty men. Some of the officers belonging to it spoke French and German well, particularly an old brigadier, Von Schwartzenberg, who had a wife and family of daughters, and who very hospitably gave us a dinner, at and after which we saw, I believe, the greater part of the society of Azoph and the neighbourhood; it was more numerous and more respectable than I should have supposed. The brigadier was looking forward with great pleasure to spending the remainder of his life in the gay and pleasant circles of Charkof, where he soon expected to go. On the green before his house were several flying-chairs and swings, the constant amusement of the Russians, and which, at this season, were in motion all day long. The circuit of the fortress is considerable, and the works large and expensive, but the situation is not very strong. There was a new Church, almost finished, in the town, built partly at the expence of the Emperor.

“ We left Azoph the evening of the 15th April, and travelled day and night through the Asiatic possessions of the Don Cossaks. These possessions consist entirely of steppes, but of greater fertility than those in Europe, being covered with fine grass, and prodigious herds of cattle: we saw very few inhabitants. The country is marshy, and covered with frogs, wild-ducks, and geese.

“ On the 16th we met some dragoons, who had been sent to buy chargers in the Cuban, where the horses are reckoned very good. They told us the ordinary price of a fine one was forty rubles. Towards dusk we passed a reed hut, with six long lances stuck in the ground before it, guarded by a sentinel in a sheep-skin, armed with a rusty carbine. The causeway and bog to which he served as protector, were the limits of the Tchernomoiski Cossaks. These men originally were deserters and vagabonds from all



nations, who had taken refuge in the marshy islands of the Dnieper. At the foundation of Cherson they were chased from their homes, and took shelter at the mouth of the Danube, still preserving their character of fishermen and pirates. Potemkin offering them pay and lands, they returned to the side of Russia, and did great service in the second Turkish war. They received as a reward the country newly conquered from the Cuban Tartars. They hold their lands by the same tenure, and enjoy nearly the same privileges as the Don Cossaks, but are much poorer and more uncivilized, and never quit their houses, where, indeed, they have sufficient employment. They receive no pay, except an allowance of rye, and dress themselves at their own expence, and in whatever colours they choose, without any regard to uniformity. The officers for the most part, wear red boots, which is their only distinction. They deal largely in cattle, and have a barter of salt for corn with the Circassians. The language they use is a corrupted Russian, a good deal mixed with Turkish; and they will not permit their chiefs to use any other, at least in public speaking, or in addressing them. They claim, or at least exercise, the right of electing any new member into their society, which, till lately, used to want frequent recruiting. Many slaves, who have contrived to escape from their masters, are received by these people, and protected. In the Crimea it is almost impossible to keep a slave, their opportunities of escape are so numerous. The Zaporogians, as they were originally called, are distinguished by a long lock of hair, which hangs down over their face, and is generally tucked back behind the ear; the rest of the hair is shorn very close. They are a fine stout race of men. In common with all the neighbouring nations, they make great use of a mantle of strong felt, which may be steeped in water without wetting. Their arms are a carbine slung over the right shoulder, a lance ten feet long, which they manage by means of a thong twisted round the right hand and arm, and occasionally Turkish or Circassian sabres, pistols, and poignards. They are generally called thieves; we found them, however, very honest, where their point of honour





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was touched, very good-natured, and, according to their scanty means, hospitable.

“ In passing the causeway where the sentinel was stationed, we saw a remarkable instance of ferocity in an ox belonging to a team which was passing at the same time with ourselves ; without any apparent reason it attacked the man who was driving it, threw him down and trampled on him ; and if it had not been for the soft mud, would probably have killed him.

“ The cattle here are larger and finer than any where in Russia. There are no sheep, not even of the Asiatic breed. The Cossak horses are what would be called in England good gallo-ways ; their masters vaunt very much their speed and hardiness. According to their account, a moderately good horse will go sixty versts, or forty miles, at full speed without stopping. They are seldom handsome. The Calmuk horses are all distinguished by having their ears slit.

“ The 17th April, about seven in the morning, we arrived at Ecatherinodar, a large village with many gardens and trees, and a fortress built after the manner of the country, surrounded merely by a breast-work of earth, furnished with a strong and high hedge and eight small pieces of cannon. The entrance is by a common six-barred gate. Within are some earthen huts for the Cossaks on guard, and a large wooden Church which, from its spaciousness and the manner in which it is constructed, does great credit to these poor Cossaks, at whose expence it is entirely maintained. When we were there it was not quite finished. The timber of which it is built is chiefly oak, and comes from Voronetz. It must be very expensive. I forget the sum they stated, but it struck me as being very great. There are some costly ornaments in the Church, and their standards are also kept there, as well as the silver kettle-drums given them by Catherine. The priest spoke Latin and seemed an intelligent man. We went, after seeing the Church, to the quarantine, the only place where the Circasians are allowed to have any intercourse with the subjects of Russia. It is situated on the river-side about a verst from the



town. In our way we passed another mud fort, and were told that the cordon extended all along the frontier ; five thousand men at a time are employed on this service. The total number of Cossaks in Ecatherinodar is 25,000 men.

“ M. Constantinof, the manager of the quarantine, was a Russian, a very sensible man, and well-acquainted with the Circassian manners. They are divided into many small tribes, under their respective princes, who assume the title of Sultan, and add ‘ Geraï ’ to their name, as affecting to be the descendants of Zingis Khân. Their country is agreeable and very populous, and their fields well cultivated ; the villages nearly resemble those of the Cossaks, being built of mud and reeds. They bring wood, millet, rye, barley, and a little wheat to the quarantine to barter with the Cossaks for salt, paying two measures of millet for one of salt. Those we saw were very ragged and miserable ; they were all unarmed, having left their weapons on their own side of the river ; the chiefs alone preserve the privilege of coming to the rendezvous armed. Their women are kept carefully concealed, and their husbands are very jealous. The girls, at an early age, have a tight and broad leather girdle sewn round their waists, which remains till their growth bursts it, when it is replaced by another. This process makes their waists very small, but is extremely injurious to their health. I understand that they are handsome, but not particularly so.

“ The religion of the Circassians is a mixture of Christianity, Paganism, and Islamism. Many of their tribes have lately destroyed their mosques, and shown a great disposition to embrace Christianity. They reverence the cross greatly. The form of a cross cut in one of the logs is no small protection to a stack of timber against theft.

“ The year before last the Circassians made an incursion with above 5,000 men, and a battle took place at Ecatherinodar ; but they are much reduced in number from what they formerly were, and decline every year. Their sultans alone are privileged to carry bows ; the other horsemen are armed with carbines, pistols, sabres, and small lances ; and all who can afford it have coats of mail.





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These are chiefly imported from Persia, or sometimes from Constantinople; the other arms are either brought from Constantinople (Sfetigrade the Russians call it) or are manufactured by themselves. Their sabres and poignards are of admirable temper. The foot-soldiers are chiefly armed with long Turkish guns, which are used with rests. The Circassian horses are very famous; and, in common with all others of these countries, they have the faculty of bleeding spontaneously when overcharged with blood. We learnt these particulars partly from M. Constantinof, and partly from different Cossaks. Mr. Smith, an American whom we met at Moscow, had told us that some of the Circassian tribes paid divine honours to the cat; of this, however, none of the Cossaks had ever heard. Mr. Smith had been at Ecatherinodar with the Duc de Richelieu, and afterwards passed into Georgia.

“The Cuban is a muddy and not very considerable river; its banks are of earth, high and steep. The country on the Circassian side rises, in an amphitheatre of fine woods and gentle hills, to the ridges of Caucasus, which in this part are not very gigantic. The boats of the Circassians which we saw upon the river, were small canoes, hollowed, like all those in this country, from single trees.

“On leaving Ecatherinodar Thornton lost his gun, and applied to the master of the police, but with very small hopes of recovering it. He even begged it might be given, if found, to a young officer who had shown us much civility. To our great surprise, however, when we arrived at Taman, the gun was brought to us. An express had been sent after us, who had travelled the whole distance from Ecatherinodar, to restore the gun to its owner; and the person employed to convey it refused to accept any reward for his labour.

“We set out about seven in the evening of the 17th April, escorted by a sergeant and six Cossaks, who were relieved at each station. There is a cordon of such forts as have been mentioned, built at five or six versts from each other, and connected by alarm posts within sight of each. The alarm post is made of three poles



united at the top, and twisted with wicker like a crow's nest, where a sentinel is placed to watch the Circassians on the other side of the river; another sentinel remains below, mounted and holding the horse for his comrade in the nest, so that they can immediately make off in case of alarm. The soil of this part of the country is excessively fertile, the grass growing to an extraordinary height. The Comte de Rochfort said that he had seen thistles as high as a man on horseback. During the night an alarm was given that seventy horsemen had assembled on the Circassian side of the river, and threatened us with an attack.—We heard, however, no more of them.

“The 18th we continued travelling through a fertile but marshy country, abounding in deer and every kind of game. Among the birds we distinguished pheasants, pelicans in great numbers, cranes, and swans. This part of our journey was reckoned more dangerous than any other, both from the nature of the country, being perfectly wild, filled with low swampy wood and high reeds, and also because it is a very common resort of the Circassians for the purpose of cutting the reeds. Every man we met had his arms with him; and the officer at Ecatherinodar had ordered us a reinforcement of three Cossaks. We passed a ferry over the river Ae, which falls into the Cuban; on the opposite side was a fort commanded by an old Cossak sergeant, who was very civil. Here we breakfasted. About three o'clock we arrived at another fortress, where we had an adventure with a Circassian fugitive prince<sup>1</sup>. From this post we had a very merry guard who scampered about us like savages, whooping and screaming, and firing their pieces in the air. Thornton showed them the Hungarian broad sword exercise. They attempted to prove the superiority of their lances, but were evidently unable to guard themselves effectually. At night we supped with a large party of Cossaks on fish, in one of their subterranean huts; the fire was lit in the middle of the room, round which they all sat

<sup>1</sup> See page 249.





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cross-legged, and formed a most picturesque and merry groupe. We at first wished to leave a guard with the carriage, but they assured us that our property was safe, as none were there but Zaporogians; and they strictly kept their word. They complained much of their poverty, and of the prohibition against all attacks on the Circassians, whom they said they would otherwise have long since exterminated. Their country they praised highly for its pleasantness and great population.

*“ April 19th.—*We continued our journey through a tract of detestable country, all marshes covered with high reeds, in which the carriage frequently sank so deep that four oxen were necessary to draw it out. I myself had a thorough soaking in the mire, in which my horse sunk up to the withers. At a small station called Temrook we breakfasted on bread and ‘vodka;’ while we were thus employed in the kabak two Moldavians came in; and just as we were setting off a sailor came with great civility to offer us some crawfish which he had boiled for his own breakfast. He turned out to be a Frenchman employed by an Italian merchant at Taman to salt fish. He had been in England and spoke a little English. After travelling six versts farther through an immense morass, we entered the isle, as it is called, of Taman; it is separated from the continent by a large salt lake, which is only divided from the sea of Azoph on the one side, and from the Euxine on the other, by narrow necks of land rendered almost impassable by marshes. That on the southern side is, I believe, quite so; the other was formerly guarded by a Turkish fortress now in ruins.

*“Taman, or, as it is now called by the revived name of Phanagoria, is a small and miserable place, situated on the southern shore of a deep bay branching from the Bosphorus. The opposite shore of Kertch, and the town and fortress of Yenicalé, are very visible from it. The bay is much too shallow for any thing but lighters; four or five feet of water being the average depth. There is a fortress, with a Russ garrison, of whom the Cossaks complain heavily as infamous thieves. Our carriage was guarded every night by a Cossak sentinel with his lance. The Church is small and*



mean, but contains some morsels of antiquity, the remnants of the ancient Greek colony. Among them is a votive tablet—*ισχυροισ Θεοις Ασταρλια και Ασπραλεοντι*. Who are these *Τριβαλλοι Θεοι*? There is also a very famous stone with a Slavonic inscription, on which Count Alexis Moussin Pouschkin has written a dissertation. The inscription purports, that in the year 1065, Prince Gleb, the then chief of the Russians, had caused the Bosphorus, while frozen, to be paced from Kertch to Tmutaracan; and the distance was thirty-six versts. This is interesting to the Russians, as ascertaining the site of their ancient capital, which had been before much disputed. The name in Theodosius' itinerary is Tamartaca. Tmutaracan means, literally, the 'swarm of beetles.' We met with a very sensible and civil priest, father-in-law to the Cossak with whom we lodged. At our going away he desired us to sign a paper intended for the inspection of his bishop, purporting that he had treated us with civility and hospitality. His cottage was very neatly furnished, with some bad religious prints, a large Bible, and a collection of homilies. He could speak no other language but Russ. A very common print, in all this part of the world, is a strange representation of Mount Athos, with an inscription in Italian, Latin, Greek, and Slavonic. It is considered as tantamount to a Saint in any room or Church, especially as it is intended *εις θεον δοξαν και της Ανατολικης ορθοδοξιας*. This is almost the only print which is commonly seen in Russian houses, except a most extraordinary map of Russia, which we saw at a post-house three stages from Moscow, on the Troitza road. At Tcherkask, indeed, we saw a print of two persons talking over a globe; and below, a long dialogue between a Mushik and a *Προφεσορ*.

"The trade of Taman, such as it is, consists in salt and fish. There was one Italian trader in the place, who was, however, merely a sort of supercargo, employed by a house at Caffa. He passed among the Cossaks for a Greek, and was a very civil man, who would take no present in return for his civilities. The shops in the town would not bear a comparison with the worst furnished booth in an English fair.





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“ About fifteen versts from Taman is a small colony of Circassians, who, some years since, came over with their Chief, to the number of five hundred souls. Their chief, Sultan Selim Gerai, a fine young man of twenty-five, paid us a visit at Taman, accompanied by six attendants; one of these men the Cossaks called colonel. I suppose they meant attaman, or chief of a village. The Sultan had his bow and arrows; he shot one into the air, but we could not prevail on him to aim at any particular object; I suspect, because he was not very skilful. He declared that no Circassian could hit a goose, which we pointed out to him, though it was at a very moderate distance. He and all his party had shoes without soles, and long tight pantaloons; the colonel wore a red tunic, over a beautiful coat of mail. Their countenances, as well as those of all the Circassians I have seen, were precisely the same with the Turks and Tartars. We were not able to learn the cause of his leaving his country; indeed all the information which we derived from him was very imperfectly ascertained, from the double interpretation which was necessary. We could only make out that he had fled from being in fear of his life. Thornton got a whip from the chief, which he carried off as a memorial; these whips are of plaited thongs; the lash is three-edged, excessively sharp, and heavy; as a blow from so formidable a weapon would maim a horse, they fasten a strip of leather to the end, with which they gently touch the animal when they want him to go faster.

“ On the 20th we took a ride with our Cossak host to see the mire fountains mentioned by Pallas. The first thing which we were shown was a circular area, resembling the crater of a small volcano. In the centre was a heap of stones, which, with the surrounding mud, appeared impregnated with sulphur. In one place was a pool of water, without any particular taste. About five hundred yards distant was another circle, but much smaller, all of soft mud; and in the centre was a little hole, whence slowly bubbled out a nauseous black fluid, like bilge-water. By treading on any part of the mud more matter was forced from the wound; for the whole had the appearance of one vast sore. We thrust our sticks into



the mud, but found no bottom; and on withdrawing them, a similar kind of fluid rose through the apertures which they had made. There was another, precisely similar, at a small distance; and very near this last a well of water, resembling that of Harrowgate in taste and smell, and sparkling. Pallas imagines that these have some connection with a singular island, which, with a tremendous noise, appeared suddenly above the sea near Temrook, throwing up mud and stones, which were succeeded by an eruption of fire and smoke, and afterwards sunk down again, and left no traces on the spot. We heard much of the fossils that were to be met with on the coast of the Black Sea. The good priest showed us the tooth of a giant which was found there, calculated for a man of, at least, fifty feet high; the whole scull, he said, had been sent to Petersburg. We found on the hill where the mire fountain was, several substances, like half-calcined bones. During this expedition we started four hares, which the priest's Siberian greyhounds chased, but only killed one. We were much struck with the sure-footedness of our horses, who went down some very difficult places with great ease.

“ On the 22d of April we found that we had exhausted all the curiosities of Taman, and determined to proceed directly to Kertch, and wait for our carriage at Caffa. We were induced to take this step by understanding that Yenicalé offered nothing remarkable either in antiquities or situation, and by our desire to give as much time as possible to Caffa. The regular ferry-boat was then at Yenicalé, and the wind directly contrary. For this boat our carriage was obliged to wait; we ourselves obtained a fishing-boat from the point nearest Kertch. From Phanagoria to this point is reckoned twelve versts; it is a long narrow spit of land, evidently of recent formation, and marked in Guthrie's map as an island. Even where this terminates is a range of sand, reaching like a bar across almost half the Bosphorus, and hardly covered with water, which bids fair, in time, completely to block up the navigation. An immense quantity of sea-fowl are seen on every part of the straits. A vast flight of pelicans passed over our heads in a regular order of flight,





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similar to that of wild-geese. The prospect is perfectly naked and desert ; on one side, the bare downs and long sand Kossas of Taman ; and on the other, a bleak and rocky coast, without verdure or inhabitants : and the miserable fishermen who rowed us over were a very fit groupe for such a scene. From the Kossa, where we embarked, to Kertch is reckoned twelve versts. Immediately opposite is a round shallow bay, where was a hut in which the fishermen occasionally slept. Behind the northern point of this bay opens a much larger, where a few miserable houses, a small Church, and a jetty of piles point out Kertch. The most conspicuous object is a conical green hill, either entirely or in part artificial, on the top of which are a seat and a flag-staff. The Russian officer who took us there fancied it was erected in honour of Mithridates, or some of his family. The shore is very shelving and shallow ; and we had the greatest difficulty to get our boat within a reasonable distance of land. The commandant of Kertch, a Georgian by birth, told us that many plans had been given for a harbour and quarantine at this place ; but the present scheme of making Caffa the emporium would probably prevent them. Immediately on landing we were accosted by a Russian priest, with the salutation, *Χριστος ανεστη*. We had before observed that the Cossaks used at this season to salute foreigners in Greek.

“ The town of Kertch is very small and miserable ; it is chiefly inhabited by Jews. There is one tolerable watch-maker in the bazar, and two shops where we saw some English cotton stuffs. The country around is all bare of trees, and their fire-wood is brought from the neighbourhood of Eski Krim, a distance of, perhaps, 120 versts. There is a spacious fortress, with a garrison of a lieutenant-colonel, a major, and four companies of light-infantry. The men were distinguished by not wearing swords, which most Russian soldiers do ; the non-commissioned officers carried rifles. I had made some drawings and memoranda of the antiquities, which I have lost, but which differed in no material point from the account published by Pallas. The most interesting are in the wall of the Church. It is, perhaps, worth mentioning, as illustra-



tive of national character, that the Russian major, who agreed to furnish us with horses, and an open kibitka to Caffa, insisted on such usurious terms, that the other officers cried out 'shame;' and that the same man afterwards squeezed some further presents out of Thornton's servant. A Cossak would have disdained such conduct.

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"We left Kertch on the 23d. From thence the road winds among swampy and uncultivated savannahs, having generally a range of low hills to the south, and the sea of Azoph at some distance to the north. These plains are covered with immense multitudes of bustards, cranes, and storks. I saw no more pelicans after landing in Europe. I never saw an English bustard; but those of the Crimea appeared to be a stouter bird than what is generally represented in prints. There are many ruins in this part of the country, and other vestiges of former population; we passed two or three small, but solid and well-built bridges over rivulets, which appeared to be of Mahomedan workmanship; and there were several tombs distinguished by the turban. The number of barrows near Kertch is surprising.

"We passed two villages still standing, and recognized at once the grotesque dresses of the Nogay herdsmen, represented by Pallas. At night we reached another village some time after dark, and had to wage a furious battle with the dogs before we could procure a lodging. Its name I have forgotten.

"The next day we observed several patches of cultivation, and the country improved, though still full of ruins. On our right hand lay the sea of Azoph, and on our left the Black Sea was now visible; a ruinous mosque lay before us. We found on inquiry that our driver had mistaken his way, that we had passed the turn to Caffa, and were then on the road to Karasubazar. Caffa now lay on our left hand, and presented a most dismal prospect as we approached it on that side. There is a striking ruin on the north-east point of the bay which was formerly a mint; and the walls and towers, though dismantled, are very fine. The town rises like a theatre from the water's edge, and is of considerable extent, but





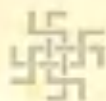
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almost entirely ruinous. On the land side it is defended by a high wall with loop-holes and battlements; the loop-holes communicate with a sort of gallery, and are contrived in the thickness of the wall, with large internal arches, which give it the appearance of an aqueduct. These arches support the upper walk and parapet. The towers are semicircular; on one of them on which is a gateway, are many shields with armorial bearings, not much defaced, which ascertain the Genoese to have been its founders. There are some noble Mohamedan baths entire, but now converted into warehouses; many ruined mosques, and one which is still in good order, though little used. There are also the remains of several buildings which, by their form, and position east and west, appear to have been Churches. Turkish and Armenian inscriptions abound; but I could find, in several days' search, no vestige which I could rely on as having belonged to the ancient Theodosia. The north-west quarter of the town is peopled by Karaïte Jews, and the narrow bazar nearest the water swarms with those of Europe. These are the two most populous parts of the town. There are some Armenians, but not exceeding thirty families, and hardly any Tartars. The remainder of the population consists of the garrison, five or six Italian and German merchants (no French when we were there,) and some miserable French and Suabian emigrants. General Fanshaw has constructed a very good quay; and by pulling down some ruinous buildings and a part of the wall, has made a good entrance from the north, which he has planted with trees. They were building a very large and convenient place of quarantine. I could find no aqueduct, nor did there appear any need of one, as there are many beautiful springs bursting out of different parts of the higher town, which, excepting the north-east quarter, where the Karaïtes live, is entirely waste and ruinous. The springs have all been carefully preserved in cisterns, some of them ornamented and arched over, with Turkish inscriptions; and one of them in particular, which is near the south-west angle of the walls, is a delightful bath, though small, being surrounded by picturesque



ruins and overhung with ivy and brush-wood. The ruins of Caffa are mostly of freestone; the greater part of the houses were, I understood, of mud and ill-baked bricks; but of these hardly any traces are left. None of those still standing have flat roofs, but are all tiled with very projecting eaves, and in the same style of architecture as the palace at Batchiserai. The best of these adjoin to the quay, and are inhabited by the merchants. There are a few buildings lately erected; one a tavern, by a French emigrant; and another a house intended for the governor, Fanshaw. All these are of slight timber frames covered with plaister.

“Caffa was called by the Tartars, in its better days, Kutchuk Stamboul (little Constantinople). I often asked different persons what its former population was; particularly an old Indian who had been interpreter to the Khâns; but the answers I obtained were not such as I could credit. Yet he and the Tartar peasants were in the same story, that it had formerly consisted of sixteen thousand houses. All the Tartars attributed its desolation to the calamities brought on it by the Russian garrison, who tore off the roofs of the houses, where they were quartered, for fire-wood. I was told by a Suabian settler that wood was chiefly brought from Old Krim and was very dear; the winters he complained of as cold. Corn is dear, and comes chiefly from the Don. Animal food is not so plentiful as I should have supposed. A young man, who was employed to buy stores for Mr. Eaton the contractor, stated the price of beef in the market of Caffa to be ten or fifteen copeks the pound, or sometimes more, and the supply irregular. About three miles from Caffa is a small village of German colonists, who were very poor and desponding; the number might be twelve families, who were then on their farms, the rest having gone into service or to sea. General Fanshaw, to whom we had a letter, was at Petersburg, so that I am unable to give so good an account of Caffa as if I had the means of deriving information from him. His object was to establish a bank at Caffa, and finally to arrange the intercourse with the Don by way of Arabat. The merchants of





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Caffa were, as usual, excessively sanguine, and confident of the success of their scheme; and we heard a direct contrary story to the one we were taught at Taganrog. We could not learn whether Arabat had a safe harbour; the road from Caffa thither is level, and, if necessary, a rail-road might be put up at no great expense, as it would come by water from Lugan. The bay of Caffa is rather exposed to the south-east; but we were assured they had very seldom high winds from that quarter, and that accidents had been never known to happen. A small vessel, of the kind which Russia fitted out in numbers during the Turkish war, with one mast and a vast lateen sail, was lying in the harbour to take a Scotchman, named Macmaster, to Immeretta, where, and at Trebizond, he was to act as a sort of consul to an association which had just opened a trade there.

“At Caffa we obtained an order from the government for horses from the Tartar villages, at the rate of two copeks a verst per horse. The order was in Turkish; the date was explained to us, ‘from our *healthy* city of Caffa,’ which I conclude was its ancient distinction. The elder, or constable of each village is named ‘ombaska;’ but I write the Tartar words from ear only. The road is not interesting till after you have passed Old Krim, though there is a gradual improvement in the cultivation. Old Krim, we were told, is so called because the Tartars believe it to have been the ancient capital of the peninsula. It is now a village of fifty houses at most, inhabited entirely by Armenians; but the Mohamedan ruins are extensive; there are three mosques, and what appears to have been a bath. The neighbouring peasants are all Tartars.

“In the first stage towards Sudak a building presents itself on the left hand, in a beautiful situation among the woods, on the side of a steep hill, which our Tartar guide said had been an Armenian convent. We conversed with the Tartars by an interpreter, whom we hired at Caffa; he was a Polish Jew, but had resided several years at Constantinople. Nothing could be more interesting, and



to us novel, than the prospect, and the appearance of every one we met. A mirza, or noble, one of the few who still remain in the country, overtook us; and I was delighted at being addressed for the first time by the oriental salam, with which we were afterwards saluted by all the passengers. In this part of the country I saw only one camel, a she one, and kept for her milk; the roads are too steep and rocky for them. The common cart had two wheels, and was drawn by two oxen abreast, like a curricule; it was light but spacious. This is only seen as far as Sudak; afterwards the hills are too steep for any wheel carriage. We passed a day with Dr. Pallas at Sudak, who asked much about Messrs. Clarke and Cripps. The beauty of this celebrated valley rather disappointed us, except as far as the vineyards are concerned, which are more extensive and finer than any we saw besides. Dr. Pallas said that the wine made by the Tartars was spoiled by the over-irrigation of their vineyards, which increased the size of the grapes, but injured their flavour. The wine we tasted was all poor and hungry. Sudak, or, as it was explained to me, the 'hill of the fountain,' is a small village, peopled by a few families of Greeks, with a very small and insecure harbour. The castle, which is ruinous, stands on a high insulated rock, on the east of the town; at the foot is a beautiful spring, preserved in a large cistern, with a metal cup chained to it. I suppose this is the harbour mentioned by Arrian as possessed by Scythian pirates, between Theodosia and Lampat. There is a small but handsome mosque, still entire, in the castle. I saw nothing which could be referred to a higher antiquity than the Genoese, nor any thing which I could rely on as even so old as their erections. It is only after Sudak that the real mountaineer features and habits appear to begin. In the vale of Oluz, or Sudak, very few of the cottages are flat-roofed, and all the better sort of farm-houses are tiled.

"At Kaya, the next stage, and from thence to Baydar, the buildings have flat roofs, except the mosques, which are tiled; generally with gable ends, and surrounded by a wooden portico.





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This distinction between the roofs of private and public buildings is mentioned by Aristophanes as existing in Athens :

————— ὥσπερ ἐν ἱεροῖς οἰκησέτε  
Τας γὰρ ὕμων οἰκίας ἐρεψόμεν ΠΡΟΣ ΑΕΤΟΝ. Ορνιθ. 1109—10.

“ The houses are generally piled up one above another, half under ground, along the sides of hills. They are composed of clay, and the villages resemble rabbit-warrens. Irrigation is practised universally, and with apparent skill, where the vineyards are planted. Very little corn is grown ; but the valleys are literally woods of fruit-trees. Water is abundant ; and near many of the best wells seats of earth are made, and bowls left for way-faring men to drink. There are wolves and foxes, and, of course, game is not very plentiful ; but there are hares, and a few partridges.

“ Between Lambat and Aliuschta is the way to ascend Chatyr Dagħ, which we missed seeing by the blunder of our Jewish interpreter. Somewhere between Sudak and Lambat (Lampas,) is a rock, which from its fancied resemblance to a ship, is believed to have been a vessel which, with its crew, was turned into stone. We endeavoured to learn the legend, but could not depend on the interpretation of our Jew, who was very much fatigued, and, at that time, very stupid.

“ Lambat is situated on a rocky promontory which forms the east shore of a fine bay, amidst some of the grandest scenery in the Crimea, having Chatyr Dagħ on the right, and in front a beautiful promontory called Ayou Dagħ, or ‘ bear hill.’ This is connected with the range of Chatyr Dagħ by a rocky isthmus covered with wood, and is itself peninsular ; resembling, though on a grander scale, Ormes’ Head in Carnarvonshire. The isthmus, however, though much lower than the hills, is itself of great height, in which respect it differs from that spot. At the foot of the isthmus, in a beautiful wood of walnut-trees, stands Partenak, a village with a good harbour for small vessels, formed by a high rocky island. Here we found an old Tartar who was in great practice as a boat-



builder ; and had, with his own hands, and the assistance of his two sons, just finished a beautiful schooner of, I should guess, thirty tons, for a merchant at Caffa. The usual vessels of the country are like the Turkish, with lateen sails, and high prows, and poops very much curved. I was so much struck with Ayou Dagh, that I could not help fancying that it was the *Criû-metopon* of Strabo. A steep and narrow path leads over the neck of the mountain from *Partenak*. From the summit we saw, as we fancied, and as the Tartars assured us, the whole way from *Kutchuk Koë* to the *Bosphorus*.

“ *Kutchuk-koë* is a village on the most southern point of the Crimea, and is so called to distinguish it from another *koë*, *Deryk-koë*, which stands on the hill above *Hialta*. *Deryk-koë* is the fountain represented in my drawing<sup>1</sup>, which lies in the highway between *Nikita Bourun* and *Deryk-koë*. *Hialta*, a miserable village of Greeks, with a small Greek Church, lies to the left, and beyond *Deryk-koë*, in the way which branches off to *Batchiserai*, is a village of Russians, belonging, I believe, to Admiral *Mordvinof*.

“ Above *Kutchuk-koë* the rocks become much more perpendicular and naked ; and if this be the *Criû-metopon*, the name may have been derived from their high and bold forehead. It is evident from Strabo that this famous promontory was eastward of the *Συμβολων λιμην*, which I suppose is *Balaclava* ; and therefore we have only *Kutchuk-koë* and *Ayou Dagh* to choose between.

“ There is a small ruined fort above *Gurzun*, of which *Pallas* has given a good description. The forests in this tract are not of a very lofty growth ; firs, however, and some oaks are found, and magnificent walnut-trees. The Tartars, in spring, when the sap is rising, pierce the walnut-trees, and put in a spigot for some time ; when this is withdrawn, a clear sweet liquor flows out, which, when coagulated, they use as sugar. In different places we saw a few cypress trees growing in the burial-grounds ; they were pointed out to us as rarities, and brought from *Stamboul*. Below *Koriess*, on the plains above the sea-coast, are some fine olive-trees. *Lom-*

<sup>1</sup> See the quarto edition of Dr. Clarke's Travels in Russia.





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bardy poplars abound every where and are very beautiful. The people of Lambat complained that they were not allowed to cut down or sell their timber, not even to Caffa. I never could learn the reason of this restriction. In the neighbourhood of Aktiar, no such care had been taken of the trees, as not even a shrub had been left for miles.

“From Balaclava we went to see the vale of Baidar. This famous valley belongs to Admiral Mordvinof; but his possession was contested when we were there, and the rents were paid to government in deposit. Many of the Russian proprietors of the Crimea were in the same condition, owing to the following circumstances, as they were represented to me by the Comte de Rochfort, who was nephew to the Duc de Richelieu. Under the terrors of conquest, the Tartar proprietors made little opposition to the grants which were given of their lands; but now that they are again in some measure restored to their rights, such as did not come properly under the description of emigrants have commenced processes to obtain a reversion of their forfeitures, which was a very unexpected blow to their masters. The Russians, since the conquest, have established their abominable code of slavery; but not on so rigid a footing as in their own country. Two days a week, we understood from Pallas, is all the work a Tartar is obliged to do gratis for his lord; and the Russians complain heavily of their idleness. The mountaineers are almost all either entirely freeholders, or on the footing of peasants of the crown. The number of Russian residents in the Crimea is reduced greatly. Some have taken alarm at the tenure of their lands; others have sustained great losses by their slaves running away, some of whom are received and concealed by the Cuban Cossaks; this, however, is now prevented by the Duc de Richelieu's government, which includes the whole country up to Caucasus and the Caspian.

“From Balaclava we proceeded to Aktiar, so called from its white rocks. The old town stood, as we were told, on the north of the harbour, where there are no remains of any consequence. No vessels are built here, as all the timber must be floated down



the Bog or Dnieper. A regulation had been made prohibiting the entrance of merchant vessels into the harbour, unless in positive distress; a strange way of proceeding when compared with the general policy of European governments. The reason assigned was the embezzlement of the public stores, which were sold to the merchants by the government officers without shame. The effect has been to check entirely the prosperity of the town; and to raise every foreign commodity to a most extravagant price. Even provisions cannot be brought by sea without a special licence. This information I derived from the port admiral, Bandakof, and from an English officer in the Russian service. The natural advantages of the harbour are truly surprising; and the largest vessels lie within a cable's length of the shore. The harbour is divided into three coves, affording shelter in every wind, and favourable situations for repairs, building, &c. On a tongue of high land between the two southern creeks, stand the admiralty and store-houses, and on the opposite side is the town. The principal arm of the harbour runs east, and is terminated by the valley and little river of Inkerman. There are some formidable batteries, and the mouth of the harbour is very easy of defence. The old and unserviceable cannon are broken into small pieces by being raised to a great height, and suffered to fall on a bed of masonry; they are then sent, as we are told, to Lugan to be new cast. To build a ship in the Black Sea costs half as much again as to construct it at Cronstadt, the wood coming from so great a distance.

"Batchiserai is entirely inhabited by Tartars, Jews, and Armenians, and is the most populous place we saw in the Crimea. It has several mosques, besides a very fine one in the seraglio, with two minarets, the mark of royalty. There are some decent cutlers' shops, and some manufactories of felt, carpets, and one of red and yellow leather. The houses are almost universally of wood and ill-baked bricks, with wooden piazzas, and shelving roofs of red tile. There is a new Church dedicated to St. George, but the most striking feature is the palace, which, though neither





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large nor regular, yet, by the picturesque style of its architecture, its carving and gilding, its Arabic and Turkish inscriptions, and the fountains of beautiful water in every court, interested me more than I can express. The apartments, except the hall of justice, are low and irregular. In one are a number of bad paintings, representing different views of Constantinople; and, to my surprise, birds were pictured, flying, in violation of the Mohammedan prohibition to paint any animal. It is kept in tolerable repair; and the divans in the best rooms are still furnished with cushions. One apartment, which was occupied by the Empress Catherine, is fitted up in a paltry ball-room manner, with chandeliers, &c. and forms an exception to the general style. The harem is a mean building, separated from the other apartments by a small walled garden, and containing a kitchen, with six or eight small and mean bed-rooms, each of which, (as we were told by our guide, who was a Jew, and remembered it in the time of the Khân,) was usually occupied by two ladies. In the garden is a large and delightful kiosk, surrounded by lattice-work, with a divan round the inside, the centre paved with marble and furnished with a fountain. The word 'serai,' or 'seraglio,' which is given to this range of buildings, seems, in the Tartar and Turkish language, to answer to all the significations of our English word 'court;' being applied indifferently to the yard of an inn or the enclosure of a palace.

"The Jews' rock has been often described; it seems singular that such fortresses should have been possessed by such a people; yet, in Abyssinia, the Falasha appear similarly situated; and Jackson mentions a Jews' rock in Morocco.

"Akmetchet, or 'white mosque,' now Simpheropol, though the seat of government, is a wretched ruinous place; it was formerly more extensive, as appears from its three mosques, which stand at a considerable distance from each other. There is here a good view of the mountain Chatyr Dagh.

"Koslof, or Eupatoria, was our next halting-place. In the desert near it we saw some parties of the Nogay Tartars, and had an opportunity of examining their kibitkas, which are shaped some-



thing like a bee-hive, consisting of a frame of wood covered with felt and placed upon wheels. They are smaller and more clumsy than the tents of the Calmuks, and do not, like them, take to pieces. In the Crimea they are more used for the occasional habitation of the shepherds, than for regular dwellings. We saw a great many buffaloes and camels; several of the latter we met drawing in the two-wheeled carts described before; a service for which I should have thought them not so well adapted as bearing burthens; and although 'a chariot of camels' is mentioned by Isaiah, I do not remember having heard of such a practice elsewhere. The plain of Koslof is hardly elevated above the sea, and fresh water is very scarce and bad.

"Perekop is a miserable station of only one or two houses, inhabited by the post-master and custom-house officers, and a little barrack. The famous wall is of earth, very lofty, with an immense ditch. It stretches in a straight line from sea to sea, without any remains of bastions or flanking-towers that I could discover. The 'golden gate' is narrow, and too low for an English waggon. 'Golden,' among the Tartars, seems synonymous with royal; and thus we hear of the 'golden horde,' the 'golden tent,' &c. Colonel Symes mentions the same manner of expression in Ava; so that I suppose it is common all over the east. There is only one well at Perekop, the water of which is brackish and muddy. A string of near two hundred kbitkas was passing, laden with salt, and drawn by oxen; they were driven by Malo-Russians, who had brought corn into the Crimea, and were returning with their present cargo. White or clarified salt is unknown in the south of Russia; it appears, even on the best tables, with the greater part of its impurities adhering, and, consequently, quite brown. Kbitkas laden with this commodity form a kind of caravan. They seldom go out of their way for a town or a village, but perform long journeys; the drivers only sheltered at night on the lee side of their carriages, and stretched on the grass. During the independence of the Crimea, (an old officer told me) these people were always armed, and travelled without fear of the Tartars,





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drawing up their waggons every night in a circle, and keeping regular sentries. We here, with great regret, quitted the Crimea and its pleasing inhabitants; it was really like being turned out of paradise, when we abandoned these beautiful mountains, and again found ourselves in the vast green desert, which had before tired us so thoroughly; when we changed olives and cypresses, clear water and fresh milk, for the reeds, long grass, and the drainings of marshes, only made not poisonous by being mixed with brandy; and when, instead of a clean carpet at night, and a supper of eggs, butter, honey, and sweetmeats, we returned to the seat of our carriage, and the remainder of our old cheese.

“Pallas has properly distinguished the two distinct races of Tartars, the Nogays and the mountaineers. These last, however, appeared to me to resemble in their persons the Turks and the Tartars of Kostroma and Yaroslav. They are a fair and handsome people; like the Tartars in the north of Russia, they are given to agriculture and commerce; and here, as well as there, decidedly different from the Nogays and other Mongul tribes. The Nogays, however, in the Crimea, appear to have greatly improved their breed by intermarriages with the original inhabitants, being much handsomer and taller than those to the north of the Golden Gate. The mountaineers have large bushy beards when old; the Tartars of the plain seldom possess more than a few thin hairs. The mountaineers are clumsy horsemen, in which they resemble the northern Tartars. Their neighbours ride very boldly and well. I had an opportunity of seeing two Nogay shepherd-boys, who were galloping their horses near Koslof, and who showed an agility and dexterity which were really surprising. While the horse was in full speed they sprung from their seats, stood upright on the saddle, leapt on the ground and again into the saddle, threw their whips to some distance and caught them up from the ground. What was more remarkable, we ascertained that they were merely shepherds, and that these accomplishments were not extraordinary. Both mountaineers and shepherds are amiable, gentle, and hospitable, except where they have been soured by



their Russian masters. We never approached a village at night-fall where we were not requested to lodge; or in the day-time without being invited to eat and drink; and while they were thus attentive, they uniformly seemed careless about payment, even for the horses they furnished; never counting the money, and often offering to go away without it. They are steady in refusing Russian money; and it is necessary to procure a sufficient stock of usluks, paras, and sequins. This is not their only way of showing their dislike to their new masters; at one village we were surprised at our scanty fare, and at the reluctance with which every thing was furnished, till we learned that they had mistaken us for Russian officers. On finding that we were foreigners, the eggs, melted butter, nardek and bekmiss came in profusion. General Bardakof told us they were fond of talking politics; when we addressed them on this subject, they were reserved, and affected an ignorance greater than I thought likely or natural. Pallas complained of them as disaffected, and spoke much of their idleness. Yet their vineyards are very neatly kept and carefully watered; and, what is hardly a sign of indolence, their houses, clothes and persons are uniformly clean. But his account seemed to me by no means sufficiently favourable. They are, I apprehend, a healthy race; but we met with one instance where a slight wound had, by neglect, become very painful and dangerous. On asking what remedies they had for diseases, they returned a remarkable answer; 'We lay down the sick man on a bed; and, if it please God, he recovers. Allah Kerim!'

"Their women are concealed even more, the Duc de Richelieu said, than the wives of Turkish peasants; and are greatly agitated and distressed if seen, for a moment, without a veil. Like the men they have very fair and clear complexions, with dark eyes and hair, and aquiline noses. Among the men were some figures which might have served for models of a Hercules; and the mountaineers have a very strong and nimble step in walking. An imâm, who wears a green turban, and who is also generally the schoolmaster, is in every village. Not many, how-





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ever, of the peasants could read or write ; and they seemed to pay but little attention to the regular hours of prayer.

“ Our road to Berislav lay across lakes and brooks, and terminated in a sandy desert, which, during the rains, is often inundated ; this extended to the banks of the Dnieper, which having crossed, we ascended to Berislav. It is a small town, founded on a regular plan by the empress Catherine, on a fine sloping bank near the river, with a floating bridge which is removed every winter. The Dnieper, like the Don, is navigated in double canoes, composed of two very narrow ones, often hollowed out of trees, and united by a stage. The town has wide streets at right angles with each other ; but the houses are mostly miserable wooden huts. The country around is all good land, but destitute of water ; there are, however, many villages, and many acres of cultivated land along the banks of the river ; and wherever there is a well, there is generally a small cluster of houses attracted by such a treasure. On the side of the Dnieper begins the regular series of Jews’ houses, which are the only taverns or inns from hence all the way into Austria. Jews, in every part of Little and New Russia, abound. In Muscovy they are very uncommon.

“ From Berislav to Cherson the road lay over a continued series of steppes, only varied in one instance by a large extent of stagnant water, which threatened fever and death to the traveller. Cherson is gradually sinking into decay from the unhealthiness of its situation, and still more from the preference given to Odessa. Yet timber, corn, hemp, and other articles of exportation are so much cheaper and more plentiful here, that many foreign vessels still prefer this port, though they are obliged by government first to perform quarantine, and unload their cargoes at Odessa. Corn is cheap and plentiful ; but timber much dearer than in the north, as the cataracts of the Dnieper generally impede its being floated down. There is a noble forest which we saw in Podolia, not far from the Bog, a beautiful river, unincumbered by cataracts ; but as some land-carriage would be necessary, it is as yet almost ‘ *intacta securi.*’ The arsenal at Cherson is extensive and interesting ; it

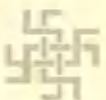


contains a monument to Potemkin, its founder. Two frigates and a seventy-four were building; on account of the bar, they are floated down to the Liman on camels, as at Petersburg. Nothing can be more dreary than the prospect of the river, which forms many streams, flowing through marshy islands, where the masts of vessels are seen rising from amid brush-wood and tall reeds. In these islands are many wild-boars, which are often seen swimming from one to the other.

“No foreign merchants of any consequence remain here; those who transact business at the port do it by clerks and super-cargoes. My information respecting Cherson was chiefly derived from a Scotchman named Geddes. The tomb of Howard is in the desert, about a mile from the town; it was built by Admiral Mor-dvinof, and is a small brick pyramid, whitewashed, but without any inscription; he himself fixed on the spot of his interment. He had built a small hut on this part of the steppe, where he passed much of his time, as being the most healthy spot in the neighbourhood. The English burial-service was read over him by Admiral Priestman, from whom I had these particulars. Two small villas have been built at no great distance, I suppose, also, from the healthiness of the situation, as it has nothing else to recommend it. Howard was spoken of with exceeding respect and affection by all who remembered or knew him; and they were many.

“Nicolaef, on the Bog, about sixty versts from Cherson, is a rising town, very advantageously situated; being without the bar of the Dnieper, it is the station for vessels when built, and here they are laid up to be repaired. Nothing, I should think, but the expence of new dock-yards induces government to persevere in their system of building vessels at Cherson, when this neighbouring town has so many superior advantages. It has a fine river, without either bar or cataract, deep still water, and a healthy situation. Vessels, however, are said to decay sooner than at Sebastopol.

“The road to Odessa lies over a flat steppe, with several streams intersecting it, inlets of the sea, and some large salt-water lakes. Odessa is a very interesting place, and being the seat of





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government, and the only quarantine allowed, except Caffa and Taganrog, is, though of very late erection, already wealthy and flourishing. Too much praise cannot be given to the Duc de Richelieu, to whose administration, not to any natural advantages, this town owes its prosperity. The bay is good and secure, but all around is desert ; and it labours under the want of a navigable river, and a great scarcity of fresh water. There are two wells in the town, both brackish, and a third, a very fine one, on the opposite side of the bay ; a fourth had just been discovered when I was there, in the garden of an Italian merchant, and was talked of like a silver mine. All commodities are either brought in barks from Cherson, or drawn over the steppe by oxen, who were seen lying in the streets and on the new quay, greatly exhausted with thirst, and almost furious in their struggles to get at the water when it was poured into the troughs. The situation of the town, however, is healthy and pleasant in other respects ; the quarantine is large and well-constructed.

“ As far as I could learn, and I made many enquiries, it was very bad policy to fix their quarantine in Odessa instead of Otchakof, where were a city and a fortress ready built, in a situation perfectly secure from the Turks ; and which, lying at the junction of the Bog and Dnieper, is the natural emporium of these seas. The harbour, I understand, is perfectly secure ; and even if the Liman were unsafe, the Bog affords a constant shelter. The objection generally made was the necessity of a secure quarantine ; to which it was answered, that the point of Kinburn afforded a situation even more secure than Odessa. If these facts are true, a wise Government would, probably, without discouraging Odessa, restore the quarantine to Otchakof, and allow them both to take their chance in a fair competition. This, however, seems little understood in Russia. Potemkin had no idea of encouraging Cherson but by ruining Taganrog ; and, at present, Cherson is to be sacrificed to the new favourite, Odessa.”





*To Richard Heber, Esq.**Leopold, June 17, 1806.*

“ MY DEAR BROTHER,

“ I wrote two letters from Odessa, both of which I hope you would receive, though they went by two very different ways. We have been since engaged in a slow, though not an unpleasant journey through Poland ; of the Austrian share of which, Leopold, or Lemberg as it is sometimes called, is the capital. The post from Odessa to the frontier of the Russian empire is so uncertain, that we were advised at Odessa to hire horses to carry us to the Austrian town of Brody. You may conceive that a journey of four hundred miles, with the same bad horses, would be a work of time. As far as Balta, the ancient frontier of Poland, we had nothing but the same melancholy plains, uninhabited, except by a few Cossaks, who manage the hordes of horses and camels. On this side Balta we found, however, a very rapid change for the better. No part of Ancient Russia, that I have seen, except, perhaps, some part of the province of Yaroslav, can at all compare in fertility or beauty with her Polish acquisitions. Not the banks of the Volga, nor even the Crimea itself, have any thing like the oak woods and corn-fields of Podolia. The difference which principally struck us was in the appearance of the houses and towns, the paved and narrow streets, the crucifixes by the road side, the monasteries, the Latin inscriptions, and the other marks of a different religion, and habits more nearly approaching the rest of Europe. A majority of the lower class are, however, of the Greek religion, and several of the village Churches were rude imitations of the cupola of which the Russians are so fond. The number of Jews likewise is very striking ; in Muscovy, properly so called, they are never seen ; in Little and New Russia they begin to appear ; but in this part of Poland I verily believe they constitute one-third of the whole population. All the inns are kept by them ; and we had heard horrible accounts of their dirt and misery. To





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us, however, having been well drilled to endure both, they were very tolerable indeed. We were always able to get, at least, clean straw and decent victuals, and these were no small luxury. The peasants are very poor and depressed. In Galicia, for the first time in my life, I saw women holding the plough, and breaking stones on the highway. I know not to what circumstance to attribute this poverty, the laws being more indulgent to the peasant than in Russia. Their houses, indeed, are better and cleaner than those of ordinary Muscovite peasants.

“ We arrived at Brody a day after the Austrian, or as the Russians call him the ‘ Roman ’ Consul ; we had been introduced to him at Odessa, and found his acquaintance very useful in directing us to a good inn, and getting us, with less trouble, past the custom-house. The Austrian post is still very good, though it has been much injured by the passage of the army. Several persons in Leopold have complained of the conduct of the Russian troops in their march through the country ; but the peasants seem to have been contented with their behaviour, and were much struck with the good cloth and gay uniforms they wore.

“ The country which has fallen to the share of Austria is more picturesque and more populous than that of Russia ; but apparently not so fertile. Both would, however, be called fertile and beautiful in the richest part of England. The national dress and the shaved head are still in universal use among the lower classes. Of the ‘ *plica polonica*, ’ we have only seen one instance, and it is considered as rare. Among the nobility, the old people are still shaved and dressed like their ancestors, in long cassocks, girt with a broad sash ; the sabre, however, the ancient mark of a gentleman, is, since the partition, rarely worn. ‘ *Fuimus Troes*. ’ Leopold is a very considerable town, having 30,000 inhabitants. It was the favourite residence of John Sobiesky, whose palace is still shown. Charles the Twelfth came here in person to besiege the town, and it is almost needless to add, was successful.

“ We brought with us some good introductions, particularly a letter from the venerable Russian General Michelson to the



governor, an old Hungarian Count Urmeni, whose kindness has furnished us with some letters for Buda. We intend to take this road to Vienna, as the last news from Russia seems to make our return by Riga inevitable. Our letters of introduction are directed in Latin, which language is still much used in Hungary. We are therefore rubbing up our phrases, and recollecting our old exercise books. 'Willimot's Peculiars' would be a real treasure to us, or any other book of dialogues.

"We are told of difficulties that await us if we take this route, but we are not very easily alarmed, and these difficulties are only those of getting horses and beds. A little exertion will supply the one, and on the celebrated hospitality of the Hungarians we must rely for the other. Our road lies through the Carpathian mountains, by Caschau, Eslau, and Tokay, (where I will drink your health) to Buda. From thence to Vienna by Raab and Presburg. The way is short and the road excellent along the bank of the Danube. I promise myself much pleasure in finding letters at Vienna. Our stay there will not be long. \* \*

\* \* \* I shall certainly see you before the All Souls' election.

"Believe me, my dear brother,

"Yours most affectionately,

"REGINALD HEBER."





## CHAPTER IX.

### LEMBERG TO YARMOUTH.

*Przemisl—Daklo—Hungarians—Gypseys—Mineral waters of Bartpha—Castle built by Ragozzi—Wells—Jews—Hungarian peasants—Funeral—Aperies—Castle—Caschau—School—Tokay wine—Szerwz—Calvinist Church—Number of Protestants—Miskoltz—Kerestes—School—Erlau—Academy—Archbishop of Agria—Count Esterhazy—Halwar—Buda—Wine—Danube—Hungarian dress—Vienna—Theatres—German literature—The Prater—Baden—Events of the war—Conduct of French in Vienna—Buonaparte—Brünn—Battle of Austerlitz—Prague—Dresden—Leipzig—Moravians—Halle—Wittenberg—Luther and Melancthon—Potsdam—Berlin—Hamburg—Yarmouth.*

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“*June 19th.*—LEFT Lemberg for Hungary. The country, like all Gallicia, is fertile and pleasing, with woody hills and a light chalky soil; the trees are principally fir. A little to our right hand lay a seat of the Prince of Lorraine, said to be very beautiful. Count Mussy had given us a letter to him, but we were unable to make use of it, as Thornton's illness rendered it necessary for us to keep the straight road, and to see this place we must have made a considerable detour out of the post-road.

“*June 20th.*—About ten this morning we arrived at Przemisl, an ancient town, with a castle and palace, both in ruins, a Cathedral, and two convents. Its history we could not learn. It stands in a fine situation, on the river San, which is crossed by a singular wooden bridge on three stone piers, roofed over, and having the road suspended from the roof. The San rises in the Carpathian moun-



tains, and flows into the Vistula, receiving first the Vislok and some other streams; its course is about 150 miles. At Przemisl it is a beautiful stream, as wide as the Dee at Overton bridge. A plan has been presented to the Austrian government for uniting the Vistula and Dniester by a canal drawn from the latter to the San; its execution depends very much on the demand for wood at Odessa. The Dniester is also considered an advantageous outlet for the productions of Hungary; during the summer it is almost dry, and full of cataracts; but in spring and autumn it is navigable with ease and safety. The Carpathian mountains are covered with inexhaustible stores of wood, particularly oak. The Bukovina, it is hoped, will gain great advantages by its neighbourhood to the Dniester; it is said to be the finest part of the Austrian territories, mountainous, but very fertile, and with excellent timber. The inhabitants are Moldavians, and are described as a very handsome and amiable race. Several wealthy persons have purchased lands there. The Pruth, which also runs through the Bukovina, is navigable for boats; but the country through which it afterwards flows is too dangerous to admit of a regular communication with the sea. Nor do the Hungarians at all avail themselves of the Danube as a channel of foreign trade, for the same reason. The San runs on the left of the road from Przemisl. At about a German mile from the town stands, on the left hand, a large convent, in a noble situation. The country is very hilly and beautiful. Daklo is a large village, with some gentlemen's houses; we were provided with a letter to the post-master, whom we found a very civil old man, with the manners and appearance of a gentleman. His house was neatly furnished, chiefly with a kind of dark wood, of which I could not learn the name. He was a Bohemian, and spoke very ill of the Hungarians. This class of men are here very decent, and often of gentlemen's families; forty years' service ennobles them.

“ From Daklo the road becomes more hilly, and the country more elevated and barren, with magnificent firs. The cultivation is good, and carried up to the hill tops, though the soil is flinty,



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and the crops light. The valleys put me much in mind of Wharfedale. The Hungarian frontier is three miles from Daklo. We first passed by a sort of custom-house, where our passports were examined, but not our luggage; they told us we should want no passports in Hungary.

“The first Hungarian peasants we met did not give us much idea of happiness or liberty; they seemed half starved, half naked slaves, very wild and noisy; and both men and women dirty and ragged. The post-master at the first village where we stopped spoke Latin fluently, though a mere peasant and in rags. We met with some delay in procuring horses, none being kept at the post, as there were so few travellers; in such cases peasants’ horses are furnished by the post-master.

\* \* \* \*

\* The posts are little used, as the ignoble travel with carriers’ horses, of which persons there are many in all the towns, who supply horses and carriages to any distance, at a price rather inferior to the post. The nobles have the privilege of demanding horses at every village from the peasants, which is called ‘raising the comitatus.’ They only pay a few florins drink-money every stage. We were advised to send a ‘lanssettél’ before us like the Swedish ‘forebüd,’ but Count Urmeni dissuaded us, saying we should always overtake the avant courier. There are few chaussees in Hungary; they depend on the pleasure of the county meetings and of the different proprietors. We slept at Orlich at a miserable Jew inn, which was already full of guests. I myself slept on the kitchen floor amid the Jew’s family. Thornton preferred the carriage.

“*June 21st.*—At this place we saw several families of gypsies; these people have here the same Asiatic features, and lead the same manner of life as in England. They are very numerous in Hungary. Our drivers had been noisy and saucy; but on parting came to kiss Thornton’s hand and wish him a perfect recovery. The language here and as far as Caschau, is Slavonic, and does not materially differ from Russian and Polish.



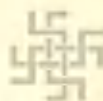
Thornton's servant could make himself perfectly understood. Count Mussy informed us that all the country from hence to the mines at Cremnitz, is inhabited by the same race of people. They consider themselves as the aborigines of the country, and are said to be a much better-natured race than the pure Hungarian.

"A few miles from Bartpha is a large village with two Churches, a convent, and a fine house, the property of Count Asperman. Above, on a steep and high hill covered with wood, is a fine old castle, now in ruins, built by Ragozzi, a Transylvanian chief, and one of the followers of Bethlem Gabor, who, in conjunction with the Turks, overran all this part of Hungary, building many castles to secure his possessions. He was also leagued with various bands of Bohemian Hussites, who greatly infested these mountains by robberies and rebellions.

"The mineral waters of Bartpha have induced Count Asperman to build a village on the spot, and fit it up as a watering-place. The lodgings are in long low buildings, and look like streets of cottages. Every chamber has a bathing-room on the opposite side of the corridor; and behind are stoves for heating the water: \*

\* \* \* The water is a very strong chalybeate. The physician, on whom, however, I place no great confidence, said it exactly resembled that of Spa. These lodgings form one side of a large irregular area, in the centre of which is the well, covered with a small leaden pavilion. The other side of the area is occupied by a large house, where are a table d'hôte, rooms for balls, theatricals, &c. The whole is under the direction of a Lemberg inn-keeper, named Höcht. A new theatre is soon expected to be built, and the place seems increasing rapidly. The accommodations are now, however, miserable, merely consisting of bare walls, boarded bedsteads, and clean straw.

"I walked up to the castle; the outer wall is an irregular pentagon, having the entrance in a large hexagonal tower in one of the angles; on two sides it is guarded by a deep ditch; on the three other the declivity is a sufficient protection. From the first ward you ascend by narrow gateways to two others, and at last to



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what has been the donjon. Round the outer wall, and at its very foot, a deep subterranean gallery has extended. It is very dark and horrible, and put me a little in mind of the description of Bethlem Gabor's castle in Godwin's 'St. Leon.' The great donjon is rent in two, and from about half its height you look down into the different stories of rooms and dungeons, with a stupendous well at bottom. The materials have been bad stone mixed with bricks, and the whole covered with plaister, which is still tolerably entire. On the plaister of what has been the chief room, is engraved some gibberish.

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On the gateway are small compartments in the plaister, which seem to have been intended for arms or inscriptions, but they now offer nothing. The effect of the different openings into these dungeons, with the young trees bursting through their ruins, was strikingly fine. The area of the two lower courts was cultivated, and bore a good crop of rye; the whole space may be about three acres. The castle is perfectly commanded by the highest peak of the hills which rises at about half a mile distant, covered with firs. In my way back to Bartpha, I saw a wolf.

"We went into the bath, which covered our bodies with rust, and had a very bad effect on Thornton's leg.

"*June 22d, Sunday.*—The strangers at the well were this day in their best clothes. Most of the patients bathe twice daily, we, however, declined it this morning. The Churches in Hungary are built generally in the form of three or, sometimes, four small wooden towers, standing against each other like pulpit, reading-desk, clerk, and dog-whipper, the highest being the steeple, and containing the principal entrance. We dined at the great ordinary in a large saloon, the roof supported by pillars, and with a gallery round it. The party consisted of an abbot, a Franciscan monk, a young officer of cuirassiers, and several from different classes of the



people ; but our whole number did not exceed fifteen. Some spoke French and others Latin. In the evening there was a ball, and a comedy. I took a walk in the tall fir wood which covers the hills round the village of Bartpha ; some of the timber is uncommonly fine. The roads which have been made for carrying wood to construct the village, afford some beautiful solitary walks. On my return I was struck by the effect produced in the forest by the large fire of some woodmen, who were eating their supper with much singing and merriment round it.

“ *June 23rd.*—The whole number of residents at the wells does not at present exceed thirty ; when the season is further advanced there are frequently five or six hundred persons. The old prince Czartorisky is a regular attendant, and has a small house in the village. His first visit to the place is recorded in an inscription on the pediment of the little dome which covers the well. Another inscription on the house, at the southern end of one of the ranges of buildings, thus sets forth the intention of the whole establishment :

“ Hasce ædes condidit  
Senator Bartphensis,  
Ut nobiles cives atque alii  
Ex aquis et frondibus  
Sese recreaturi,  
Salutem  
Ex aquis et frondibus  
Bartphensibus  
Acciperent.”

There are in the original some half-dozen letters which seem intended for a chronogram, but I was not at the pains to pick them out and arrange them.

“ There are three or four houses in the village belonging to Jews ; these are not very common in Hungary, where Jews are only barely tolerated. In many districts they are forbidden to approach under pain of death ;—such as the mining countries and some others. The few that are settled in Hungary seldom wear



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their own peculiar habit. At the ordinary to-day there were rather more persons than yesterday. Many of them dined with their hats on. After dinner a man who had sat opposite to me, called me aside to show me some smuggled tea which he had brought from Russia, and which he sold in glass quart bottles at three ducats each. Coffee and sugar are extravagantly dear, as well as all kinds of West and East Indian produce. Neither milk or butter are to be procured in Bartpha; the latter indeed is very scarce all over Hungary, and hogs' lard is used instead. The unmarried men also smear their hair and bodies with lard; but as soon as they marry they discontinue this filthy fashion. During dinner I had a good deal of conversation with a Pole, an acquaintance of one of our Lemberg friends; he afterwards called on us;

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\* \* this curious sort of pushing civility is thoroughly Polish. Plenty of fine strawberries were brought by children for sale, and there was good ice for desert.

"*June 24th.*—I saw, to-day, some female peasants remarkably well dressed, like English country girls, walking with their shoes and stockings in their hands. I dined again in the hall, and had some conversation with the cuirassier officer, who was lamed by a fall from his horse, and was now trying the virtue of these baths to cure it.

"It is not always easy to procure horses in the village; but having previously engaged four to take us to the town of Bartpha, a distance of about three English miles, we left the wells this evening. The town is small and ancient, surrounded by walls and towers, which are still tolerably entire. The houses are all built in the old German fashion, with religious mottos and pictures on the walls. There are one Roman Catholic and two evangelical Churches; one of which is old and small; the other is very handsome, but not yet completed. The Roman Catholic Church is also handsome, and built in tolerably pure Gothic. On one of the pillars is an elephant's tooth, which the old sacristan pointed out as the rib of a giant. I could not, however, learn any tradi-



tionary history of this supposed son of Anak. The population of the town is chiefly German and Lutheran. I here first heard the name of 'Evangelical' assumed by Lutherans. I witnessed one of their funerals, which was attended by a great number of persons, most of whom were dressed in short jerkins and long grey cloaks. At the gate of the church-yard, a person stood to collect the benevolence of those who attended the ceremony. The clergyman was dressed in a plain black cloak and broad-brimmed hat, looking not very unlike the pictures of Hudibras. The funeral-service merely consisted of a prayer, a hymn, and a short extemporary address. The number of *Evangelisher*, I learnt from one of the congregation, is about three hundred families, living in the town and neighbourhood, a third of whom are Germans and the rest Slavonians. Each nation has its own pastor and school, and the pastors preach by turns in the common Church. Protestants are very numerous in all Upper Hungary and Transylvania, and are under no legal disabilities whatever.

"A sort of fair was held in the town, in which some Italian and Jewish tradesmen had set up their booths. The former we met with very frequently all over Hungary. We left Bartpha this evening, with peasants' horses, who were engaged to take us to Aperies; but we stopped short at a small inn kept by a German, where we got a bed for Thornton, but nothing to eat or drink except brown bread and sour wine. The mistress of the house was a wrinkled witch, whose face would formerly have sent her flying into a horse-pond.

"*June 25th.*—We arrived this morning at Aperies, a moderate sized and neat town, walled round, and in a very fine situation. It consists of one wide street with the Church in the centre, and handsome houses on each side of three or four stories high, which struck us very forcibly after those we had been accustomed to see in Russia. Many of the rooms have coved ceilings, and the windows of all the good houses are secured with heavy iron bars. On a very high hill near the town, is a large castle built by Ragozzi. The Church is in a good style of Gothic architecture, but has



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little in it remarkable. In one corner is a small stage with a curtain before it, and a Latin inscription, purporting that here might be seen the passion and resurrection of Christ. On removing the curtain, I found, in fact, a collection of scenes, &c. as if for a puppet-show. In the centre of the stage was a small white figure of a woman weeping, which seemed exceedingly well done. A wine-merchant in the town told me that the number of Hungarian troops was very small, owing to the jealousy of the Diet.

“ On quitting Aperies, we dined at a small inn at the first stage, where we found great neatness, and an excellent dinner produced in a few minutes, things to which we had been long unaccustomed. The mistress of the house was a Slavonian, and not one of the family could speak a word of German.

“ We reached Caschau about six in the evening. The great inn ‘Schwartzten Adler,’ was too full to admit us, the *comitatus* being assembled in the town, and the Archbishop of Eslau was also holding his visitation. The waiter, a fine powdered coxcomb, was as impertinent as any of his fellows in the most refined countries. We were, at length, admitted into a small inn without the gates. I immediately called on a tradesman to whom we had letters, in the hope of being able, with his assistance, to get a carriage on four springs, for which Thornton wished to exchange his britchka. He went with me to two coachmakers. The price of a Vienna waggon, with springs only behind, was from three hundred to three hundred and fifty florins; for one with four springs I was asked from four to five hundred. I saw some very neat ones of both kinds, but none were quite finished. The coachmakers refused to give any thing for a Russian britchka, except as far as the value of the materials went.

“ *June 26th.*—Caschau is a small but neat town, chiefly consisting of a square, or rather a very wide street, in the centre of which are the town-hall and the Cathedral; some of the principal Churches also form the sides. A clear stream of water runs down the middle. The Churches are handsome; the Cathedral, or rather the conventual Church, is large, and in a good style of Gothic



architecture. On a gallery in the south transept is a Latin inscription, commemorating the birth and coronation of Ladislaus Posthumus, son of Albert of Austria and Elizabeth. This publication of his birth and right to the throne was dictated by his mother's fears of Vladislaus, king of Poland, who did actually seize on the throne. Whether such usurpations were common in Hungary we could not learn. It is singular that, in the general hurry, she should have found time to procure this publication of her son's rights; and still more that Vladislaus did not destroy it. The bishop's throne is on the right-hand side of the Altar. The Church had been repaired by the benefaction of one of its rectors, and was very neat. I entered it just at the time when mass was saying; the archbishop and his clergy were present, together with many of the *comitatus*, with their whiskers and short jackets. Our host of the '*Grünen Bauen*' was a lieutenant in the city volunteer cavalry, and wore always his laced pantaloons and whiskers with great ostentation. Their number amounts to ninety-six; there is also a corps of volunteer infantry, consisting of a hundred and forty-six. I saw the funeral of one of their members, who was buried by the abbot, and attended with military honours to the grave. The men and officers were of a very decent, burgher-like, and most unmilitary appearance: their uniform is pepper-and-salt, with green facings; and they wear ridiculously large cocked hats and green feathers,—the only absurd part of their dress.

“The surgeon who attended Thornton here was a decent well-informed man. I had a good deal of conversation with the apothecary, a fine prosing fellow, who complained much of the dearness of drugs, and said that England ought to sell them cheaper. On my desiring to know what drugs they got from England, he answered, that they received every kind of luxury and physic from her and her colonies.

“Our landlord told us that the price of a good horse was from five to six hundred guilders. There are several *Furmänner* in Caschau who offered to take us to Vienna, finding both carriage and horses, for rather less than the usual post. Caschau has a



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great school or university with many professors.

\* \* \* \* \* There is plenty of wine made in the neighbourhood of the city, but none very good ; many of the houses are well built, and the whole place bears the appearance of wealth.

“ *June 27th.*—Left Caschau. The peasants here become downright Hungarian ; the men have their heads dripping with grease, and wear a profusion of buttons on all sides of their jackets ; the women are in red boots, quilted petticoats, and short jackets, with their hair hanging in a long plait down their backs. Many of them are very handsome.

“ At the first stage from Caschau, where we were stopped about an hour for post horses, the mistress of the house gave us bread and cheese, and wine ; and for our amusement brought us a vast collection of theses, held by her son at the university of Caschau, together with the synopses of several courses of lectures on the laws and history of Hungary. These last were very interesting ; but the theses were written in so bad a hand that we could make out but little of them ; they were on civil government, and seemed to be chiefly taken from Aristotle’s Politics. The village was pleasantly situated by a small stream, in which two peasants were soaking wheat, in all probability for sowing ; their mistress was standing near them, a plain-looking farmer’s wife. There was one better sort of house in the village, to which a britchka and four drove up while we were there. A little way further, over a bridge, and shaded by some trees, was a statue of St. John Nepomacene. This saint, who was thrown over the bridge at Prague, has been ever since supposed to watch over bridges, and is always placed near one. Two stages further we found a very intelligent post-master, who took in the Vienna and Presburg newspapers. He dissuaded us from going to Tokay, whence we were not above twelve English miles distant. The town, he said, was not worth seeing, and by keeping along the great road we passed through some of the best vineyards in the country. He brought us some wine and refused all payment for his civilities.



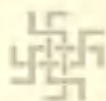
I observed that the letters lying on his table were all directed in Latin.

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“ Vines were first planted in Hungary by the emperor Probus, from Greek slips ; the wines made in the north are white ; those south of Eslau are chiefly red, pretty much like a light port. Of the white wines that of Tokay is the most famous. It is made from such grapes only as drop from the tree spontaneously through over ripeness, and is very dear. At Pest we paid five guilders for a very small bottle, and were at first asked eight for it ; in Austria the price is much greater. The colour of the red wine is derived, not from the juice, but from the skin of the grape. Presses are invariably used to press out the juice, and not human feet as is generally supposed.

“ The Hungarian peasants in this part of the country appear in easy circumstances, and their houses are neat ; their principal food consists of bacon and hog’s lard, of which they are very greedy, and eat it raw. Their wine seems to make them a cheerful race. They are a musical people ; at Caschau, in the little inn where we were lodging, there was a nightly concert of peasants, where some pieces were performed of really difficult execution.

“ The lands of Hungary are divided into manors, each manor containing demesne, or private property of the lord, freeholds, and copyholds. The first is let to tenants, who are on the same footing with tenants in England ; the freeholders only owe suit and service to their lord, who also inherits in default of male heirs. The copy-holders are obliged to work for their lord gratis, either fifty-two days with four horses, or a hundred and four without ; there are also other dues settled by custom. Sometimes there is a sort of modus or quit-rent of very old standing, in lieu of the manual labour ; and sometimes similar new agreements are formed. These copyholders are attached to their copyholds, which they cannot leave without the lord’s permission ; they are called ‘ *serve*,’ ‘ *coloni*,’ &c. There is, however, another class of copyholders, who may leave their copyholds, or dispose of them as



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they please, if not in debt to their lord. The peasants are also liable to the burthen of 'fürspann,' and of being taken for soldiers. If, however, a peasant's son studies in the university, or becomes a member of a corporate town, he can no longer be reclaimed. This we learnt from the post-master, from the professors at Erlau, from Count Kettrai, at Buda, and from many other authorities. The lord has no authority over the peasants' copyhold further than is here stated, except the privileges of the game laws, which nearly resemble our own. At Szerenz, a village which was our next stage, we met an officer who was, we were told, a noted gamester, and was now going to his annual harvest at Bartpha. His carriage was very neat, well loaded with guns and other instruments of amusement.

"While we waited for our horses we went into the Calvinist Church, where a clergyman was doing duty. The inhabitants of the village were generally Roman Catholic, but this place of worship was very ancient, and larger than most parish Churches in England. We had some conversation after service with the clergyman; he was a plain respectable man, of about sixty, with a wife and one daughter, who spoke German; he himself preferred speaking in Latin. His congregation only amounted to about five hundred; but the number of Protestants in the neighbourhood was much larger than that of the Roman Catholics. They, as well as their clergy, are mostly poor; they take great pains in the education of their children, though without the same public assistance which the Roman Catholics receive. The greatest number of Protestants are to be found in Upper Hungary, and, above all, in Transylvania, where, if you want to travel quick, you have only to tell the post-master that you are a Protestant. Their toleration is very great, but a strange rule has been made within a few weeks, which subjects the Protestant schools and preachers to the inspection of the neighbouring Catholic clergy. This cannot but do mischief. The reason assigned is, that they hold uncharitable doctrines, which their '*pacta conventa*' of toleration do not admit of.

"At the village of Szerenz we met with a peasant who spoke Latin fluently, and who even corrected one of our phrases. Mis-

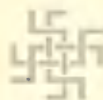


koltz, where we had hoped to sleep, was full of the people attending the county meeting. We went from inn to inn, every person, with exceeding civility, showing us backwards and forwards, but we could get no lodgings. There were no less than three decent inns in the town, a large school, and four or five Churches. At last the post-master took us in, and very hospitably gave us beds and a supper. We had a long conversation in Latin with the old man and his brothers, who had studied at Erlau; both were very profuse in their civilities, calling us '*magnificentia et excellentia*,' and both very violent in their politics, particularly against Austria. While we were with them we had an opportunity of observing how much Latin is used in Hungary. A servant of the archbishop of Erlau's came in, and addressing himself to the postmaster, ordered, in very fluent Latin, horses for his master the next morning. Our host's principal cause of complaint against government was, that '*Rex Hungariæ Germaniam habitat*;' they also said that Germans were preferred in every department of the state, even in Hungarian regiments. With such things as these, said he, '*degustata est natio*.' They expressed strong apprehensions of national bankruptcy, formed chiefly on what they had learned from a travelling Jew. Of Buonaparte and the French they spoke with great fierceness; but likewise said that Hungary would not act heartily against France, '*quia degustata adeo, et pertæsa est natio*.'

"The addition of two strangers to their household caused a good deal of inconvenience to our kind host; but we could not help being amused at the condensibility of which a large family is capable in a small house; one little boy was put to bed in a drawer. The mistress knew only Magyar, but their maid-servant, a pert lass in red boots, spoke German.

"*June 28th*.—Our first resting-place this morning was remarkable chiefly for its excellent gardens. We found there a great many priests returning from the visitation, who all recommended us to go to Erlau. The archbishop had bespoke sixteen horses all along the road.

"At our next stage we looked into a cabaret full of peasants,



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who were drinking some excellent red wine. A school-bell rang, and a multitude of ragged children collected in the streets; the schoolmaster was not yet come, but I met an intelligent countryman who spoke Latin, though imperfectly. He said that the village was named Kerestes, and that it belonged to the crown, or, as the Hungarians express it, the '*camera*,' (privy council.) The school was paid and supported by the crown. It contained three classes; one for Hungarian reading and writing; the second for the German language alone; and the third for German and Latin together. The German class rarely exists, except in crown villages. Almost every peasant attends the reading and writing-class, to which they are admitted gratis. The number of children in this village-school was about sixty, fifteen of whom were in the Latin class. In the estates of individuals, the schools are supported by parish-rates.

"We had peasants' horses from Kerestes to Erlau. Our driver was one of the dirtiest, wildest, and least civilized beings I ever saw; his hair was very long, absolutely swimming in hog's lard, and tied in many small tails with shreds of cloth. His waistcoat had at least a hundred buttons, of different sizes and colours, sewed on in various parts behind and before; and a leathern belt round his waist was similarly ornamented. The horses were small and bad, and as the harness merely consisted of a few ropes, without any means of holding them up, one of them fell going down a very steep hill at the entrance of Erlau. Victor said the poor beast was ' *paresseux*.'

"Erlau stands in a singular situation, among rocks and vineyards. The rocks are all hollowed into cellars, and the hill looks like a town of Troglodites, or the city of *the Glumms*, in 'Peter Wilkins.' The town itself is large and irregular, filled with ruins and gardens. Some tall trees in the Archbishop's garden give the town a beautiful appearance, not very unlike Batchiserai. The castle stands on some high rocks, but is decidedly commanded by the surrounding mountains. From the lower town a steep winding ascent runs through the citadel gateway: we here were obliged to



ask our way of a man who kept a small shop close to the gateway ; we found he was a foreigner, and, of course, an Italian. The principal inn, 'the Lion,' is a very good one. In it is a ball-room, with an inscription in Latin, Hungarian, and German, forbidding the use of tobacco. There are about a dozen Churches, of which the principal are the Cathedral, the Church of the Franciscans, and that of St. Anthony ; the last has a cupola ornamented with paintings representing the miracles of this saint, among which the fishes are not forgotten.

"I went to give an introductory letter to M. Najmajor, a tradesman in the town, whom I found, to my great surprise, a very sensible, well-educated young man, speaking French and Italian, and having a good collection of Latin and German books ; he was quite the Catcott, the literary pewterer of Erlau. In the evening we went with him to see the Academy. It does not take the title of university, because there is no Professor of Medicine. It is a noble building, of three very lofty stories, round a quadrangle about as large as Peckwater ; this contains a neat Chapel, different halls for the respective classes, and a very large library, the ceiling of which is tolerably painted with the history of the Council of Trent. The rest of the building is occupied by the professors' rooms and a large observatory. It was all erected by a single benefactor, one of their archbishops, the Count Esterhazy, uncle to the present prince. He also left a large sum to rebuild the Cathedral after the model of St. Peter's, though on a smaller scale. This part of his will was, however, contested. The number of young men and boys educated in the academy is about four hundred ; they all lodge in the town ; yet the professors assured me that there were, in different parts of Hungary, colleges on our plan, which they called '*convictus*.' Besides the academy, there are many smaller schools in Erlau. The income of a professor is only five hundred florins yearly. They have a small, though, for so remote a situation, a creditable collection of astronomical instruments, all of English manufacture. The professors were exceedingly civil men, and apparently well-informed ; they were very curious about every



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thing relating to England. I had some conversation with one of them about Daniel's seventy weeks, and the Arundelian marbles. Here again we heard complaints of their being neglected by the court; and that their king lived in a foreign country. Before we quitted the academy, one of the professors made us drink a large glass of mineral water, from a spâ in the neighbourhood, which is very famous all over Hungary; it exactly resembled the Harrogate water, and almost made us sick.

"The 29th June being Sunday, I went to the Cathedral, looking into the Franciscan Church by the way, where a monk was preaching with great emphasis in Magyar. The congregation was numerous and attentive. At the Cathedral the canons and all the other members were dressed in their gaudy effeminate robes. After Church I went to the archbishop's garden, which was chiefly composed of a collection of formal avenues; a natural warm spring rises very near it, impregnated, but not strongly, with sulphur. I then ascended the castle-hill, where is a vast heap of Turkish and Christian ruins. The Turks were in possession of Erlau, or Agria, for 108 years; it was taken during the reign of Soliman the Magnificent, after a most gallant defence, and retaken by Ferdinand a short time before he captured Buda. The character of Soliman appears, according to Istuanfi, to have been greatly misunderstood by the Hungarians, who considered him an effeminate philosophical prince, till fatal experience convinced them of the contrary. There are some vestiges of Turkish ornaments remaining in the citadel, but very few. In the town is the minaret of a Mahomedan mosque; it is very simple, and now serves as a steeple to a small Chapel. The situation of the fortress is bad, being every way commanded by hills; its fortifications have been immense, with two, and sometimes three, tiers of heavy cannon, one above the other, in vaulted galleries. These galleries still exist, forming vast caverns and romantic labyrinths round the hill; in some the vaulting was partially destroyed; and I could look down from the top into all the three stories. Most of them were, however, dark; and I rambled about for some time, without finding any inscriptions or



particular ornaments. Birds and bats occupied them, and flitted about on being disturbed.

“ The archbishop of Agria has very great privileges; formerly he had a full jurisdiction, with the power of life and death; but at present, in capital cases, or in any cause of more than a certain value (which we could not ascertain) he is obliged to report to the king. His revenues arise from the vineyards, and from several demesne lands; he is entitled to a fifth of all the wine made in his diocese, which must bring him in an immense income. The present archbishop does not seem popular. Count Esterhazy appears to have been very much beloved; his magnificence was particularly commented upon. M. Najmajor, our friend, though a brazier, was a nobleman, and showed us his letters of gentility. His grandfather had received them from Maria Theresa for his zeal in furnishing horses for her wars. This sort of nobles are called ‘*armoles*,’ because they receive a written permission to have armorial bearings, as in England; the other nobles are either such as have been summoned to a diet, or who possess certain lands in fee from the crown; these are called ‘*donatarii*.’ They rank as nobles in virtue of such manors, though their rank be not expressed in the grant. This answers nearly to the Polish starosta; excepting that the starosta was necessarily for military service.

“ *June 30th.*—We had some trouble this morning with the postman about horses; the usual recourse in this case is to apply to the ‘*vice-comes*.’ Rather, however, than take this trouble we hired peasants’ horses to draw us to Capellua, where we rejoined the great road. A continued range of mountains was on our right-hand, and large plains on our left. We stopped at a small cabaret, where several peasants were washing down raw hog’s lard with sour wine. Gyongyas, where we slept, is a neat town, where, as we were told by a peasant, ‘*plurimæ habitant dominationes*.’ It has two convents and a Parish Church, and a small but comfortable inn.

“ *July 1st.*—At Halwar, the first stage from Gyongyas, we



met a young German who had been engaged in the cloth manufactory in Transylvania, and was now returning barefoot to his own country, Saxony. He told us that German was the language most commonly spoken in Transylvania; and this was confirmed, and accounted for to us afterwards by the multitude of Saxon colonists who had been at different times established there.

“ The hills on which Buda stands are very striking on first approaching them. Pest stands low, and, as well as the Danube, is not seen till you are close upon it. On the staircase of the ‘Black Eagle,’ where we stopped in the latter town, was a warning, in German and Hebrew, to all Jews that the entry was forbidden to them. This race are much hated in Hungary; they are not permitted the public exercise of their religion ;

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“ *July 2d.*—We went up to Buda this morning with our letters of introduction. The Danube is about as wide as the Thames at Battersea, and wonderfully rapid; it is crossed by a bridge of boats which forms a curve against the violence of the stream. Pest is handsomely built, but contains nothing striking except the county hall and prisons, which are very fine. Buda is a most remarkable city, perched on a high rock rising abruptly from the Danube. On the highest point of the rock is a magnificent palace, which is appropriated to the Palatine; it is large, and, from its situation and style of architecture, much resembles the temple of Jerusalem, according to the fanciful system of Villapardus. Indeed the whole town, in some points of view, gave me an idea of the rocky situation of Jerusalem. The Danube, however, is what that city has not to boast of. Under a rock to the left of that on which Buda is built, and still higher, are the hot baths, with many small houses for the convenience of the sick.

“ We ascended by a very steep and winding street to the gate of the town. The ancient ramparts have been long since suffered to decay, but still encircle the city with their ruins. The city is very handsome, but I was disappointed in seeing so few



vestiges of antiquity, except the Church, built by Matthias Corviano, and a few stones on which his crest was engraved, and which had formed a part of his palace; this was destroyed by the Turks, as well as almost every thing else except the Church. The Christians, when they recovered the place, retorted this treatment on the Infidels; and there does not remain a single Mohamedan vestige in the town that I could hear of.

“ The hills round Buda produce a very excellent red wine, which is popular all through Austria. The principal nobleman to whom we had letters was out of town. We saw, however, Count Battriam, and spent the evening with Count Nittrai and Field-marshal Ott, who commanded at Genoa, and during the Austrian incursion into Provence. He desired to be remembered to Admiral Keith, if we ever met with him. From Count Nittrai we derived almost all our little knowledge of the Hungarian manners and constitution; his civility, and even kindness to us, were extraordinary. He spoke of the Hungarians as a loyal people, but I think he spoke *en ministre*; his attempt to gloss over their separate treaty, as if it was merely an agreement to supply Vienna with corn, was not very successful. We were desirous of seeing the crown of Hungary; but it is kept under so many locks and keys, that it was imposible to obtain a sight of it. Count Nittrai gave us a coloured drawing of it, which, he said, was perfectly accurate. Joseph the Second removed this crown from Presburg to Vienna; but on the reiterated complaints of the Diet, he replaced it. Francis the Second was the first who restored the seat of government, the public affairs, crown, and Diet to Buda, which had ceased to be their rendezvous since the Turkish conquest.

“ We afterwards went with Count Nittrai to the theatre, where we saw Blue-beard performed; it was divested of all the miraculous part, and rendered very absurdly probable; the key, instead of being stained with blood, was broken in the lock, and the ghosts were all omitted. In spite of the prohibition on the stairs, a swarm of Jews pestered us sadly; they were all in ‘*Deutschen bleidung*’; I believe the black cassock is unknown in



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Hungary. Very good hackney-coaches are always to be had in Buda.

“ We were unfortunate in not being able to see the university, which is, externally, a large and lofty stone building. It contains, we were told, a good library, a statue of Hercules, found in Temeswar, and about three thousand students.

“ *July 3d.*—This morning on our departure, we had a considerable altercation with our landlord, who brought us one of the most extravagant bills I ever saw ; but which we at last succeeded in prevailing on him to reduce. The chaussée was very good, and the horses excellent. We passed Gran (Strigonium) on our left hand, and a town on a rock by the Danube, which ran on our right, with a castle and several Churches. Strigonium was the residence of Stephen, the first Christian king of Hungary, and its archbishop is still primate of all Hungary, arch-chancellor, and has the privileges of placing the crown on the king's head, administering the oath, &c. The form of the coronation still retains some traces of its ancient election ; the archbishop demands of the nobles, *num volunt jubentque ut coronetur.*

“ The Danube is very beautiful ; and the stream exceedingly swift. Many floating mills were on it. On the hills to the south are several old castles, and beyond these hills is a lake as large as that of Geneva ; the banks, however, are not very promising.”

*To Mrs. Heber.*

*Vienna, July 6, 1806.*

“ MY DEAR MOTHER,

“ Thank you for your letter ; you can scarcely conceive how great a delight it is to receive news from home, or how earnestly I wish to be there again. I can assure you that Thornton shares in this feeling ; and that it is the desire of improvement, not the love of rambling, which has kept us so long on the continent. We got here yesterday evening, and of course are little qualified to give an account of Vienna. Our journey through Hungary has been very melancholy. My poor friend on his arrival at



Odessa, six weeks ago, either from the fatigues we had undergone, and the bad fare we had met with since we quitted Moscow, or, as we were inclined to believe, from checked perspiration, was attacked by a swelling and inflammation of his legs, which being mistaken for erysipelas by a stupid surgeon, was repelled with goulard. During our journey to Lemberg he continued lame, and his legs were occasionally very painful; but while we were there they became so much better, that he was able to walk a good deal, and nothing of the malady remained, except a stiffness, for which the warm baths in Hungary were said to be a perfect cure. As these lay in our way, we tried the experiment, which, however, though strongly recommended by the physician of the place, produced a return of all the painful symptoms; and, from the metallic nature of the waters, inflamed his legs so much, as quite to discourage him from continuing them, and to make him perfectly unable to walk, or even to bear the jolting of the carriage without much suffering. He, with very great spirit and good sense, determined not to trust himself again to provincial surgeons, but to press on immediately for Vienna. We have here found excellent medical assistance, and the complaint, we are assured, is neither dangerous, nor likely to be of any very long continuance, though, for a fortnight, he must give himself as much rest as possible. Checked perspiration is decided to have been the cause, and warm clothing is one of the main remedies prescribed. A journey, under such circumstances, would afford but little leisure for inquiry and improvement; and though we lost no opportunity, we have to regret that our time was too limited to enable us to learn much about the country through which we passed. I regret it the more as there are, I think, few countries where an Englishman could obtain so much important information as in Hungary, the constitution of the government of which is a complete comment on the ancient principles of our own, as low down as Edward the Third. All that I have been able to do in this point, except a little conversation, is to get the names of the best historians, and of law books,



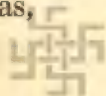
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which I shall still have opportunities of consulting, and which are all in Latin.

“ I mentioned in my letter from Lemberg, that this language is, from various reasons, (particularly that every parish has a school) almost vernacular in Hungary ; among the better and middling classes it is the most usual language ; and even many of the peasants speak it fluently. In this point, and in the general diffusion of knowledge, Scotland itself, perhaps, falls short of Hungary. \*  
\* \* \* \* \*

German is very little understood, except by the Austrian inhabitants of the towns, and Hungary is as little known or traversed by Germans as by English. It was perfectly ridiculous to hear the alarming accounts given by some of our acquaintance at Lemberg, of the horror and miseries of the route we were going to take, of the want of roads, horses and inns, and the barbarism of the people. The roads, indeed, are very like those of Shropshire or Cheshire ; but the horses and inns are excellent ; and the whole country displays a wealth and population far superior to all which we have yet seen out of England. The market towns and boroughs, with their town-halls, whipping-posts, and gallows, things little known on the continent, are exactly in the style of building which we see in Hogarth's prints. Like England, Hungary still shows every where the deep scars of her former civil disturbances. Every county town has its ruined walls ; and the hills, particularly the Carpathian mountains, are full of castles, the ruins of which are sometimes very fine.

“ The inhabitants of Hungary (to say nothing of the German settlers,) are of two very distinct races. The mountainous parts as far south as Caschau, are chiefly peopled by Slavonians, the original inhabitants of the country, who, like the Welch, still preserve their race and language. The plains are inhabited by the pure Hungarians, the real descendants of Attila and his followers. They call themselves ‘ Magyar,’ and their country ‘ Magyar Ország.’ Their language is, as they say, sonorous, and has,





I think, the longest words I ever heard, so like Mexican or Sanscrit, that it would have afforded glorious amusement for Bryant, or for the Abbé Clavigero.

“ They themselves, however, seem always to make use of Latin in preference, and acknowledge that from this source they have softened their own language. I have heard them complain that the Germans have marred the names of their cities by adapting them to their own pronunciation, or translating them. Thus, Buda is in German called Ofen; Agria, Erlau; and Pisonium, Presburg. We were often much amused with our Latin dialogues, which reminded us of our Corderius at school. Nothing can be more curious than the adaptation of modern titles to Latin. We were generally called ‘*dominationes vestræ*,’ and were once desired ‘*dignabuntur sedere magnificentiæ vestræ*’—‘ will your magnificences deign to sit down.’

“ Buda is a fine town, and in a noble situation; we had some excellent introductions, and much regretted that we were only able to stay in it two days. Here, as in the other towns, we were much struck with the readiness we found in the inhabitants to give information to strangers, and their good sense in perceiving what kind of information we most wished for. The prevailing religion is, you know, Roman Catholic, but Protestants are very numerous, and enjoy perfect equality of rights. A large proportion of the parishes have Protestant rectors, I believe nearly one-third. The older Churches are built, without the smallest difference, in the same style of Gothic which is supposed to be peculiar to England; an opinion which I have long thought to be erroneous.

“ The country is generally very fertile. From Caschau to Buda, through the Tokay and Erlau country, are nothing but corn-fields and vineyards, except one or two considerable tracts of pasture, which are covered with vast herds of ugly pigs. These creatures are the joy and pride of a Hungarian peasant; he dresses all his victuals with hogs’ lard, with which also he butters his bread; he rubs his hair and whole body with the same precious ointment, and perhaps writes eclogues on his bristly and grunting favourites. Tell



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my brother I conceive the '*Pugna Porcorum*' is the work of a Hungarian herdsman ; many of them are capable of such a production. The Slavonians, we were told, and our observation confirmed it, are like all their race in Russia or elsewhere, poor, lively, and good-natured. The Hungarians, or Magyar, are rough and churlish, particularly to a German ; to us they were generally civil. The gentry have a very extensive authority over their peasants ; and the system of free warrens, heriots, quit-rents, &c. are here now what they once were in England, when manorial authority was at its height. The effects of this system must, I should think, weigh heavily on the lower classes, though this feudal and limited authority is absolute liberty when compared with the West Indian despotism of a Russian master. The Slavonian mountaineers are, however, very poor, and apparently miserable. The Magyar are much better off ; and their white thatched cottages would do credit to an English park. Almost all the Hungarian peasants are, indeed, what in England we call small copyholders. Their farms are their own, and hereditary, and only burthened with suit and service (a tolerably strict service indeed) to the lord of the manor. \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \* There are also many freeholders, whose only service is homage and attendance in war ; a service which the lately-projected levy of the nobles, '*Insurrectio militaris comitatum*,' would have rendered more than a mere form. The borough-towns send members to the Diet, and nearly resemble our own. With the constitution of Hungary, and the forms of the Diet, &c., I hope soon to be better acquainted. Besides the parish schools, there are several very large public ones ; and at Buda is a college with about two thousand young men. I could learn nothing about Pagosdi.

" What we call the hussar dress is the national Hungarian habit, and worn by all classes and professions except the clergy. With youth and great symmetry of form, it is an elegant dress ; but an elderly corpulent gentleman in a short laced jacket and tight pantaloons, is a figure which would make one laugh even in



the tooth-ache, particularly if (as most elderly Hungarians do,) he wears a small cocked-hat, a bag-wig, and a gold-headed cane. A little crooked hanger is generally added as a badge of nobility. The usual colour of the dress is black. The name of the jacket is 'doliman,' which is, as well as its form, Turkish; from this nation, while in possession of Upper Hungary, they have borrowed many words and customs. The tradesmen and richer peasants are generally dressed with large slouched hats, and blue cloaks which reach to the ground like the long Spanish cloak. The poorer people have a sort of great coat made of rough black wool like a door-mat. On a journey they frequently carry a formidable bludgeon with a large metal head; this is called 'chakan,' and is a very ancient and favourite Hungarian weapon. With regard to the Hungarian wine we gained but little information; a ridge of hills extending from Caschau to Buda, is covered every where with vineyards, which are by no means so picturesque as I had supposed; the vines are suffered to grow only to a very small height, and at this time of year are no higher than gooseberry bushes.

\* \* \* \* \* Wine presses are universally used, and they laughed and made wry faces at the Spanish and French custom of treading out the wine vat. In the country of Agria, (Erlau) an excellent red wine is made, and a still better at Buda; this last is very like port. \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \* The best white wine, the only one indeed which will bear transporting to other countries, is made in the country of Tokay, and is very dear, even on the spot.

"Except the ridge of hills I have mentioned, and the Carpathian mountains in the north, Hungary is a very level country, and generally well cultivated. On one of its vast plains I saw the singular effect produced by the sun in causing, what, at a distance, had perfectly the appearance of a lake,—so perfectly, that both Thornton and myself were at first deceived. This phenomenon is mentioned by Denon as common in the deserts of Egypt; but I



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have never heard it accounted for satisfactorily. One of the finest things in Hungary is the Danube, which is, indeed, a noble river; though not so wide as the Volga, it is, even at Buda, as wide as the Thames at Battersea, and its stream is incredibly swift. At Presburg it is almost inconceivably so. This town, the last we saw in Hungary, and long its capital, has little remarkable, except a fine view from its castle, (a large white-washed building like a manufactory,) and the hall where Maria Theresa made her famous speech. This is a large tasteless place, something like a shabby concert-room; but it cannot fail to interest any admirer of chivalry or patriotism.

“ Our journey has taken us through the most populous and fertile, but not the most beautiful parts of Hungary; the country near Schemnitz and Cremnitz, where are the mines of gold, was described to us as equal to Switzerland; but we were not able to make so great a detour. If we had gone that way to Presburg, we should have seen nothing of the real Hungarians; and to return from thence to Buda, would have been a journey of two hundred miles. The Vaivodship of Transylvania, and the two kingdoms, as they are called, of Slavonia and Croatia, are, in many respects, different from Hungary, even in constitution, government, and language. Transylvania, we were told, is full of Calvinist Saxons, (brought there by Bethlem Gabor) who have several very considerable manufactories. Of Austria we have seen but little; the banks of the Danube are woody and beautiful; and the entrance from Hungary is between two high rocks, crowned with ruinous castles, a most magnificent portal to the ‘Holy Roman Empire.’

“ As far as we can learn from the best authorities, there will be no impediment to our journey through Prussia. If, however, there should be any risk, (and we shall be sure not to go without good security) the journey from hence to Riga is always practicable. The Duc de Richelieu, at Odessa, told us he has often passed from Vienna to Riga in eight days, and we hope, even seeing Cracow and the salt mines, not to be above a fortnight. \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \* Whether we return by Sweden or



Germany, we shall still hope to be in England before October begins. \* \* Sir Arthur Paget and his secretaries

are still here, which is a fortunate circumstance for us, as our letters are addressed to them. Posting in Austria is double the Hungarian price, having been, in common with every thing else, greatly enhanced by the late calamities, to which Hungary (being in some respects neutral) was very little exposed. The general distress seems here to be great; the main hope of the people rests in the approaching harvest. The French troops appear to have behaved with great moderation while in Vienna; but though private property has been respected, the state has been terribly plundered; and a season of great scarcity having accompanied the other misfortunes, the necessary purchase of corn has contributed still more to drain the country of treasure, which they seem to have but scanty means, at present, of replacing; their paper is at fifty per cent. discount.

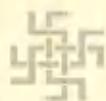
“*July 10th.*—The post did not give me an opportunity of sending this letter before, and I am now happy to say that Thornton is already infinitely better. \* \* The Austrian nobility are almost all out of town, as are the emperor and ‘Cæsarian family.’ Thornton has made a very remarkable progress in German; I have not been so successful, though I can read, write, and understand it tolerably. In Hungary we had no practice; and here French appears to be very generally spoken, even in the shops. I forgot to mention that in Hungary, for the first time since leaving England, we saw gypsies. Their complexion and stature are precisely the same as in our own country, and they have the same Asiatic eye. As to language, I am not sufficiently versed in Bamfylde Moore Carew to say whether it resembles the Anglo-Egyptian or no.”

*To Mrs. Heber.*

*Baden, July 22, 1826.*

“MY DEAR MOTHER,

“You will be surprised to see the place from which my letter is dated. This is, however, not the electoral Baden, but a



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town celebrated for mineral waters about fifteen miles from Vienna. The baths have been prescribed for Thornton's lameness, which, though infinitely better, is still by no means quite well; but we hope that about ten days bathing will quite set him up. We shall then continue our journey homeward, our curiosity being pretty nearly satisfied at Vienna. With this so much celebrated town I am, I own, disappointed. Our expectations had, certainly, been raised too high by the successive increase of elegance and civilization which we had found in passing from Podolia to Galicia, and from Galicia to Hungary: and we concluded that such fine provincial towns as we saw every where must have a very magnificent capital. Yet Vienna, though clean, well built, and pleasantly situated, is by no means magnificent; and is, in almost every point of view, far inferior to Petersburg or Stockholm. The city, which is still surrounded by a vast ditch, and a neglected range of ramparts, which are now only valuable as a pleasant walk for the inhabitants, is not, I think, larger than York. It is, however, very populous. The houses are all five or six stories high, and the streets so narrow, that two carriages can only just pass, and in many places only one. Within this crowded enclosure are contained the palace, all the finest buildings, the Cathedrals, all the shops, &c. &c. The suburbs, which are very extensive, and contain many handsome streets and houses, are merely suburbs still, the streets being unpaved. The population of the town and suburbs together is about 200,000. The public and private buildings are all good, and some very fine; and notwithstanding the inferiority of the town to Petersburg and Moscow, there are, in the shops, in the number of well-dressed persons in the streets, in the general appearance of bustle and industry, all those traits which are, I believe, characteristic of European towns only.

"There are several German theatres, but none either French or Italian. We have been pretty frequent attendants at their representations; and you will perhaps laugh when I tell you that we are both far gone in our admiration of German literature. Their occasional bad taste is, unfortunately, evident enough; but



an Englishman will form a very unfavourable idea of German books in general from Mr. Render's translation of some of Kotzebue's worst plays. Of their poetry, I am as yet scarcely qualified to give an opinion; but of their prose works I am induced to think highly. For history, in particular, the German language is admirably adapted; no other language, except Greek, and perhaps Latin, possesses so much harmony and variety in its periods, and the construction of its sentences, as German. At the same time, I know no language but English that is capable of so beautiful and perfect a simplicity as some parts of Luther's translation of the Bible.

“The principal beauty of Vienna is its fountains, some of which are adorned with very elegant statues. There is a large equestrian statue of Joseph the Second, which is just erected; it is as yet so surrounded with scaffolding that it is unfair to decide on its merits, which, however, do not seem very great. The horse is the best part, as may be expected from there being so many good models in Vienna. I have never seen a place where there are such fine horses; even the hackney coaches are sometimes drawn by animals that an English gentleman would be glad to put into his carriage. The town is very rich in beautiful public walks, of which the principal are the Prater and the Augarten, which belong to the crown, and which Joseph the Second threw open. They are not quite so good as Kensington gardens, and are very inferior to the park at Stockholm. The society of Vienna is at this time almost all dispersed; and to those who remained our diplomatic friends have shown very little inclination to assist us with introductions. We had fortunately brought a good many with us from Russia and Poland, and have every reason to be pleased with the acquaintances we have formed. We have met with much hospitality from the Count Oreilly; he is by birth Irish, but is a general in the Austrian service. The Countess Oreilly is a very clever little woman, sister to Count Schwar, whom we knew in Lemberg. These, with Baron Arnstein and Countess Purgstall are our principal friends. Count Purgstall is



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a very well informed man, who has been a good deal in England and Scotland.

“ The emperor is now at Baden ; no opportunity has offered, or is very likely to offer itself for our being presented to him, which is, indeed, at this time of year, but of little consequence ; in winter it is always customary. We have been introduced to the Prussian minister, whom we met at Baron Arnstein’s. He confirmed what we had been told regarding the safety of travelling through Prussia, and promised us every necessary passport. The journey is, indeed, a very short one ; from hence to Hamburg it is only six days, if we relinquished Dresden and Berlin, and it is even possible to reach England in ten days from Vienna. This letter ought to do it in less, but the posts here are sometimes tedious.”

*To Mrs. Heber.*

*“ Dresden, August 20th, 1806.*

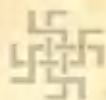
“ MY DEAR MOTHER,

“ \* \* \* We left Vienna very melancholy ; every day new encroachments and menaces of Buonaparte, increased depreciation of the public credit, and fresh proofs of the weakness and timidity of the government, were talked of with a sort of stupid despair, which seemed as if the people had ceased to care for what they could no longer prevent. The English were very popular, and the French most warmly detested, to which the excessive insolence of Andreossi and Rochefoucault, the ambassadors, very much conduced. The army were longing for war, but the people had lost all hopes except of tranquillity for a month or two longer. The seizure of Gradesca was known the night before we left Vienna, and it was just announced that the Roman empire was at an end. While these usurpations were going on, the French troops in Bavaria kept menacing their frontier, and Andreossi’s threats were, it is said, excessively violent and vulgar. Such is the state of the country with a population of 22,000,000, an army of 350,000 highly disciplined troops, and with a general like the



Archduke Charles ! You will, of course, wish to know what causes have brought them so low, as the loss of a few battles is quite insufficient to produce such terrible effects. They themselves all agree in saying that it was the peace of Presburg which ruined them; and that if the government had been more patient and courageous, the most unsuccessful war would have been better than such a capitulation. But besides the cowardice of the emperor, the dreadful state of their finances, the broken spirit of their troops, and the total want of confidence between the sovereign and the people, were perhaps sufficient reasons. The troops are indeed very fine fellows, but their misery is great ; their pay is about five farthings English a day, with an allowance of brown bread ; and we were told by several officers that their men were literally almost starving. The wounded and superannuated have no provision at all, but are turned out to beg, and the streets are full of them. Yet the army thus kept absolutely beggars the country. Indeed the English must not complain of taxes. The Austrians last year paid an income tax of thirty per cent. besides other taxes, and three contributions in corn and cattle to support their army and that of the French. This year they expect to pay ten per cent. upon capital ; and all is far too little to supply the wants of their own government and the rapacity of the French, who still hover on the frontier, and as the Austrians themselves expect, will pick another quarrel before many weeks are over. Should this take place, I do not see what better event can be hoped for than has already happened. The archdukes will be again thrown into the back ground ; and till the emperor has lost all his crowns he will not be prevailed on to trust his own brothers, or any body but his wife.

“ The conduct of the French in Vienna was, for many reasons, extremely moderate and soldier-like ; no plunder, or even thefts were heard of ; and the shopkeepers derived a temporary emolument, which kept them quiet, though the contributions were excessive and ruinous. There was some little dissaffection among



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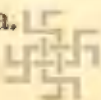
those troops which were brought from Boulogne, and in general Buonaparte's arrival was unpopular among the officers.

“Of Buonaparte's conduct and appearance, many interesting particulars were to be learnt. Nothing struck me more than his excessive hatred of England and Russia, particularly the former. For the Austrians he only expressed contempt, and that galling pity which is worse and more intolerable than the bitterest insult. But whenever he spoke of England (and he seldom spoke of any thing else,) it was, in the words of my informant, Count Purgstall, who, from his situation, was constantly with Buonaparte, ‘like Haman speaking of Mordecai the Jew.’ All the Austrians joined in saying, that the only hope of safety for England was in a continuance of the war, and I was perfectly of the same opinion. God grant Lord Lauderdale a speedy and unsuccessful return from Paris.

“From Vienna we went to Brünn, and passed a whole day in tracing out and drawing plans of the battle of Austerlitz. Except a few skeletons of horses, and a few trees which have been shivered by bullets, all wears its ancient appearance.

‘As if these shades since time was born,  
Had only heard the shepherd's reed,  
Nor started at the bugle horn.’

We had General Stutterheim's account of the battle in our hand, and likewise drew much information from a sensible farmer in the village of Scholnitz. All the stories we had heard in Russia were very false; and the Austrians' account of the behaviour of the Russian troops equally so. The loss of the battle is entirely attributable to the scandalous want of information of the Austrians, and to the extended line on which Kutusof made the attack. The French had behaved very well till their victory, but after it they committed great excesses among the villages; the Russians were popular among the common people, which at once proved the falsehood of the scandals circulated against them at Vienna.

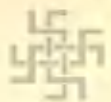




At last, however, they too were driven to plunder; but it was by absolute famine, owing to the miserable weakness of the Austrian government, and the bad conduct of their agents. The Russians understood the Moravian language, being only a dialect of the Slavonian; and this circumstance endeared them a good deal to the people. The loss of the French on this memorable day was much greater than they have been willing to allow. My informant had passed the morning after the battle from Scholnitz by Pratzen to Austerlitz. On the hill of Pratzen, he said, 'I could not set my foot to the ground for blue uniforms.' I drew three or four plans of the ground, and at last succeeded in making a very exact one. While I was thus employed, I was taken for a French spy, and accosted by some farmers, who asked, with many apologies, for my passport. I told them I had none, and a very curious village council of war was held, which was terminated by the arrival of Thornton, and the guide we had taken from Brunn.

"Our road through Bohemia offered little that was interesting. Prague is a large and fine city, much superior to Vienna; and the banks of the Elbe are exquisitely beautiful. Dresden and its environs are, you know, very famous, but I think over-praised. Pray thank my brother for his two very interesting and kind letters. I am glad to hear the Shropshire volunteers still exist. I have been studying some of the Austrian manoeuvres, which are very simple and good; but I really do not think equal to the old eighteen, except that they do not wheel backwards. We are deep in an excellent library, and a noble collection of pictures. Here is a small court on the old system, at which we shall be presented next Monday. It is ridiculous enough to think how little we have seen of courts; and it would, I believe, have grieved many young men, at least those who like to talk of kings and princes. Every thing in Dresden is of the old school, and the guards are dressed like Marlborough's soldiers in arras, or the prints in the 'Norfolk militia,' which — used to laugh at.

"We have not yet decided how soon we shall leave this place; but hope to do so next week. We go through Leipzig and Wit-



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temberg to Berlin. The Prussians are marching and moving with great activity, nobody knows where ; and the French, it is said, are likewise making movements. The Prussians we meet with here talk very big and violently against the French.

“ We shall certainly be with you early in October, spite of these little delays. Believe me, we lose no time unnecessarily.

“ Your affectionate Son,

“ REGINALD HEBER.”

*To Mrs. Heber.*

*Berlin, September 13th, 1806.*

“ DEAR MOTHER,

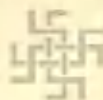
“ We left Dresden the first of this month ; having, during our stay there, made a four days' excursion into the mountainous part of the country, which is really very beautiful, though it scarcely deserves its usual title, ‘the Saxon Switzerland.’ I believe, indeed, that our eyes, having been accustomed to the gigantic features of Norway and the Crimea, are grown a little fastidious ; and that many things which appear now on a very small scale, would, when we first set out, have struck us greatly. We were very much pleased with the Saxon peasantry, whose cleanliness, industry, and civilization, surpass all we have seen since we left Sweden ; in all the German districts, except, perhaps, Bohemia, the situation of the peasants is extremely comfortable. Our journey from Dresden hither took up eight days ; as we made a considerable detour for the purpose of seeing Leipzig, Halle, and Wittemberg. At the first place Thornton found an old friend, Lord John Fitzroy, who is a student at the university, and whom we had last year seen embark for Husum, at the same moment that we were weighing anchor for Gottenburg. He has been ever since at Leipzig, and lodges in the same rooms which belonged to Herbert Marsh. He showed us all the curiosities of the place, which are indeed few, and consist chiefly of some very beautiful shady walks, much superior either to Magdalen or Christ Church,



and several book-shops. In another point of view, Leipzig is very interesting, being the centre of all the inland commerce of Europe, and, perhaps, next to Astrachan, the spot where most people and languages are assembled. During the great fairs it is frequented by all the nations of Europe, and even by the Cossaks and Malo-Russians, who bring vast droves of cattle. There is a very neat Church, which the people of Leipzig boast to be the most beautiful Lutheran place of worship in the world. Those who talk in this manner have never seen Upsala; but, in fact, taste in religious architecture is, among the Lutherans, at a very low ebb. They have contrived to unite in most of their Churches much of the slovenliness of Calvinism, with a very plentiful allowance of the tawdry gilding and imagery of the Catholics. The Calvinistic Churches are by far the dirtiest things I ever saw; and of all the religious sects in these countries, the Moravians, whom we saw at Hernhut, in Saxony, keep their places of worship with most neatness and decency.

“Halle is only remarkable for a large public school and orphan asylum, and for one of the most considerable universities in Germany. Our reason for wishing to see it was that Thornton's father was brought up there; it being then considered as the head quarters of what in Germany is called ‘pietism.’ It has, at present, lost, I believe, all pretensions to superior sanctity, and is talked of throughout the country as a riotous and dissolute place. The students amount to eleven or twelve hundred; they are without any sort of discipline, and dressed in various fanciful costumes, chiefly hussar jackets. Four or five duels are calculated to take place among them in a month; the usual weapon is the sabre, and we saw several young men who still bore the scars of their rencounters.

“From Halle we went to Wittemberg, which is likewise a university, mentioned, you know, in Hamlet, and celebrated also for the tombs of Luther and Melancthon, and the room where the former lived. Our journey between these towns was very slow and tedious. We are, alas! no longer to enjoy the bowling roads



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and galloping horses of Sweden and Russia, or even the decent jog-trot of the Austrian drivers. In Saxony, indeed, there are, generally speaking, turnpike-roads; and by a little exertion and paying the post-boy high, we were enabled to get on at the rate of about three English miles in the hour. But on leaving Wittemberg we immediately plumped into about a yard deep of sand, and were for the first time made fully sensible of the cruel exactness of the description in the prologue to the 'Robbers.'

'Slow are the steeds that through Germania's roads, &c. &c.'

"At Potsdam we saw the palace, Sans Souci, the tomb of Frederick the Great, his apartments and library, which are suffered to remain unaltered, and where his clothes, his sword, and some of his MSS. are shown. Potsdam is a small but very well-built town; and Berlin is decidedly, next to Petersburg, the finest city I have ever seen. We shall stay here, I believe, a week or ten days longer; and have then some thoughts of going to Stralsund to see the king of Sweden, and thence to proceed to Hamburg by Mecklenburg and Lubec. This would complete our northern tour, to which nothing was wanting but a sight of Gustavus the Third and his army. Of the king of Prussia and his queen, the most celebrated beauty in Germany, we have not yet obtained a sight.

"Believe me, dear Mother,

"Your dutiful Son,

"REGINALD HEBER."

*To Mrs. Heber.*

*Yarmouth, October 14, 1806.*

"DEAR MOTHER,

"We are this moment landed from the Florence cutter, which Lord Morpeth, whom we met at Hamburg, was so kind as to give us permission to make use of. We have had a very agreeable voyage, and are both well. I hope to be at Hodnet Saturday evening. Love to all the dear party. We bring no good



news'. The king of Prussia and Buonaparte were a few posts from each other, and by this time they have probably had an engagement. The elector of Hesse has refused all the king's proposals, and is expected to join the French.

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"Believe me your affectionate Son,

"REGINALD HEBER."

<sup>1</sup> On the day on which this letter was written, the battle of Jena was fought, which gave Buonaparte possession of the whole of Prussia, and led to the peace of Tilsit in the ensuing spring.—Ed.



## CHAPTER X.

*Mr. Reginald Heber's return home—Elections—Letter from Sir James Riddell—Dinner given to the Hodnet Volunteers—Oxford University election—Reflections on the battle of Jena—Different routes through Sweden, Norway, &c. &c. described—Remarks on Calvin and St. Augustin—On the thirty-nine Articles—Recollections of Mr. Reginald Heber's university career, in a letter from a friend—"Romaunt du grand Roie Pantagruelle"—Jeux d'esprit—Lines written at Birmingham—Reflections on taking orders—Publication of "Europe"—Quarterly Review.*

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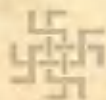
MR. REGINALD HEBER returned from the continent in September, 1806, at the time of the general election; and he was soon actively employed in canvassing for his brother, whose friends were endeavouring to procure his return for the university of Oxford. He also resumed his correspondence with Mr. Thornton, who was similarly engaged on behalf of his father and of his uncle, the late Henry Thornton, M.P. for Southwark.

*To John Thornton, Esq.*

*Hodnet Hall, October 21, 1806.*

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

" \* \* \* I stopt at Oxford a day; all was there in a bustle, Sir W. Dolben having resigned his seat for the university. The Dean of Christ Church has set up Abbott. My brother is in Yorkshire, but I have written him word of this. If you have an opportunity of giving him a good word, I am sure you will do it. I am in very anxious expectation of hearing of you. God knows, you





wanted rest more than the bustle of an election. Take care of yourself.

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"I found all here quite well, and my volunteers complete in number, and in high spirits. I have been much delighted with the kindness of my men and neighbours, and the pleasure they have expressed at my return. The farmers and people of the village have subscribed among themselves to purchase three sheep, and have made a great feast for the volunteers, their wives and families, on the occasion of 'Master Reginald's coming back safe.' It takes place to day, and they are now laying their tables on the green before the house. I am just going to put on my old red jacket and join them. How I do love these good people! If my *friends* had made a feast for *me*, it would have been to be expected; but that the peasants themselves should give a *fête champêtre* to their landlord's younger brother, would, I think, puzzle a Russian.

"I wish you a speedy deliverance from the delights of a canvass, and a return to your own family and your own people, among the beech-woods of Albury. I hope yet to see them on some future occasion. Hodnet is very little altered, except that the trees are grown. My father's little oak is very thriving.

"Believe me, dear Thornton,

"Your's truly,

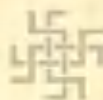
"REGINALD HEBER."

*To John Thornton, Esq.*

*All Souls, November 11, 1806.*

"MY DEAR THORNTON,

"I have not the least intention to condole either with you or your father; you have both every reason to be contented with yourselves; and the ungrateful mob, for whose interests he has been labouring so long, are the only persons to be pitied. I am, however, sorry, very sorry, that his integrity and knowledge of business are lost to the public, when such qualities are more



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than ever necessary ; and I can scarcely think he has acted well in declining the struggle for the county.

“ As for my brother and myself, we are very little disappointed, and still less cast down. My brother’s minority is the most numerous ever known on a similar occasion ; and as the whole weight of government went against him, it was scarcely to be expected that a mere country gentleman, with no interest but his personal character, and from whom nothing was to be got or expected, could have produced such serious numbers, of which not a single vote could be attributed to unworthy or unfit motives. Heber himself wrote to me that he had received the news of his defeat with feelings very different from wounded pride or disappointed ambition ; and that if he could trust his own heart, he would not then change places with Abbott. Some of our friends had started objections to Abbott’s eligibility, and a petition was recommended ; but Heber has returned a positive refusal, and has sent his opponent word, that he had no intention to dispute the point any further.

“ For myself, I fear my temper is less sober than that of my brother. I was more elated by the fair prospect of success he once had before him ; and I was, I believe, more depressed by his failure. But this very feeling is a proof that my temper was in need of disappointment ; and that this, as well as some other little rubs I have met with since my return, are very gentle physic to what I might expect.

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \* How very different has been your conduct ; you, out of health and out of spirits, with three elections at once tormenting you, could still find time to write letters and use your interest for my brother. One of these was shown me by Spooner, which I saw by the date was written during the warmest period of the contest in the Borough. This effort of your friendship produced in me very mingled sentiments. I was inclined to blame myself for having troubled you with any application ; but when I wrote I knew not that you had so much



on your hands; your father I considered as certainly secure, and your uncle as nearly so. To say that I thank you for what you have done, would be very useless and very idle; I expected much from your friendship, but, under your own embarrassing circumstances, you have done even more than I wished.

“With regard to the fatal 14th of October<sup>1</sup>, to which you allude, I often think of it till I am half crazy, and endeavour in pure despair to drive it out of my head. There is, however, a much better use to be made of such reflections; and I cannot help thinking with shame, how unfit I now am for such a situation as Jænicke, or our poor friend the Hofprediger at Dresden. Poor fellow! the first half of his sad prophecies is fulfilled; I know not whether the *Papstthum's gewaltsame Schritte* will follow. We have, however, the old and popular motto left to comfort us, *dieses Haus steht in Gottes Hand*; and as long as we have that comfort we want little else. I am myself, however, by no means despairing; the flood of conquest now spread over so large a surface, by that very diffusion becomes shallower perhaps and less formidable; and while France must combat with Russia in Poland, I cannot but think she will leave her side exposed to an attack from England. I wish our cowardly ministry would think so too.

\* \* \* \* \*

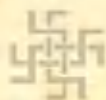
“Pray take care of your health; I am glad you are now by the sea and are going to Albury. I have great confidence in your good constitution, but do not face the fogs of Westminster till you are quite strong again.”

*To John Thornton, Esq.*

*All Souls, 1806.*

“To see Cambridge with you has been always a pleasure to which I have looked forward with a kind of doubtful hope. This year I dare scarcely think of it; but I will not as yet quite

<sup>1</sup> The day of the battle of Jena.—Ed.



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give it up. I have been only three days with my mother and sister since my return to England ; since the bustle of the election has ended, I have been detained in Oxford by the necessity of keeping the term. My time is now indeed so limited, and I am so divided between duty to my mother and duty to myself in fagging, that I am not sure that two journeys, short as they are, will be in my power. Under these circumstances I had much rather see you and your family at Albury, than sit next to Major Markus at a long table in the Hall of Trinity.

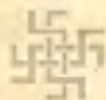
“ You do not say a word about your health, which augurs, I hope, well ; my own has continued good. I have had but one very little return of my old complaint, which was removed in a few days ; it was occasioned, I believe in part, by the fidget of mind and sedentariness of body, which a college life, under my late peculiar circumstances, was likely enough to produce.

“ With regard to my studies, I am now *post varios casus* set down to them again in good earnest, and am so delightfully situated in All Souls, that the very air of the place breathes study. While I write I am enjoying the luxuries of a bright coal fire, a green desk, and a tea-kettle bubbling. What should we have thought of such a situation at Tcherkask or at Taganrog ?

“ I have just had a very long conversation with Bishop Cleaver<sup>1</sup> about orders, and the course of study and preparation of mind necessary for them. I have kept myself entirely from drawing plans of houses, &c. and though ‘ *Guibert sur la grande tactique*,’ unfortunately seduced me a little as he lay very temptingly on my study table, I have done with him ; tactics are now, indeed, enough to make a man sick. What are our wise ministers about, sending Lord Hutchinson, at this time of day, to the continent ?”

The next letter is addressed to Mr. Hay, now under secretary of state for the colonies, with whom Mr. Reginald Heber had

<sup>1</sup> Then Principal of Brasenose.—Ed.





formed an intimacy at College, and who had applied to him for information concerning the routes to the south of Russia and the Crimea.

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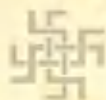
*To R. W. Hay, Esq.*

*Oxford, Nov. 1806.*

“ DEAR HAY,

“ As you seem to think that there were three roads you might possibly take in your tour, I will mention what little I know about each of them. From Gottenburg, if you go to Norway, you will go by Bâhnus where there is a fine old castle, Trolhätta, which you know, and Udevalla, a beautiful situation, where there used to be a good inn; but since I was there the town has greatly suffered by fire. On the hills near Hedé are some Druidical remains; the passage into Norway is at Swinsund, where you must be cautious to have your passport properly backed, as there is a great jealousy between Sweden and Norway. Mr. Anker is the principal merchant in Fridirickshall; to him you must have letters of introduction.

“ Between Fridirickshall and Christiania, be sure to see the falls of the Glomm at Haslun. Mr. Rosencrantz, of Haslun, is the most gentleman-like man in Norway. From Christiania to Stockholm, by Kongswinger, Carlstadt, Orebro, Upsala, &c. the way is excellent and interesting. From Stockholm you want no advice in getting either to Petersburg or Memel. I am inclined to think it is your best plan to make sure of Petersburg first. If you think proper to go to the army, you will, of course, change your track, and proportion the length of your tour according to the time you stay there. If you proceed southwards your way will be by Kiof, where are the catacombs, Human, a Tartar village, where Count Potolski has a park, and Tulchyn, the palace of the Potolskis, where is a good Nemetskoy *tractrie*. At Tulchyn you will get Jews' horses to take you across the steppe to Odessa. I am sorry I do not exactly remember what we paid; but I think twenty rubles for four horses. At Odessa, after the Duc de Richelieu, and the Comtes



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de Rochfort, his nephews, the principal people are General Cobley, an Englishman, Mr. Fortegger, a German merchant, and Mr. Season, an Englishman. The Duke's acquaintance, and letters of introduction will be indispensably necessary to you on your further progress; and while with the army you had better move every spring to get letters from Platof to the Cossaks. From Odessa to Caffa, you will find an itinerary in Guthrie's journey. At Nicolaef you must get introduced to Admiral Priestman, who is a great curiosity, and the best natured man in the world; the place is likewise very interesting. He will be able to give you good introductions to Cherson, where you must not forget Howard's tomb. On your arrival at Akmetchet (Simpheropol) you must apply to the governor for a firmân, addressed to the Tartars, to furnish you with horses; you pay them two copeks a mile per horse, the third copek not being collected among the mountains, as there is no post. Be sure that you explain very clearly that you want a firmân to carry you across the mountains from Sebastopol to Theodosia, (Kaffa) as otherwise the Russian secretary will doubtless blunder.

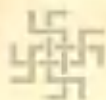
"Either here or at Sebastopol you must get an interpreter, and mind that he is an able-bodied one. Make it, however, a rule to pay for horses, &c. yourselves, or the interpreter will cheat both the poor Tartars and yourself. You will here make up your mind as to your way back; if the season is at all advanced, I would dissuade you from going on across the Bosphorus by Taman, Ecatherinodar, Mosdon, &c. to Astrachan. If then you make up your mind to return the shortest way to Moscow, you need only leave your carriage at Akmetchet till your return. The tractrie is very wretched; but there are, if I remember right, stables where a carriage could be left in safety. By this arrangement you will keep your European servant with you all the time, which is a great luxury.

"The country gradually improves in beauty all the way to Batchiserai. At this place there is a miserable inn, where, however, one may make a decent shift, both in eating and sleeping. The palace, the Jews' rock, and the town will occupy your atten-



tion at least one day. At Sebastopol is a most execrable ale-house kept by an Italian, which is, however, the best in the place. The people you ought to know here are General Bardakof, one of the cleverest fellows in the empire, and Messer, an English post-captain; there is also Prince Wiasemsky, a relation of our old friend at Petersburg. Do not omit to see Inkerman and Chersonesus; for your journey over the mountains few directions are necessary; you already know the itinerary; and it is endless to expatiate on every particular beauty you will meet with. Shun all Russians, Greeks, Jews, and Armenians, as you detest roguery and filth. The only houses where comfort is to be expected are those of the Mahomedans. I need not, however, tell you to be very careful not to shock their prejudices about women and dogs; take no dogs with you on your tour among them, as they will not allow you to bring one into a house; and if you leave him out of doors he will be worried before morning by their own dogs, who always ramble at night. The Comte de Rochfort told me that in this point, and in their jealousy, the Tartars go even beyond the Turks.

“The two finest situations during your tour, are Partenak and Halinkha; above Kutchuk-Lambat is the best point, I understand, to ascend Chatyr-Dagh; if you have time it will probably repay you. At Sudak Pallas has a cottage. At Staro Krim are many remarkable ruins, which are, indeed, scattered all over the country. The most famous are at Balaclava and Aliuschta. At Caffa is a miserable inn kept by a decent intelligent German. You will do well to pass some days here, where you may hire horses, and make an excursion on the hills. South-west of the town are noble views of rock and sea. The governor of Caffa is General Fanshaw, an Englishman of a west-country family; he was not there when we were; the second in command is a Baron Rosenberg. From Caffa you may return to Akmetchet, Karasubazar, the second town in the Crimea; take care to visit the source of the Karasu or Black River. From Akmetchet, where you will again take to your carriage; your way lies through Perekop



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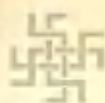
and the Nogayan steppe to Pultova. You will observe by the way the singular features of the Nogays, their moveable tents and dromedaries, though you will meet but few of them unless, for the sake of seeing their manners, you diverge a little to the east. From Pultova you go to Charkof, where is a university, lately founded and plentifully stocked with French and German professors. The ablest among them is Bellin de Ballu, a Frenchman, and a consummate Greek scholar. The governor, Baktyn, is a very intelligent man, a great friend of General Bentham, from whom you had better get a letter while you are at Petersburg. You will find it well worth your while to attend to the dissimilarity of manners, dress, &c. between Malo-Russia and Muscovy. There is a very good history of Malo-Russia by Benoit de Scherer, the French consul at Petersburg, in which you have also the best accounts of the Cossaks. Kursk and Orel present little worthy of notice except their situations, which are striking. Tula has its manufactory of arms, and is indeed a very curious town; at all these places are Nemetskoy tractries, and you may always find a German apothecary, who will tell you as much as he knows, or more.

“ At Moscow, repair immediately to the Hotel de Lyons in the Tverskoy. The pleasantest family in Moscow is that of the Pouschkins, and the most splendid house is that of Prince Paul Volkonskoy. The tour I have now chalked out for you is certainly very practicable before winter; if you should, when in the Crimea, find yourself disposed to go on to the Cuban and Astrachan, the following will be your road :

“ Instead of leaving your carriage at Simpheropol, send your German servant with it to meet you at Caffa, when you emerge from the mountains. Hire horses at Caffa to take you to Yenicale, about eighty or ninety miles, all of desert. You pass by Kertch, a small town with a garrison and some curious remains of the ancient Greeks. A large barrow near it is pointed out by tradition as the tomb of Mithridates. There is a regular communication between Yanicale and Taman (Phanagoria). At this latter



place you had better lodge with the attaman's deputy, a very intelligent civil man, who has the best house in the place, consisting of two rooms, in one of which there is space enough for a bed to stand. He and his wife, (daughter of the parish priest, who has got our names and titles at full length,) occupy the other. Your host can find you horses, and is himself an excellent cicerone, being a fine spirited young fellow. He must take you to the 'mud volcano,' as Pallas calls it, and to the Circassian village of Sultan Selim Gerai. At Taman are also some antiquities; one stone is said to be votive to the *κρατεροις και ισχυροις θεοις Ασταρλις και Ασταρλεωνι*—who these gods are, I could not make out, and quote, indeed, their names from memory. There is also a very famous stone there with a Slavonic inscription, which ascertains the site of the ancient Tmutaracan, the cradle of the Russians, as Azoph (Asgard) is supposed to be of the Scandinavians. Many very curious pieces of information might, I believe, be picked up in this district; but there is nobody who speaks either English, French or German; and even their Russian is barbarous and unintelligible. In order to obtain horses for your farther progress, you must have come to Taman provided with letters for the attaman of the place, and for his superior at Ecatherinador, which is the capital of the Zaporogi; you will otherwise not have an escort, which is necessary after leaving Temrook, the third stage from Phanagoria. At the second stage are some curious vaults of high antiquity; and on the way you pass a ruined Turkish fortress. In this Asiatic journey you must make up your mind to live hardly, and to sleep in your carriage; but this will be no novelty to a traveller who has passed through the steppes of New Russia. At Ecatherinodar you may acquire much information from M. Constantinof, the director of the quarantine, and of the market at the barrier, a man who is intimately acquainted with the Circassian manners; but, alas, he speaks nothing but Russian. I had forgot to say, that it was in the stage beyond Temrook where we saw the Circassian Sultan prisoner, and where we had our guards doubled.



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All this way, if you are good shots, you may supply yourselves with venison and bustards.

“From Ecatherinodar is a post across the desert to Tcherkask and Azoph; but, if possible, I would recommend your proceeding straight to Georgiessk; there is no post, but horses are doubtless easily to be hired to go the whole distance; and though the road is dangerous, a good recommendation to the attaman will procure you a sufficient escort. Near Georgiessk is a colony of Scotch, who are established as missionaries, and who will give you the best information about the neighbouring Circassians. The town, though the capital of the province of Caucasus, is very small and miserable. From thence is a good post-road to Tcherkask. As I have not my books or papers to refer to, I cannot recollect any of these distances; but you will find them all in the common little road-books which you buy at Petersburg, and which are absolutely necessary for a traveller in Russia.

“From Tcherkask to Astrachan, and thence to Moscow, I can give you but very little information. At the latter end of the summer the hordes of Calmuks are often attracted westward by the commerce of Taganrog; so that you will have an excellent opportunity of paying them a visit from Tcherkask. They are also always to be met with in the neighbourhood of Astrachan; the best account of them is to be found in a small collection of travels in Russia, published by Pallas, but without his name. It is an octavo, in French, and may easily be got at Petersburg. As most of the Cossak chiefs are probably in Poland, your society at Tcherkask will be confined to the procureur, a Pole, and the physician, the only people who speak any thing but Russian.

“From Tcherkask to Astrachan, and thence to Voronetz, where are enormous tallow manufactories, little interesting can, I suppose, occur, being all desert, except the Moravian settlement at Sarepta. If your journey should coincide with the time of the great fair at Orenburg, I could almost wish you to proceed there in order to see the Khirgees, the most interesting of all the Tar-

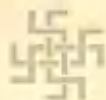




tars ; but you will be, probably, weary of the steppe, which has, certainly, very few attractions.

“ Pelicans are common in every place where there is water ; and in the dryer levels, the suslik, and the famous jerboa, a diminutive kangaroo, are found, as well as a few wild horses of a singular breed.

“ If you wish to abandon Astrachan, and to return straight to Moscow, your best way from Tcherkask will be by Rostof and Nakitchivan, a town of Armenians, which is very interesting ; we had letters there to a M. Abraamof, whose little boy spoke French ; there is also a French master in the fort of Rostof, who may serve as an interpreter, though by far the dirtiest man I ever saw, even among the Calmuks and Laplanders. There is a considerable iron-foundry, lately conducted by Sir Charles Gascoigne, at Lugan, a little to the north of Rostof, with a house belonging to him ; make some enquiries about the coal, which is found in this district, and whether it has really been applied to the use of the forge. Taganrog, in itself a miserable village, is interesting during the autumn and spring, from the number of Greek and Turkish vessels which are in its harbour ; from its trade and importance it is a favourite hobby-horse of the governor's, who is very angry at the privileges which Caffa has obtained ; he is a Baron von Camperhausen, an intelligent and hospitable man. From Taganrog you pass over the steppe to Bakmuth, a miserable town, where, however, you may get a room, and recruit your stock of bread. Through all Russia a military character is useful, and among the Cossaks necessary. You will be in the Crimea and the hot pestilential district of Cuban, at exactly the most unhealthy season ; so be cautious of fruit and greasy food, or you will find that the yellow fever, or something very like it, is not confined to the West Indies. Clarke was laid up for three months. If you are obliged to sleep in the open air, you must be careful to cover your face and mouth ; a gauze curtain to your carriage will be no bad thing, as the musquitos are very tormenting ; but this you may get any where, the head-dresses of the women and their veils being of *serpanka*.



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Pallas recommended us to wear flannel; but we were there in so healthy a season that we did not find it necessary. Only Turkish money passes among the Tartars, so that you must provide yourself with some at Simpheropol. The usluk, the largest silver coin, is worth generally 120 copeks, the piaster 80; the small money are paras, 100 to the usluk.

“ If circumstances should induce you to return from Russia by Austria instead of pursuing the course I have mentioned, you may if you please very nearly reverse it, and go to the south through Moscow, and from Odessa cross through Moldavia, a country little known and very interesting, into the Bukovina and Galicia; there is a road over the mountains passable for carriages, as I was assured by a very intelligent Moldavian consul at Vienna.

“ If you prefer the straight road from Moscow to Vienna, giving up the south entirely, your way lies through Tula and Kiof to Brody, the first Austrian town, where, though it is only a miserable town, full of Jews, you will see at once the difference between Russian and Austrian government. All the towns in Poland are, indeed, infinitely better than in Russia; even in Russian Poland their superiority is striking over the Muscovites. Be sure to get both your Austrian and Russian passports correct, as that is always a terrible business to go through. To assist you at the Austrian custom-house, enquire at the best inn ‘ Zum Grünen Bauen,’ for Alexander the Jew, a sort of privileged rascal who speaks English, and will for a couple of ducats do any work you please. Lemberg, the capital of Galicia, is a fine old town, and has a good society; the best hotel is the hotel de Russie, for we are now again in the land of ‘ gasthoffs.’ From thence you may go to Vienna through Hungary, or by the usual route. Hungary in fact is balanced against the mines of Vialitzna; we chose the former. You will, if you take this course, pass by Przemisl, Bartpha, where are mineral waters and a fashionable bathing-place among beautiful hills, Tokay, Agria, and Buda. At Agria is a famous university, and there are some immense ruins of Turkish fortifications; there are good inns in almost every town in Hungary. From



Buda, if you have time, fail not to go to the mines, which would, indeed, fall more naturally into your track before; but at Buda you may get useful letters. The post in Hungary is very bad; the nobles all travel with peasants' horses, which they have a right to levy in the villages; this is called *Fürspann*. It is a privilege which may be sometimes obtained for strangers; but our recommendations were few, and we only met with one really very hospitable man; it is indeed a virtue for which the Hungarians are not famous. Latin is your best passport through Hungary; German is not much understood, and the people hate to speak it. Our own passage through the kingdom was, unfortunately, very rapid, as Thornton was so ill that I wished much to hurry him to Vienna, as we had no confidence in the practitioners of the country, one of whom nearly killed him. Your road from Buda to Vienna passes by Gran (*Strigonium*) and Presburg, where you will, of course, see the castle.

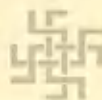
"I have now, I think, told you pretty nearly all the *Kleinigkeiten*, of which you will have occasion, go which way you will; if affairs keep quiet in Turkey you perhaps will take none of these tracts.

"Wherever you go, however, I wish you much pleasure and a prosperous journey. I shall be most happy if any of these hints are useful. I wish they were more numerous, but having none of my journals to refer to, or any other memoranda, I am obliged to write entirely from memory, and you must not wonder if you find omissions and mistakes. God bless you!

"REGINALD HEBER."

The following letter from Sir J. M. Riddell to the editor, although written in 1828, refers to this period.

"I had the happiness to be the contemporary of Sir Thomas Acland and Sir Robert Inglis, at Christ Church, during the period when our dear and lamented friend was enjoying his academical



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honours ; and to them, principally, I was indebted for being made known to him.

“ Happening to call upon me, if I remember rightly, soon after his return from his Russian tour, some books just arrived lay upon my table, folded up in a sheet of printed paper : upon looking at it, the bishop found that it contained some light pieces of German poetry. In giving it to him, at his desire, I made the condition that he would send me a translation. In the course of a few hours I received the enclosed note. I have preserved it, in remembrance of one whose acquaintance, and, I hope I may be permitted to add, without presumption, whose friendship, I have always esteemed as high privileges.

Take here the tender harp again  
O Muse, that thou hast lent to me ;  
I wake no more the glowing strain,  
To youthful wit and social glee.

Forgive the cold and sickly tone  
That could so ill my love express ;  
What most I felt I dared not own,  
And chose my theme from idleness.

Oft, while I told of peace and pleasure,  
I mark'd the hostile sabres shine ;  
And water, doled in scanty measure,  
I drank, who wont to sing of wine.

Would peace, would love's auspicious fire,  
But gild at last my closing day,—  
Then, goddess, then return the lyre,  
To wake, perhaps, a warmer lay.

“ DEAR SIR JAMES,

“ I send you the above specimen of the fragments you have given me ; I have chosen it as one of the best and shortest among them. The author seems to have been poor, and a prisoner of war.



“ Wishing you a good journey for your sake, and a speedy return for my own,

“ Believe me, your's truly,

“ REGINALD HEBER.”

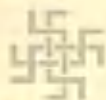
CHAP.  
X.  
1807.

In 1807 Mr. Reginald Heber took orders, and was instituted by his brother to the family living of Hodnet in Shropshire, soon after which he returned to Oxford, to take his degree as Master of Arts.

*To John Thornton, Esq.*

*Oxford, 1807.*

“ All your letters give me pleasure ; but none so much as those in which you describe your own happiness. I trust that it will be now increasing daily, and that your affection will continue as lasting as I believe it to be pure and rational. I trust, too, that amid your feelings of happiness, feelings of gratitude will always keep a place, united with a sense of your total dependence on the Hand which has given so largely to you, and which may, even now, in a moment deprive you of all you value most. The season of great prosperity is very seldom favourable to serious impressions ; fortunate for us if it were possible, when we are most sensible of the value of a beloved object, to recollect the probability of that very blessing being immediately taken away. The more pain the idea gives, the more reason we have to examine and amend our hearts, lest we impose a necessity on Divine Mercy to take away from His thoughtless children, the blessing they are perverting to their own destruction. You, my friend, have often told me how uniformly happy your life has hitherto been ; may it long continue so, and may your heart continue such as not to need any terrible visitation. To you I can write thus without your suspecting me of hypocrisy, or a fondness for giving lectures ; thoughtless and thankless as I am myself, inattentive as my conduct is to my own welfare, I am not indifferent or careless about yours, and, indeed, we often reap advantage ourselves from talking or writing seriously to others.



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“Nor will this perfect recollection of your dependence, this uniting always to the idea of your most beloved object, the idea of the Giver, at all produce that cold-blooded indifference which Pascal cants about; you will not love the creature less, but you will love the Creator more. Far from such unnatural enthusiasm, the more devotion we feel to God, the warmer I should think will be our affections to those with whom we are connected; we shall love them for God's sake as well as for their own. By this one sentiment our warmest feelings become hallowed; and even the blessings of this world may be a source of religious comfort. From the reflection that they are all His gifts, every enjoyment will receive a higher colouring, and the more happy we are, the more earnestly we shall long for an admission to that Heaven where we shall see the Hand which blesses us, and really experience, what we now know but faintly, how pleasant it is to be thankful. There have been moments, I am ashamed to say how seldom, when my heart has burnt within me with the conviction which I have just described. You, I trust, have often known it, and probably in a far higher degree. You now, if ever, ought to feel it. \* \* \*

“With regard to my own studies, I have, as usual, but a lame account to give; my progress is very inferior to my resolutions and hopes. I have, however, taken to regular early rising, so regular that I no longer find it difficult, and have no need of a *fine box*. The Greek Testament always occupies my morning. But I have received my Crimea sketches from home, and my other studies, Locke, Cudworth, &c. have a little given way to my Indian ink. In about a fortnight I hope to be able to send you a fresh series of drawings. I am glad almost to have this break in my studies, as I was beginning to perplex myself with several useless doubts, which had once almost frightened me from taking priest's orders. The more I read of the Scriptures, the more I am convinced that John Calvin, and his master St. Augustin, were miserable theologians; but I hope I am not deceiving myself in the idea that I may still conscientiously subscribe to the articles, which may well, *I think*, admit an Arminian interpretation. Episcopius thought so



even of the rules of doctrine in Holland. I hope I am not wrong. I had no doubts of this sort when I took deacon's orders; but I have since met with a little work, by a man whom they call here an 'Evangelical preacher,' (allow me still to dislike this use of the word,) who has deduced from our liturgy, doctrines enough to frighten one. I hope and trust for God's guidance; pray for me, my dear friend, that I may have my eyes open to the truth whatever it may be; that no interest may warp me from it; and that if it pleases God that I persevere in His ministry, I may undertake the charge with a quiet mind and good conscience. This is now my purpose; may it be profitable to myself and to many.

"Yours most truly,

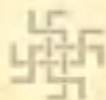
"REGINALD HEBER."

*To John Thornton, Esq.*

*All Souls, July 7, 1807.*

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"A thousand thanks for your kind letter, which (to use the expression of our old friend Bristow) was not the less welcome for being really unexpected. I hope you are not in earnest when you pretend to apologize for writing nonsense; nonsense is the true and appropriate language of happiness; and it is a kind of *βαρβαρισμος* to talk coolly in a situation like yours. But though perfectly happy yourself, you ought not to run restive and kick at others who are not equally so; and it is rather hard to attack our poor friends at Yaroslav, as incapable of reasoning, and subject to be *gênées*. I do not think you are much inclined to be so; and, at any rate, one month after marriage is not the exact date when I should suspect such a visitor as *ennui*, at least after such a marriage as yours. As to the Princess ———, if you yourself were twenty years older than your wife, *une amitié parfaite* is almost all that you could have expected; where ages and, in consequence, where the shades of character so much differ, even this share of happiness is more than common. As indeed she



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defined this attachment, '*amitié parfaite, sans passion*,' I am not quite sure if it at all differs from that placid and tamer kind of love, which we are told arises from mutual esteem and long intercourse, almost as warm, though not so thrilling, as the feelings of romantic love before he has moulted his wings, and unlearnt all those pretty flutterings which make his youth so delightful. All this is what I have been told, and I state it fairly on better authority than my own, as a sort of vindication for the princess.

"For myself, I own, though I sometimes wish this statement were true, and I must confess it to be a very respectable kind of attachment, and attended with much less trouble than the other, yet I have not yet unlearnt my boyish hankering after golden shafts and purple wings. The shafts, however, never fairly struck me but once, and then the wings were unfortunately employed in flying away. To speak, however, my serious opinion, I believe that were it possible for a well-founded passion to wear out, the very recollection of it would be more valuable than the greatest happiness afforded by those calm and vulgar kindnesses, which chiefly proceed from knowing no great harm of one another. You remember Shenstone's epitaph on Miss Dolman: '*Vale Maria, Puellarum Elegantissima, heu quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse.*'

"I am not sure how long that romance of passion may continue which the world shows such anxiety to wean us of as soon as possible, and which it laughs at, because it envies; but end when it may, it is never lost, but will contribute, like fermentation, to make the remainder of the cup of happiness more pleasant and wholesome.

"You are no great admirer of the 'cherub of the southern breeze,' but there is one of his last published poems which took fast hold on my fancy. After having instanced all the changes which time may produce in his mistress, and denied their power to alter his affection, he says,

'Tho' the rose on her cheek disappear and decay,  
Can time with the rose steal the dimple away?





Age may alter her form, but must leave me behind,  
 Her temper, her manners, her heart, and her mind.  
 Roll on then ye summers, no change shall ye see,  
 But Maria will still be Maria to me.'

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 X.  
 1807.

" May you long enjoy the blessing of a mutual and unchanging affection, and may you secure your enjoyment by a constant dependance on the Giver of all happiness, who will never forget those in age who remember Him in their youth.

\* \* \* \* \*

" I have just taken leave of a man whom I think most highly of, during a short acquaintance ; I mean Acland, who is, I trust, by this time at Gottenburg. What part of the north are you going to ?"

*To John Thornton, Esq.*

*All Souls, 1807.*

" I am sorry for the trouble my carelessness has given you, and much obliged to you for your advice. I am, indeed, a positive child in these things. My reason for not dating my draft was simply that I did not know the day of the month. When, alas ! shall I be able to remember and apply the deaths of those eminent characters, good Christopher Finch and David Friar, who, with their friend, George Blunt, Esquire, lamentably for themselves, but most usefully for practical chronology, died in one day at Dover ? It is, I own, the want of a distich like this which has puzzled half my schemes in life ; my days roll on uncounted, and my months are buried in oblivion, '*Carent quia vate sacro.*' From you I have learnt many things ; if you can but teach me exactness, it will be a crown to all your instructions, as from this want, even the little good I have about me will be often, I fear, inefficient."



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1807.

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*To R. W. Hay, Esq.*

*All Souls, 1807.*

*“ Zum Hoch-und wohlgeboren Herrn von Hay, des Collegium Christi graduirtem Studente, des Kais : Russisch : Ordens des Bär und des Schlüsselblume Ritter, &c. &c. &c.*

“ Komm mein Freund, ich bitte, mit mir am Montag zu speisen,  
Aber, ich muss dir sagen dass kein ausländisches Essen  
Gebe ich dir; mit Schinken-Geschmack die säuere Kräuter,  
Nicht die herrliche Fische, die kostbare Suppe des Sterlet,  
Oder mit salzem Butter den Barsch, den wasser-gekochten.  
Und, ach, leider des Armuths! den guten vortrefflichen Rheinwein  
Hier bekommst du nicht aus grünen Gläser getrunken,  
Und das dickes Bier, was liebt der durstige Deutscher!  
Hier sind bloss Kartoffeln, und nur ein gewältiges *Beefsteak*,  
Oder ein Schöpsenbraten, und ein paar Küchlein mit Zunge,  
Und ein Salat, und Englisches Bier, und Wasser von Schweppe,  
Und Wallnüsse nach Tisch, mit röthlichem Wein von Oporto.  
Also bleib ich indessen,

“ Mit einer wahren Hochachtung,

“ Lieber Herr Hay,

“ Euer unterthänigster,

“ REGINALD HEBER.

“ Die Zeit ist halb sechs—die *Local* meine eigene Stube.”

For the following sketch of Mr. Reginald Heber's life at Oxford, the Editor is indebted to one of his friends and contemporaries, whose name she regrets not being permitted to mention.

*30th January, 1830.*

“ MY DEAR MRS. HEBER,

“ I promised to send you some recollections of his early life: and with very mixed feelings I now perform that promise.

“ At a time when with the enthusiasm of the place, I had rather caught by heart than learnt Palestine, and when it was a privilege to any one of any age to know Reginald Heber, I had the delight of forming his acquaintance. I cannot forget the feeling



of admiration with which, in the autumn of 1803, I approached his presence, or the surprise with which I contrasted my abstract image of him, with his own simple, social, every-day manner. He talked and laughed like those around him, and entered into the pleasures of the day with them, and with their relish: but when any higher subject was introduced, [and he was never slow in contriving to introduce literature at least, and to draw from his exhaustless memory riches of every kind,] his manner became his own. He never looked up at his hearers (one of the few things, by the bye, which I could have wished altered in him in after life, for he retained the habit,) but with his eyes down-cast and fixed, poured forth in a measured intonation, which from him became fashionable, stores of every age; the old romances; Spencer; some of our early prose writers; of Scott's published works; or verses of his own. I speak not of one day only, but of my general recollection of his habits as after that day witnessed often. One moonlight night (I do not recollect the year,) we were walking together, talking of the old *fabliaux* and romances, with which his memory was full; and we continued our walk till long past midnight. He said that it was a very easy style, and he could imitate it without an effort; and as he went along, he recited, composing as he recited, the happiest imitation of the George-Ellis-specimens which I ever saw. He came to my rooms, and wrote it down the next day. He called it 'The Boke of the purple faucon.' I now send the original manuscript to you.

Icy commence le Romaunt du grand Roye Pantagruelle <sup>1</sup>.

Yt is a kynge both fyne and felle,  
That hyght Sir Claudyus Pantagruelle,—  
The fynest and fellest, more or lesse,  
Of alle the kynges in Heathenesse.  
That Syre was Soudan of Surrye,  
Of Cæstrick and of Cappadocie,

<sup>1</sup> A few years later, Mr. Reginald Heber gave a copy of this "romaunt" to another friend, under a different title, and with a few alterations, which consisted principally in the addition of a marginal table of contents; as being thus made a more perfect imitation of the old romances, the editor publishes it in preference to the original manuscript.



CHAP.  
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1807.

Le Roy-  
aume de  
Pantagru-  
elle.

Comment  
Pantagru-  
elle tenayt  
bonne ta-  
ble, et fe-  
soyt belle  
chere ;  
et estoyt  
digne roy.

Comment  
il aimoyt la  
Roynie Cy-  
cile.

Comment  
Pantagru-  
elle estoyt  
mescon-  
tent.

Ses ar-  
mures.

Li graund  
macycien  
Virgile.

His Eme was Lorde I understonde  
Of all Cathaye and of Boehman Londe.  
LXX Dukes, that were soe wighte,  
Served him by daie and by nighte.  
Thereto he made him a lothely messe,  
Everie morninge more or lesse,  
A manne chylde of VII yere age,  
Thereof he seethed hys pottage.  
Everie knyghte who went that waye  
His nose and ears was fayne to paye ;  
Sothely, as the Romaunts telle,  
For the Dynere of Pantagruelle.  
Yn all the londes of Ethiopèe  
Was ne so worthy a kynge as hee.

¶ Ande it befelle upon a daye  
Thys Pantagruelle he went to playe  
With his Ladye thatte was soe brighte,  
Yn her bowre yn alle mennes syghte.  
Thatte Ladye was hyghte Cycelee ;  
And thereto sange shee  
Alle into Grekysh as she colde best,—  
“ Lambeth, Sadeck, Apocatest ;”  
Namely, “ My love yf thou wouldest wynne  
Bringe wyth thee a purple falcon ynne.”

¶ Thatte laye made hym sadde and sowre,  
And careful came hee adowne the towre.  
He layde his hedde upon a stone ;  
For sorrow hys lyfe was well nigh gone ;  
He sobbed amayne and sighed sore  
“ Alacke Cycile, for evermore.”  
Hys page he broughte him hys helmette  
Thatte was cleped Alphabet  
He donned hys bootes made of the skyn  
Of Loup-garou and of Gobbelyn,  
And hys hauberke that was soe harde  
Ywoven welle of spykenarde.  
Virgile hadde made that cote-armure  
With Mammetry fenced and guarded sure ;  
And Hypocras and Arystote  
Had woven the rynges of thatte cote.  
He tooke hys spere that was so strong,  
Hys axe was sharpe, his sworde was long,





And thys the devyse upon his sheilde—  
 A red rose yn a greene fielde,  
 And under, yn language of Syrie,  
 “ Belle rose que tu es jolye.”

CHAP.  
 X.  
 1807.

Vey commence le II chant du bon Roy Pantagruelle.

Lysten Lordynges to the tale  
 Of Pantagruelle and hys travayle.  
 He through many a lande has gone,  
 Pantagruelle hymself alone ;  
 Many a hyll most hyghe has clome,  
 Many a broade rivere has swome.  
 He paste through Cathaye and Picardié,  
 Babylon, Scotland, and Italie ;  
 And asked of alle as yt befelle,  
 But of no adventure herde he telle,  
 Tyl after manie a wearie daye,  
 Lyghtly he came to a foreste graye :  
 Manie an auncient oke dyd growe,  
 Doddered and frynged with mysletoe ;  
 Manie an ashe of paly hue  
 Whyspered yn every breeze that blewe.  
 Pantagruelle hath sworne by Mahoune,  
 Bye Termagaunt and by Abadoune,  
 Bye Venus, thatte was soe sterne and stronge,  
 And Apollin with hornes longe,  
 And other fiendes of Maumetrye,  
 That the ende of that foreste he would see.

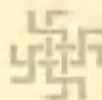
Ses Voy-  
 ages.

Li Ser-  
 ment de  
 Pantagru-  
 elle.

Lysten Lordinges the soothe I tell :  
 Nothyng was true that here befelle,  
 But all the okes that flourished soe free,  
 Flourished only in grammarie ;  
 In that same foreste nothing grewe  
 But broad and darke the boughes of yew.  
 Sothely I tell you and indede  
 There was many a wicked weede ;  
 There was the wolf-bane greene and highe,  
 Whoso smelleth the same shall die,  
 And the long grasse wyth poyson mixed,  
 Adders coyled and hyssed betwixt.

La Forest  
 enchantée.

Yn thatte same chace myghte noe man hear  
 Hunter or horn or hounde or deer ;

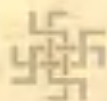


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X.  
1807.

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Sa misere.

Neyther dared yn thatte wood to goe  
Coney or martin, or hare or doe.  
Nor on the shawe the byrdes gay,  
Starling, Cuckoo, or Popynjay ;  
But Gryphon fanged, and bristly boare,  
Gnarred and fomed hys way before,  
And the beeste who can falsely weepe,  
Crocodilus, was here goode chepe ;  
Satyr, and Leopard, and Tygris,  
Bloody Camelopardalys,  
And everye make of beastes bolde,  
Nestled and roared in that their holde.  
Dayes and nyghtes but only IV,  
And Pantagruelle could ryde no more.  
Hys shoulders were by hys helmet worne,  
He was a wearye wyghte forlorne,  
And hys cheeke thatte was soe redde,  
Colde and darke as the beaten ledde.  
Hys destriere might no further passe,  
It lothed to taste that evyl grasse.  
Heavy he clombe from offe hys steede,  
Of hys lyfe he stoode in drede :  
“ Alacke, alacke, Cycelie,  
Here I dye for love of thee !”  
Forth through the thorny brake hee paste,  
Tylle he came to a poole at laste ;  
And bye that poole of water clere  
Satte a manne chylde of seven yere ;  
Clothed he was in scarlet and graine,  
Cloth of silver and cordovaine ;  
As a field flower he was faire,  
Seemed he was some Erle’s heir,  
And perchyng on hys wriste so free,  
A purple Faucon there was to see.  
Courteous hee turned hym to that Peere,  
But Pantagruelle made sory cheare.  
Highe and stately that boye hym bare,  
And bade hym abyde hys Father there.  
When the Father was there yn place,  
Never had knyght so foul a face ;  
He was tusked as anie boare,  
Brystly behind and eke before ;  
Lyons staring as they were wood,  
Salvage bull that liveth on blood,





He was fylthy as any sowe,  
 Blacke and hairy as a black cowe ;  
 All yn a holy priest's attyre,  
 Never was scene so fowle a syre.

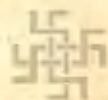
CHAP.  
 X.  
 1807.

“ He wrote what none but quick and clever men can write, very good nonsense: some of his *jeux d'esprit* appeared in the grave pages of a certain ancient magazine, in which he occasionally corresponded with himself, keeping himself down to the dullness of his model, to the infinite amusement of the few who were in the secret. One, I recollect, was a solemn inquiry from Clericus Leicestrensis, into the remedy for the devastations of an insect, which peculiarly attacked spinach,—the evil, the remedy, and the insect being all equally imaginary. Another was a sonnet on the death of Lieutenant Philip V \* \* who was killed at the storming of Fort Muzzaboo, on the St. Lawrence, (fort and war equally unknown) the last line was

‘ And Marathon shall yield to Muzzaboo.’

Mr. Gifford once assured me, that ‘ Mr. Higgins,’ in the Antijacobin, deceived one person, at least, who seriously complained of the democratical tendencies of ‘ The Rovers:’ the *jeu d'esprit* from which the last line is quoted, also deceived one other; for it happened, by an odd coincidence, that there had been missing for some years, a certain Philip V \* \* whose uncle was so much pleased with discovering the scene of his death, and with this glowing eulogium from a witness of his valour, that he sent five pounds to Mr. Sylvanus Urban, for the author of the sonnet.

“ His powers of imitation and of humour were not confined to his own language. Once, as Reginald was on his way to Oxford, he stopped at the Hen and Chickens, at Birmingham, in order to take a coach thence on the following morning. There happened to be in the inn a ball, which not only assembled persons from a distance, who consequently had engaged all the beds, but kept up such a



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noise throughout the night, that he could scarcely sleep even in his sitting-room. He employed and amused himself, therefore, in writing in Homeric verse a description of his situation: annexing a translation after the manner of Clarke, and subjoining the usual proportion of notes, he sent it to Lord Ebrington, then at Brazen Nose College, who kindly gave me a copy; and he fully permits you to insert it. It shews to equal advantage Reginald's scholarship and his humour.

\* \* \* \* \*

510. Ω ποποι η μεγα πενθος οδοιπορω εσεται ανδρι,  
Οσπερ ευκτιμενον ποτ' επερχομενος πτολιεθρον,  
Η κλεινην Λυκιην, η Βιλστονα, η Βρεμιχαμον  
Χαλχοπολιν, φιλον οικον αγανορος Ήφαιστοιο  
Και τοτε δη μεγαλην επιτηδενουσιν ιορτην

Proh Deos! certe magnus dolor peregrino erit viro  
Quicunque bene habitatam aliquando adveniens civitatem  
Aut nobilem Lyciam, aut Bilstonem, aut Bremichamum  
Æris-civitatem, charam domum ob virtutem-mirabilis Vulcani.  
Et tunc quidem magnum cum-studio-parant festum

#### NOTÆ.

- V. 510. 'Οδοιπορω ανδρι. Quis foret ille peregrinus non adhuc satis constat. Herculem Scholiastes, Thesea alii intelligunt. Non animadvertere scilicet boni interpretes de seipso Poetam hæc loqui, quem Poetam Iaspida fuisse Anglo-Phœnicem ipse suprâ demonstravi: Excurs. i. v. 17. hujus libri. Et tamen cl. Turnebo Moses his versibus annui videtur: quam verè, judicent alii.
- V. 512. Ubinam sit illa Lycia mihi hæret aqua. Lyciam Asiaticam faciunt vet. Schol. absurde: de Anglicanis enim civitatibus agitur, neque πτολιεθρον ista Lycia. Λευκην Hemsterhusius legit, nullis annuentibus Codd. Nescio an a lupis nomen habens nunc etiam ore vernaculari *Wolverhampton* audit. De Bilstone et Bremichamo etiam in celeberrimo Jacobo Thomsono *Bremicham* invenimus:

——“ Thy thund'ring pavement, Bremicham.”

- V. 514. Non hospitale (ut videtur) festum paravere Bremichamenses, exclusum enim fuisse advenam satis constat. Ergo Bonæ Deæ tunc agi sacra Clarkius existimat, falso, istiusmodi enim sacris omnes excluderentur viri, et tamen v. 518. ανερεις ενκομιεντες invenimus. Ut obscenæ essent istæ saltationes, monente Abrescio, vix crederem, etsi nudis mamillis exilique veste saltasse puellas ab omnibus fere accepimus. Talia vocant festa Galli “un Bal parè,” anglice “*An Assembly*.”



515. Τεκτονες ανθρωποι, μεγα πλουσιοι, οἱς μαλα πασι  
Χαλχον ενι μεγαροισι θεος και χρυσον εδωκε  
Ενθ' αρα παννυχιοισι χοροις τερπουσι φιλον κη  
Κουραι ευζωναι τε, και ανερες ευκονιεντες  
Σεισμος υπερθε ποδων γινεται μεγας, εν γαρ εκαστος  
520. Σκιρτα, πολλ' υδιων, κνισση δ' εις ουρανον ηκει  
Εκ δε λυρων χεεται γλυκερον μελος, ηε συριγγων.  
Αλλ' ο ξεινος ενερθε καθιζεται αχνυμενος κη  
Διφρω αιικελιω κλιθεις, κενεη τε τραπεζη,  
Χειλεσιν ουτ' επι δειπνον εχων, ουτ' ομμασιν υπνον.

κ. τ. λ.

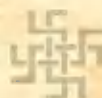
Fabri viri, multum divites, quibus valde omnibus  
Æs in ædibus Deus (Vulcanus sc.) et aurum dedit  
Inde ergo per-totam-noctem-durantibus choris delectant suum cor  
Virgines bene-cinctæ, et viri pulchro-modo-pulverulenti.  
[Sc. pulverosum habentes caput.

Motus sub pedibus fit magnus, bene vero unusquisque  
Salit, multum sudans, odor vero nidoris ad cœlum ascendit.  
Lyrarum vero effunditur dulcis sonus aut tibiarum—  
Advena verò infra sedet dolore-affectus cor  
Sedili inhonesto reclinans, vacuâque mensâ,  
Labris neque cibum habens, nec oculis somnum, &c.

NOTE.

- V. 518. ανερες ευκονιεντες. De Barbarico capitis ornatu tantum innotuit ut tritum fortasse et tenue argumentum videar aggressus; Αλλ' όμως ειρησεται. Noscant juniores quod inter plurimas Barbarorum gentes Hottentotas sc. et Caffros et Anglos mos erat patrius lardo, nidore ursarum, et similibus, collinere crines, et deinde albo quodam pulvere conspergere et conserere. ευκονιεντες, Gallicè, "bien poudré:" anglice, "well powdered."
- V. 522. Non in infernis regionibus, ut insomniavit bonus vir, Editor Glasguensis, ut inferiori camerâ, pedibusque saltantium subjectâ.
- V. 524. Observandum est quam mirâ arte Poeta sui viatoris patrium innuit pudorem. Si nempe Scotus fuisset Hibernusve, mirum esset, ne innatâ fretus audaciâ, anglice "sporting a face," coenam sibi, et gratis, comparasset. Cum vero et Anglus sit, et ingenui pudoris puer, manet immotus μαινομενος περ dum empto tardoque coquorum auxilio sibi cibus paratur. De Anglorum modestiâ vide cl. Marklandum in hunc locum.

"Many of his contemporaries will recollect other exercises of kindred talent; one was a mock heroic poem, the subject of which was laid in his own college: but though he wished to forget this



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*jeu d'esprit*, as it gave offence at the time, and though, therefore, I do not send it to you, (how few can look back on their youth, without wishing far more to be forgotten) it may be said of it, as, indeed, of all his other performances in this line, that his wit was without malice, and his humour without a tinge of grossness. His sense of the ridiculous was certainly at this time very keen; but I never heard him say an unkind word; and it was in effusions of this sort that the spirits of his youth found vent. Even at this time, however, he was a very severe student; and made up in hard reading at night, the time given to society and lighter pursuits in the evening. At no period did his success, unparalleled then and since in a university career, tempt him to the assumption of any airs of superiority. He was uniformly humble, and gentle, and kind.

"Among his amusements was heraldry, as I know, because one of my tastes at the time happened to coincide with it. There is, therefore, at least one proof against the truth of the sarcasm of Grammont, 'the marquis was a great genealogist, as all fools with good memories are.' His younger brother, however, Tom Heber, was one who, of all men within my knowledge, possessed the most accurate recollection of the largest stores in this study.

"When Reginald Heber and I ceased, in consequence of our distances, to meet regularly, our intercourse was little carried on by letters; and I now look back with great regret upon my own indolence, and dislike to the act of beginning a letter, to which faults I attribute my present inability to send to you more of his correspondence. At the same time it will always be a comfort to me to think, that whenever we met, we met as friends affectionately attached to each other; and when we parted, carried away with each other a renewed and enlarged supply of the kindest feeling."

*To John Thornton, Esq.*

*August 7th, 1807.*

"I purposely delayed writing to you till I had had some little experience of my new situation as parish priest, and my feelings



under it. With the first I have every reason to be satisfied ; my feelings are, I believe, the usual ones of young men who find themselves entering into the duties of a profession, in which their life is to be spent. I had no new discoveries to make in the character of my people, as I had passed the greater part of my life among them. They received me with the same expressions of good will as they had shown on my return to England ; and my volunteers and myself (for we are still considered as inseparable) were again invited to a *fête champêtre*. Of course my first sermon was numerously attended ; and though tears were shed, I could not attribute them entirely to my eloquence, for some of the old servants of the family began crying before I had spoken a word. I will fairly own that the cordiality of these honest people, which at first elated and pleased me exceedingly, has since been the occasion of some very serious and melancholy reflections. It is really an appalling thing to have so high expectations formed of a young man's future conduct. But even this has not so much weight with me, as a fear that I shall not return their affection sufficiently, or preserve it in its present extent by my exertions and diligence in doing good. God knows I have every motive of affection and emulation to animate me ; and have no possible excuse for a failure in my duty. The Methodists in Hodnet are, thank God, not very numerous, and I hope to diminish them still more ; they are, however, sufficiently numerous to serve as a spur to my emulation. I have another spur of a much more agreeable kind in the clergyman of the next parish, a nephew of Lord Stamford, and though a young man, one of the best parish priests I ever knew. He was intimate with Tom, at college, and I then thought highly of him ; but his character has displayed itself very much during this last year. With greater learning and talent than —, whom I mentioned to you, he puts me a good deal in mind of him. I am sure I may derive great advantage from such an example as \* \* \* within two miles ; and I think I, too, may be of some little use to him, in keeping him from low spirits and a too great love of retirement, and diffidence of his own



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abilities, faults to which some of his friends think him inclined, but which I have not seen much of in his character."

*To John Thornton, Esq.*

*Hodnet Hall, 1807.*

" I have been sadly delayed in copying the drawings ; the costumes will, I hope, be finished in a day or two, and I will send them. I had hoped to have brought them myself, but I have been so little with my mother, that she will not yet consent to spare me ; and my visit to Albury cannot take place for some weeks. Christmas I had hoped to have passed with you ; and nothing but the particular wishes of my friends, and the expectation of a family party, a thing which cannot be said to have taken place for several years at Hodnet, would have prevented my coming.

" A thousand thanks for your care about the books, and your present of the Swedish turnip-seed, the promise of which last has already conferred more happiness on a respectable magistrate in our neighbourhood, than any other boon could have done. I am very sorry, however, that I have pillaged your father's acres, and heartily wish that the barren heaths of Shropshire contained any thing which I could send in return. We have, indeed, as I have just discovered, the Norwegian *multiberry*, which is here known under the name of cloud-berry, as only growing on the wildest hill-tops ; but I fear where salad and currant jelly are known, the venison and mutton of Surry would not relish so wild an auxiliary. When, however, you come to see me, I will take care (with my wife's permission) that you shall begin your dinner with salt-fish, and end with '*braten* and *multiberry*.'

" I have been busy in recovering and copying my Norwegian views, in which I have succeeded better than I at first hoped, and shall send you some with the costumes.

" The good folks in this neighbourhood are all running wild after *cole-rabi*, and I find I have lost much influence in the county by not bringing a sackful of *Buda kail*.





" You will be glad to hear that I shirk volunteers, shun politics, eschew architecture, study Divinity as employment, and draw costumes for recreation; and you will, I am sure, believe how much I am ever

" Your obliged friend."

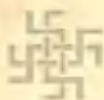
When Mr. Reginald Heber was at Dresden in the summer of 1806, he wrote the first lines of a poem, which were suggested to him during a sleepless night, by hearing the beating of drums, and the bustle of troops marching through the town to meet the French in Lower Saxony, and which, in 1809, he completed and published under the title of " Europe." The prophecy with which it concludes may seem, in its fullest sense, at the present moment, far from completion; and yet, as Spain has overcome the efforts of foreign tyranny, we may hope that, at no very remote period, she will shake off the still more galling yoke of superstition, and that we may yet hail the period when

" Spain, the brave, the virtuous, *shall* be free!"

*To John Thornton, Esq.*

*Hodnet Hall, February 15th, 1809.*

" You will be, perhaps, surprised to find that, after so long an interruption, I have, during the last fortnight, finished and sent to the press the verses, part of which I repeated to you. Both their name, ' Europe,' and the moment at which they are published is an unfortunate one; but I am glad that while Spain yet exists, I shall have borne my testimony in her favour. \* \* \* While I am on this subject, will you allow me to solicit your assistance in procuring recruits for the Quarterly Review, a work in which several of our common friends are likely to be engaged, and which may serve to set some limits to the despotic authority of the Edinburgh. I have, myself, refused to undertake giving any thing, but very likely shall hereafter, if I have time, and if the first number gives me a favourable specimen of their calibre and opinions. As



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to your enquiries respecting my parish, I hardly know what answer to make. I have reason to believe that both my conduct and my sermons are well liked, but I do not think any great amendment takes place in my hearers. My congregations are very good, and the number of communicants increases. The principal faults of which I have to complain are, occasional drunkenness, and, after they have left Church, a great disregard of Sunday. You know my notions respecting the obligation of the Christian Sabbath are by no means strict; but I have seen much mischief arise from its neglect, and have been taking some pains to prevent it. By the assistance, I may say advice, of one of the Churchwardens, a very worthy and sensible, though plain farmer, the shop-keepers have been restrained from selling on Sundays; and I have persuaded the inn-keepers to sign an agreement, binding themselves under a five guinea forfeiture not to allow drinking on that day. But though the wealthy farmers and women are generally orderly, the young labourers are a dissolute set, and I have not so much influence with them now as I had when I was their captain. It is a misfortune to me, in so wide a parish, that I am slow at remembering either names or faces, which is a very useful talent. I trust, however, to acquire this gradually. My Psalm-singing continues bad. Can you tell me where I can purchase Cowper's Olney hymns, with the music, and in a smaller size without the music, to put in the seats? Some of them I admire much, and any novelty is likely to become a favourite, and draw more people to join in the singing. What book is used at the Lock? If I could get one or two I should like to select from them. The Methodists are neither very numerous nor very active, they have no regular meetings, but assemble from great distances to meet a favourite preacher. Yet I have sometimes thought, and it has made me really uncomfortable, that since Rowland Hill's visit to the country, my congregation was thinner. Perhaps it was only owing to the bad weather, as my numbers are now a little increasing again. The test here of a Churchman is the Sacrament, which the Methodists never attend.



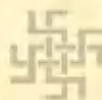


" The Hills, of Hawkstone, have declared their intention of attending Hodnet, which is their parish Church, and I can perceive this will do a great deal of good. Their whole family live together, and they are very pleasing neighbours to us. I make no apology for this detail, since I know that to your friendship every thing is interesting which concerns the happiness of

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" Your's affectionately,

" REGINALD HEBER."



## CHAPTER XI.

*Mr. Reginald Heber's marriage—Anecdote—Settles on his living—His charities—Remarks on "Cælebs," and on "Zeal without innovation"—Translation of an Ode of Klopstock's—Review of Kerr Porter's travels in Russia—Luther—Clarke's travels—"Curse of Kehama"—Odes of Pindar—Duke of Gloucester's installation—Prefatory notice to the Hymns published in the Christian Observer—Dictionary of the Bible—"Morte d'Arthur"—Poems—Illness, and removal to Moreton.*

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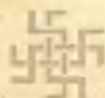
IN April, 1809, Mr. Reginald Heber married Amelia, youngest daughter of the late William Davies Shipley, Dean of St. Asaph, and grand-daughter of the late Jonathan Shipley, Bishop of St. Asaph. It may be here mentioned, as a proof of the value he set on the Holy Scriptures, that the first present which he ever made her was a Bible.

*To John Thornton, Esq.*

*Llanbedr, near Ruthin, April 17, 1809.*

"I write this from a little parsonage-house, which has been kindly lent to Emily and myself for the first week of our marriage. The ceremony, which we hardly expected to have taken place till to-day, was performed on Friday, and we came here the same evening. The situation, which is extremely beautiful, we are very much precluded from enjoying by a deep fall of snow, which has covered all the hills.

"Tell Mrs. J. Thornton, with my kindest regards, that I am





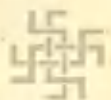
now become a competent cicerone for the whole of the vales of Clwyd and Llangollen, and shall be most happy to show them to her and to you. We past on Friday by the seat of her ancestors, Llanrhaider, which is one of the most beautiful spots I ever saw, more like a situation in the Crimea than in Great Britain. It lies in the narrow part of the vale of Clwyd, with a beautiful little river, and a great deal of wood; the hills round it were all covered with snow, and the whole valley with apple-blossoms; as delightful a contrast of winter and spring as can be imagined. Where we are at present the winter predominates."

In one of Mr. Reginald Heber's journeys into Wales, he thus describes to a friend a scene he witnessed :

"On my way I overtook a singular specimen of love in a cottage. A drunken fellow, who was driving two asses with empty panniers, boasted to my servant that he had sold a cargo of earthenware at Wrexham, and hoped to be able to get through the money before he reached Whitchurch, where his wife lived, to whom, he observed, he should be loth to give any of it. He intended being three days on the road, stopping at every alehouse on his way. To guard himself from the expected vengeance of his wife, he had had his 'hair clipped to prevent *lugging*.' I pitied the wife and the asses; but as the man was too drunk for advice, I heard his story in silence.

"I baited my horses at Bangor (the monastic, not the episcopal). The host pressed me much to stay there half an hour longer, when I should have an opportunity of dining like a prince, as — and some farmers were going to do above stairs, where I might be sure of a hospitable welcome, and ale as strong as any drank by the old monks whom Ethelbert slew."

After his marriage Mr. Reginald Heber settled on his rectory, and entered, at first unassisted, on the cares of a large parish. His first act was to extend through the year an afternoon sermon, which had, till then, been confined to the summer months. In

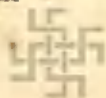


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order to devote himself more entirely to the discharge of his parochial duties, he, in a great measure, withdrew from the society of that world by which he was courted, (though with the friends of his youth he kept up occasional intercourse and frequent correspondence) and he made those talents which, in almost every sphere of life, would have raised him to eminence, subservient to the advancement of Christianity, and to the spiritual and temporal good of his parishioners. He became, indeed, their earthly guide, their pastor, and friend. His ear was never shut to their complaints, nor his hands closed to their wants. Instead of hiding his face from the poor, he sought out distress; he made it a rule, from which no circumstances induced him to swerve, to "give to all who asked," however trifling the sum; and wherever he had an opportunity, he never failed to enquire into, and more effectually to relieve their distress. He could not pass a sick person, or a child crying, without endeavouring to soothe and help them, and the kindness of his manner always rendered his gifts doubly valuable. A poor clergyman near Hodnet, had written a poem from which he expected great emolument. Mr. Reginald Heber, to whom the MS. was sent, with a request that he would assist in getting it through the press, saw that its sale would never repay the expenses of publishing it; he, therefore, sent the clergyman some money; and while recommending him not to risk so great a sum as the printing would cost, spoke so delicately on its deficiencies, (having, as he said, a feeling for a *brother poet*) that the poor man could not be hurt at the manner in which the advice was given.

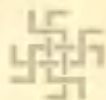
Mr. Reginald Heber possessed, in its fullest acceptation, that "charity which hopeth all things." He not only discountenanced every tendency to illiberal or illnated remarks, but had always a kind and charitable construction to put on actions which might, perhaps more readily, admit of a different interpretation; and when the misconduct of others allowed of no defence, he would leave judgement to that Being, who alone "knoweth what is in the heart of man."





In his charities he was prodigal ; on himself alone he bestowed little. To those whose modesty or rank in life made secrecy an object, he gave with delicacy and in private ; and to use the words of one who had been for some years his companion and assistant, and whose pastoral care the people of Hodnet still feel as a blessing, “ many a good deed done by him in secret, only came to light when he had been removed far away, and, but for that removal would have been for ever hid ; many an instance of benevolent interference where it was least suspected, and of delicate attention towards those whose humble rank in life is too often thought to exempt their superiors from all need of mingling courtesy with kindness.” The same feeling prevented his keeping any person waiting who came to speak with him. When summoned from his favourite studies, he left them unreluctantly to attend to the business of others ; and his alacrity increased if he were told that a *poor* person wanted him ; for he said that not only is their time valuable, but the indigent are very sensible to every appearance of neglect. His charities would, of themselves, have prevented his being rich in worldly goods ; but he had another impediment to the acquisition of riches, an indifference as to his just dues, and a facility in resigning them, too often taken advantage of by the unworthy. If a man who owed him money could plead inability to pay, he was sure to be excused half, and sometimes all his debt. In the words of the writer just quoted, “ the wisdom of the serpent, was almost the only wisdom in which he did not abound.” When money was not wanting, he advised and conversed with his parishioners with such cheerful kindness, and took so much interest in their concerns, that they always rejoiced to meet him, and hailed with joy his visits to their houses.

He had so much pleasure in conferring kindness, that he often declared it was an exceeding indulgence of God to promise a reward for what carried with it its own recompence. He considered himself as the mere steward of God's bounty ; and felt that in sharing his fortune with the poor, he was only making the proper use of the talents committed to him, without any consciousness of



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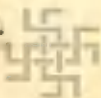
merit. Once, when a poor woman, to whom he had given three shillings, exclaimed, "the Lord reward you, and give you fourfold," he said, "How unreasonable are the expectations of men! This good woman's wish for me, which sounds so noble, amounts but to twelve shillings; and we, when we give such a pittance, are apt to expect Heaven as our reward, without considering how miserable a proportion our best-meant actions bear to the eternal recompence we are vain enough to think we deserve!" Thus, surrounded by his family; with a neighbourhood containing men capable of appreciating his talents; beloved by his parishioners, and loving all about him; silently, but beneficially, flowed on the first years of his ministry, only varied by occasional visits among his friends. His letters during this period will best pourtray his feelings, his pursuits, and his wishes.

*To John Thornton Esq.*

*Hodnet Hall, May 29th, 1809.*

"I hardly know with what face to begin my letter, having so long neglected to answer yours, and having forgotten not only my civility to you, but my friendship for poor Janické. The fact is, I can only plead the various engagements of brick and mortar, wedding visits, two sermons to write every week, and the whole weekly duty of my large parish, having no curate. All this has really so occupied and harassed me, that your letter, with many others, had been laid by and forgotten. Pray send poor Janické five guineas for me, or more if you think the occasion requires it; and let me know how much you have sent, in your next letter.

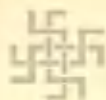
"I have not yet got into my old parsonage, as much more was necessary to make it habitable than I had expected. \* \* \* Pray mention, when you write, the name of the little manual of family prayers which you had when you were abroad, as I have forgotten it, though I remember well their merit and simplicity. I prefer forms in general to extempore praying, particularly as you know my lips are rather those of Moses than Aaron.





"I have so many presents to thank you for lately, that I hardly know where to begin; the first, since the magnificent candlesticks, were 'Cœlebs,' and 'Zeal without innovation.' Cœlebs is deservedly popular and likely to do much good, though not so lively as I expected; in many places, indeed, the story flags sadly. The other I have read through with great attention, and can join most cordially in your approbation of it; it is candid, sensible, and well written, and shows every where a well-ordered and well-informed heart and head. Is Gisborne the author? I suspect it strongly from many circumstances in the book which seem likely to come from him. I can hardly hope that he will receive more than the attention which peacemakers generally obtain; or that any great reconciliation can take place between the parties he attempts to soothe. But where he gives advice to the younger and rising clergy, and points out the regular orderly means of doing good, he has a less thankless, and I trust will have a successful employment. To many well-disposed young men who feel a wish to do good, yet hardly know how to set about it, his book will, I think, be very useful. I cannot say he has much decreased my dislike of the Evangelical preachers, considered as a body. Their corporation spirit, and the assumption of Evangelical as a party title, he very properly attacks them for; though he omits the name by which they are, I fear, very apt to distinguish all the respectable and religious men who are not of their own number,—I mean that of 'formalists.' On the whole, if he obtains but a small number of followers, and if the phalanx of party is weakened on either side, he will have conferred a great benefit on religion, have made many excellent men more useful than they are at present, and taken away from Messrs. H.— and H.— much of the supposed countenance they at present receive from many who differ from them in almost every point of faith or conduct.

"Alas for Austria! Poor Chasteller! I trust he will escape the fangs of Buonaparte; indeed, you and I may feel interested about him from old acquaintance, and in memory of our Baden parties.



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“ My parish goes on, I think and hope, rather on the mending hand, particularly in respect to the observance of Sunday ; and, what is also perceptible, in an increasing desire to have comfort and advice from me when they are sick, which was chiefly only when they were at extremity. I have much less time for reading than I could wish ; but my wife always encourages me to diligence.”

*To Mrs. C. L. Shipley.*

*Hodnet Rectory, August 7, 1809.*

“ MY DEAR MADAM,

“ When I reflect how long it is that I have owed you a letter, I should really be very much ashamed if this silence were not, in some measure, to be accounted for by my having unwittingly promised to do my best at rendering into English the most crabbed piece of German I ever met with. None of Merlin's fiends ever had such a task assigned them by the Lady of the Lake, as I have had by my dear aunt. You must not think I have forgotten it ; on the contrary, it has occurred to me continually ; and I was stimulated still more to the attempt by the real beauty of the lines, and by Sotheby's assertion, that they were *untranslatable*. I could easily have made a paraphrase, which would have been something like them ; but I did not consider that as performing my task. At last, being really very busy, I despaired to bend the stubborn pentametres of the latter part into any thing like English verse ; and felt a little tired at the repetition of the same sentiment, and the lady's solicitude to outlive her husband, which, though it is really beautiful, would be no bad subject for parody. On the whole, I subscribe to Mr. Sotheby's assertion ; but to show, at least, my good-will to execute any task you may impose upon me, I send you the lines, as far as I have yet translated ; after seeing which, you will probably feel but little anxiety for the remainder.

“ Believe me, dear Madam,

“ Ever your obliged and affectionate

“ REGINALD HEBER.





" You will observe in this bad translation, that my principal difficulty has been to vary the lines, which, in the original, are repeated over and over again with very good effect; but this could not be retained in English.

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HE.

Ah Selma! if our love the fates should sever,  
And bear thy spirit from the world below,  
Then shall mine eyes be wet with tears for ever,  
Each gloomy morn, each night of darker woe;  
Each hour, that past so soon in thy embracing,  
Each minute keenly felt shall force a tear;  
The long long months! the years so slowly pacing!  
Which all were swift alike, and all were dear.

SHE.

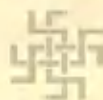
My Selmar! ah, if from thy Selma parted,  
Thy soul should first the paths of darkness tread,  
Sad were my course, and short, and broken-hearted,  
To weep those lonely days, that dismal bed!  
Each hour that erst in converse sweet returning,  
Shone with thy smile, or sparkled with thy tear;  
Each lingering day should lengthen out my mourning,  
The days that past so swiftly and so dear!

HE.

And did I promise, Selma, years of sorrow?  
And canst thou linger only days behind?  
Few minutes, few, be mine from fate to borrow,  
Near thy pale cheek and breathless form reclin'd,  
Press thy dead hand, and, wildly bending o'er thee,  
Print one last kiss upon thy glazed eye.

SHE.

Nay, Selmar, nay—I will not fall before thee;  
That pang be mine; thou shalt not see me die;  
Some few sad moments on thy death-bed lying,  
By thy pale corpse my trembling frame shall be;  
Gaze on thy altered form, then, inly sighing,  
Sink on that breast, and wax as pale as thee."



*To John Thornton, Esq.**Hodnet Rectory, January 10th, 1810.*

"Believe me I am obliged to any occurrence which recalls me to your recollection, and procures me a letter from you, though I own I am sorry on the whole that you have left Norwood. The cottage, the garden, and the redbreasts were all very interesting to me; and it would vex me if I were to pass by, and see a new white summer-house run up, and some cockneys smoking, as may perhaps be its lot now you have abandoned it.

"I am much gratified with the attention you have paid to my review, and with your approbation of it<sup>1</sup>. The poem on Talavera is very spirited, and only unfortunate in being necessarily compared with Scott; the author is understood to be Mr. Croker. The best article, I think, in the Review is the critique on Parr, which both in wit, taste, and good sense is superior to almost every thing of Jeffery's. I intend, as far as my necessary business will give me time, to contribute frequently to the Quarterly Review, as it serves to keep up my acquaintance with several interesting subjects, which I might else, perhaps, neglect. The religious poems are at a stand-still. In summer when I walked in green fields, or sat under shady trees, such fancies often came into my head; now, I have unpacked six boxes of old Divinity, and am otherwise employed.

"You will be amused and, perhaps, interested to hear that my Berlin Luther has afforded me much pleasure, and many valuable hints for sermons. Yet he is, in some places, inconceivably coarse, and generally displays great want of reading; but his strong mind makes ample amends. He is a sort of religious Cobbett; but with similar vulgarity of sentiment he has more eloquence, and writes, as far as I am a judge, excellent German.

I now come to the promise you so kindly make of coming here

<sup>1</sup> Review in the Quarterly for 1809, of "Travelling Sketches in Russia and Sweden during the years 1805, 6, 7, 8; by Robert Kerr Porter."



in June; nothing can give us more pleasure, and I do sincerely hope you will contrive it. Emily and myself are both as well as we can wish, and as happy as we can hope to be."

*To John Thornton, Esq.*

*Hodnet Rectory, 1810.*

"I agree with you in thinking that my Russian notes are made more conspicuous in the Quarterly Review of Clarke's Travels, than the proportion they bear to the rest of the work would lead one to expect. You will not wonder, however, that he himself should be treated coolly, when I tell you that the reviewer is a staunch Muscovite, and an 'old courtier of the Queen's,' during the most splendid days of Catherine. With the Edinburgh Review, as far as good words go, both he and I have reason to be satisfied. I do not, however, think that, even there, they have been sufficiently acquainted with their subject to appreciate justly his knowledge of antiquities, the liveliness of his sketches of manners, and his power of comparing one nation with another, which are, I think, his strong holds. And they show a little too plainly their constant wish to make every thing a handle for politics. \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

"How do you like the defence of Pitt in the last Quarterly? It is by the same person who reviewed Dr. Parr's *Philopatus*, and written still more powerfully. If I wished that Clarke had got more praise, you will easily believe that I was most thoroughly vexed and surprised at the rough way in which Dealtry is handled, and which I attributed, till I got your letter, to Dr. —, whom you seem to acquit. Gifford probably knew nothing of Dealtry; but he has been ere this informed as to his real character and attainments, which, though the past is irretrievable, will serve as a caution in future.

"How soon does Clarke come out with his octavo? I should like very much, if you thought I might venture, to give him some



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remarks, through you, on some of the too caustic assertions respecting the Russian character. His travels are the only good account we have of Russia; and one is really interested that they should be made as perfect as possible. What I send, however, may go to you first; and if you please, you may communicate with me in the same manner. I still think that many things in your letters would be interesting and useful.

“ Ever your's truly,

“ REGINALD HEBER.”

*To Mrs. R. Heber.*

1810.

“ We had a good journey, but so intolerably dusty, that I can even yet hardly breathe. My fellow-travellers were dust and ashes indeed; most admirable emblems of mortality, excepting in their conversation, which was very sensible, and rather above the common run of a mail-coach. They consisted of a Welch attorney, with his wife, a philosophical ironmonger, and a poor sick Irish officer, to whom the ironmonger, with great humanity, resigned his place in the inside.

“ There have been some insignificant riots at Birmingham and Wolverhampton, occasioned by the dearness of provisions; but nothing of a dangerous nature. The local militia at the latter place were a good deal inclined to share in the popular feeling, but were repressed by the presence of the yeomanry, many of whom, as a yeoman whom I spoke with said, were, in fact, their masters and employers, as farmers or manufacturers. All is now quiet, and the farmers near Birmingham have volunteered to reduce the price of corn. No lives were lost, nor any material mischief done. I am sorry to say that the crops look very ill in most places, worse in Shropshire, I think, than any where else.

“ As we were about two miles from Oxford, we saw a man lying senseless on the road; I lifted him up, and on giving him some cold water he recovered, having fainted from fatigue and hunger. It was the second day he had eaten nothing, and he had



walked that morning from Uxbridge. It was very providential that we passed by, as night was coming on, and would certainly have been his last. We got him some refreshment at a neighbouring cottage, and, of course, supplied him for the remainder of his journey, which was to Stratford.

"Another accident was far more distressing. In passing through Newport, the carriage-wheel went over a poor girl, and broke her leg. I had the satisfaction of hearing from the surgeon that the fracture was not dangerous, and he assured me he would take all possible care of her, to induce him to which I left my address."

*To R. J. Wilmot, Esq.*

*Hodnet Rectory, August 2, 1810.*

"DEAR WILMOT,

"You will think me a very shabby and uncivil person in not answering, long since, your entertaining letter, which nothing has prevented my doing except inability to comply with the principal request contained in it. I am not sufficiently perfect in it to write it all down from memory, nor have I forgot how keenly you looked after my errors in this kind, when we were at Barmouth. And Heber, whose arrival was to have furnished me with an authentic copy, has been called by business into Yorkshire, so that I see, at present, little chance of my being able to transmit to you 'the Leopard of Malwaw,' for some weeks longer.

\* \* \* \*

"How do you like the 'Lady of the Lake?' Her boat had not touched the strand, I think, when we parted last. \* \*

\* \* I have myself been laid up for this week back with a sprained ankle; and have been reading Plato and writing sermons till I am become bilious and leucophlegmatic from inaction; and have been haunted by various fancies, the mishapen births of solitude, in particular that I was going to have the gout, which, however, did not proceed further than my imagination. I have been



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also *soured* by the income-tax, which I have this year had the honour of paying twice, owing to the agent to whom I had entrusted money for that purpose, having died suddenly, and I fear pretty near insolvent. Under these sorrows you must not expect so gay a letter from me, as if it were written under the witty influence of a red coat, and with the jaunty air of Macclesfield yet clinging to me. In good sadness, however, and with all the seriousness which such an assertion demands,

“ Believe me ever your obliged friend,

“ REGINALD HEBER.”

*To John Thornton, Esq.*

*Hodnet Rectory, October 8, 1810.*

“ Among busy men, for I too am busy in a certain degree, though much less occupied than you are, excuses for a slack correspondence are almost needless. I, however, feel that you, whose time is so much more precious, and yet can find a half hour for a friend, have very good reason to complain of me ; and I feel myself obliged to tell you that I have been really pressed hard during the last month with different reasons for writing.

“ I have had an infirmity sermon, a long article for a Review<sup>1</sup>, and am now engaged in a charity sermon, besides the weekly demand for sermons in my own parish, and the almost daily calls of parochial duty. Nor am I idle in other pursuits, for I read Plato, and am, though slowly, making progress in a poem, which, if it does not miscarry, will be longer than any of my preceding ones ; it is, however, but too probable that when my summer rambles and hedge-row walks are stopped by sleet and mire, I shall, as has been generally the case, find my Pegasus in a *slough of Despond*. After all, though my labours, such as they are, occupy me from morning till night, I feel ashamed of mentioning them when compared with the labyrinth of care and exertion, the

<sup>1</sup> On “ the present state of Turkey.” By Thomas Thornton, Esq. Quarterly Review, 1810.





constant necessity for prudence, and the frequent collision with the art and roguery of other men, with which you are struggling. I do not wonder, when I read your account of difficulties and vexations, that you should feel some little disposition to change your present habits for mine; and I am so far attached to my profession, I have so much of the '*patriotisme du couvent*' about me, that for its sake I could well rejoice to see you in orders. Yet I rather feel inclined to encourage you to persevere in your present course; it opens to you, hereafter, a wider and more distinguished field of utility; and when a man is once embarked in a pursuit, it should, I think, be a strong motive to induce him to change it. Consider, too, that even I have my vexations. \* \* \*

"Nor are my labours as a clergyman such as to make me find it altogether play. Do not think, however, that I fancy myself any thing but what I am, in truth, a prosperous man, who has unremitted causes of gratitude, and whose principal apprehension ought to be that he has a greater share of earthly happiness than he knows how to manage. I only mention these little drawbacks to remind you of the *novel* remark of our friend B——, 'Ah, Mr. Thornton, perfect happiness is not the lot of man!' That you may have as much as is good for your eternal interests, and that my gratitude may increase daily for the great share of quiet and prosperity with which I am blessed, is my earnest prayer, and I think I may add, my hope.

"Ever your's affectionately,

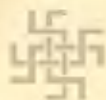
"REGINALD HEBER."

*To E. D. Davenport, Esq.*

*Hodnet Rectory, February 16, 1811.*

"DEAR DAVENPORT,

"\* \* \* I do not accompany my wife to the Dashwoods, as I am most completely occupied at home at present; but intend to meet her at Catton on the 4th of March, which



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will, I hope, be no inconvenient time for your joining us there; an event to which I earnestly look forwards, as well as to your giving us a week or two at Hodnet in the course of the spring.

"I am, you know, no sportsman; and that '*vervecum patria*,' Leicestershire is, therefore, not likely to have many charms for me. Heber is in town, but is to return next week, and to pass the greater part of the spring at home. The Bailli<sup>1</sup> is well. Have you seen Southey's last poem, in which he, the Bailli, makes a very conspicuous figure, with the addition of a few hundred arms and heads? Seriously, however, the 'Curse of Kehama' is, on the whole, the finest thing which Southey has yet produced, and will, I think, please you greatly. (I have desired Emily to take the volume in the carriage with her on her present visit.) He particularly excels in the representation of a loud and powerful noise; and his descriptions of nuptial rejoicings and of the bellowing of fiends, are perhaps two of the most clamorous and sonorous pieces of poetry in the English language. How do you go on with your house?—mine yet remains in *posse*; nor have I received a single line from Harrison since, according to your description, he took my measure for it. I hardly know whether this will find you in Cheshire; but, as the safest course, I direct to Capesthorpe. \*

\* \* \* \*

"Believe me, dear Davenport,

"Ever your's most truly,

"REGINALD HEBER."

*To R. J. Wilmot, Esq.*

*Hodnet Rectory, May 18, 1811.*

"You have in your kind letter paid me two compliments which I very ill deserve; the first, in attributing to me the review of 'Kehama,' which is in truth by Scott; the other, in taking it for granted that I should answer your letter civilly; which, on

<sup>1</sup> "The Bailli Thomasi," was a name given by Mr. Davenport to Mr. R. Heber's younger brother Thomas.

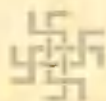


looking at its date, and observing how long a time has elapsed since I derived my first amusement from it, I fear you will have been inclined before this to retract. I have, to say the truth, had the most perplexing and the least satisfactory job on my hands, for several weeks past, which I was embarked in since I translated Spectators into Latin for missing Chapel at Brazen Nose. It has been the licking my peculiar ideas on Pindar's style, into the form of a short article for the Quarterly, purporting to be a review of the obscure translations of Pindar which appeared about a year ago; but in fact intended, as you suggested, to introduce one of my own attempts which I have subjoined to the article. It is, at present a short review, though I had at one time such an influx of matter, that I began to fear I should have exceeded my limits; and I have, in consequence, abridged at such a rate, that I am now in the other extreme, and fear I have hardly supported my assertions sufficiently. I am still by no means sure that it will be inserted. Gifford liked the idea when I first suggested it, and even entered into it with eagerness; but it is not impossible that, on seeing the length of the specimen, (the first Olympic ode) he may object to it as unusual, and, in a review, an imprudent precedent<sup>1</sup>. This, with laying schemes for a Lancasterian school in Hodnet, and a fruitless attempt to reform the psalmody, have, added to my usual fagging, pretty much engrossed me. At least I have a better reason to plead for silence than the Cambridge man, who, on being asked 'in what pursuit he was then engaged,' replied, 'that he was diligently employed in suffering his hair to grow.' \* \*

\* \* \* Have you any idea of going to the Duke of Gloucester's installation? Not that I have the smallest; but I should like to hear a good account of it, as compared with the same sort of puppet-show at Oxford.

"Now relating to our Edinburgh excursion, '*ita me Dii Deæque perdant, ut quid scribam vobis aut quid plane non scribam, haud scio.*' I am in daily expectation of the estimate for my new

<sup>1</sup> The article appeared in the Quarterly Review for 1811, and the translations were afterwards re-published with other poems.—Ed.



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house, which will be begun, as far at least as the foundation, the autumn of this present year; and on the amount of this estimate, and on my consequent riches or poverty, my locomotive powers will exclusively depend. When this is ascertained I can give you a positive answer. In the mean time Heber recommends a tour in Scotland strongly; but considers a continued residence in Edinburgh as neither sufficiently pleasant nor profitable to make it *tanti*.

*	*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*	*

If, however, we effect a meeting in the summer, we can, as Sir Roger de Coverly observed, talk over these matters more at ease.

“ Ever your's most truly,

“ REGINALD HEBER.”

Of the Duke of Gloucester's installation at Cambridge, in the summer of 1812, he thus writes to the editor: “ I was so hurried yesterday, that I had no time to tell you of my arrival. \* \* \* The installation fell short of even the annual splendour of Oxford; but the Duke made a very graceful speech, and afterwards entertained no less than a thousand persons in the cloisters of Trinity, which was certainly the finest sight of the kind I ever saw. The cloisters round the court were laid with tables; the dinner was excellent, with good wine; the grass-plot in the middle was occupied by a splendid military band, and a great many ladies; which, with the dresses of the doctors and masters, formed a glorious *coup d'œil*. The evening concluded with fire-works and a good supper. All this was done at the Duke's expence; few chancellors would have liked to pay so great a price for their honours<sup>1</sup>. ”

Soon after Mr. Reginald Heber's marriage, he began to write a series of hymns which have lately been published, and some of

<sup>1</sup> On this occasion Mr. Reginald Heber was introduced to Dr. Clarke, in whose “ Travels in Russia ” several notes from his MS. Journal had appeared.



which first made their appearance in the "Christian Observer," in 1811 and 12, with the following prefatory notice.

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"The following hymns are part of an intended series, appropriate to the Sundays and principal holydays of the year, connected in some degree with their particular Collects and Gospels, and designed to be sung between the Nicene Creed and the sermon. The effect of an arrangement of this kind, though only partially adopted, is very striking in the Romish liturgy; and its place should seem to be imperfectly supplied by a few verses of the Psalms, entirely unconnected with the peculiar devotions of the day, and selected at the discretion of a clerk or organist. On the merits of the present imperfect essays, the author is unaffectedly diffident; and as his labours are intended for the use of his own congregation, he will be thankful for any suggestion which may advance or correct them. In one respect, at least, he hopes the following poems will not be found reprehensible; no fulsome or indecorous language has been knowingly adopted; no erotic addresses to Him whom no unclean lips can approach; no allegory, ill understood and worse applied. It is not enough, in his opinion, to object to such expressions that they are fanatical; they are positively profane. When our Saviour was on earth, and in great humility conversant with mankind; when He sat at the table, and washed the feet, and healed the diseases of His creatures; yet did not His disciples give Him any more familiar name than *Master* or *Lord*. And now, at the right-hand of His Father's majesty, shall we address Him with ditties of embraces and passion, or in language which it would be disgraceful in an earthly sovereign to endure? Such expressions, it is said, are taken from Scripture; but even if the original application, which is often doubtful, were clearly and unequivocally ascertained, yet, though the collective Christian Church may be very properly personified as the spouse of Christ, an application of such language to Christian believers is as dangerous as it is absurd and unauthorized. Nor is it going too far to assert, that the brutalities of a common swearer can hardly bring religion into more sure contempt, or more scandalously profane the Name which



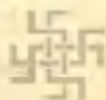
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is above every name in Heaven and earth, than certain epithets applied to Christ in some of our popular collections of religious poetry."

The greater number of these hymns were composed for particular tunes. Without being musical, Mr. Reginald Heber's ear was accurate; and he had a remarkable talent for adapting poetry to any tune which he chanced to hear. In 1812, he commenced a "Dictionary of the Bible," which continued to be one of his favourite employments during his residence in England; and to which he always returned with ardour when not engaged in more urgent avocations. In the same year he also published a small volume of poems, which, besides those already well known to the public, contained translations of Pindar, and a few pieces written on various occasions. Although he had, in a great measure, laid aside a pursuit to which both his inclination and talent disposed him, yet in moments of recreation, or at the request of a friend, he would prove that his "right hand had not forgot her cunning." About this time he began the poem on the Morte d'Arthur, now given at the conclusion of these volumes, in which he made considerable progress, but which was interrupted and finally suspended by higher occupations. He was particularly fond of Scotch and Welsh music; the following stanzas were repeated on hearing an intimate friend hum a Scotch tune; and the songs which follow were written to Welsh airs.

I love the harp with silver sound,  
That rings the festal hall around;  
But sweetest of all  
The strains which fall,  
When twilight mirth with song is crown'd.

I love the bugle's warbling swell,  
When echo answers from her cell;  
But sweeter to me,  
When I list to *thee*,  
Who wak'st the northern lay so well.





## THE RISING OF THE SUN.

Wake ! wake ! wake to the hunting !  
 Wake ye, wake ! the morning is nigh !  
     Chilly the breezes blow  
     Up from the sea below,  
 Chilly the twilight creeps over the sky !  
     Mark how fast the stars are fading !  
     Mark how wide the dawn is spreading !  
     Many a fallow deer  
     Feeds in the forest near ;  
 Now is no time on the heather to lie !

Rise, rise ! look on the ocean !  
 Rise ye, rise, and look on the sky !  
     Softly the vapours sweep  
     Over the level deep,  
 Softly the mists on the water-fall lie !  
     In the cloud red tints are glowing,  
     On the hill the black cock's crowing ;  
     And through the welkin red,  
     See where he lifts his head,  
 (Forth to the hunting !) The sun's riding high !

The moon in silent brightness  
     Rides o'er the mountain brow,  
 The mist in fleecy whiteness  
     Has clad the vale below ;  
 Above the woodbine bow'r  
     Dark waves our trysting-tree ;  
 It is, it is the hour,  
     Oh come, my love, to me !

The dews of night have wet me,  
     While wand'ring loneliness ;  
 Thy father's hands beset me—  
     I only fear'd for thee.  
 I crept beneath thy tower,  
     I climb'd the ivy tree ;  
 And blessed be the hour  
     That brings my love to me.



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I left my chosen numbers  
In yonder copse below,  
Each warrior lightly slumbers  
His hand upon his bow ;  
From forth a tyrant's power  
They wait to set thee free ;  
It is, it is the hour,—  
Oh come, my love, to me !

But his pursuits of every kind were now interrupted by the return of a cutaneous disorder, originally brought on by exposure to the night air in an open carriage during his journey through the Crimea, and which had never been entirely eradicated. He tried the waters of Harrogate, and a variety of other remedies, without any but temporary relief; and at last was only cured by warm sea-bathing, and a long course of mercurial medicines. To this painful and distressing illness, which he bore with his natural cheerfulness, frequent allusions are made in his letters.

The house which Mr. Reginald Heber found on his living was small and inconvenient, and so much out of repair, that it was necessary to build a new one on a different part of the glebe. In 1812 the old rectory-house was pulled down, and during the next two years he resided at Moreton, a perpetual curacy and a chapel of ease to Hodnet.





## CHAPTER XII.

*Publication of Mr. Reginald Heber's poems—Letter on the death of Lieutenant R. J. Shipley—Letter on the Russian navy—Illness—Letter on lay-baptism—War in Russia—Moscow—Lucien Buonaparte's "Charlemagne"—Remarks on Sir William Drummond's "Œdipus Judaicus"—Madame de Stael—"L'Allemagne"—Bible Society—Wilkins' "Siege of Jerusalem"—Letter on the languages of the North of Europe—Death of Colonel Hill—"History of the Cossaks."*

*To John Thornton, Esq.*

*Hodnet Rectory, March 17, 1812.*

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"OUR journey to Harrogate will take place, I expect, about the latter end of April; it is a very pleasant circumstance for us that the Wilmots are going there about the same time.

"What time I have been able to spare has been chiefly devoted to preparing for the press a collected edition of all my poems, on which Longman and Rees have stimulated me to venture; hoping, perhaps, that Dr. Crotch's music<sup>1</sup>, which you have seen advertised, may tend to revive the vogue of the poem he has made use of.

"Soon after the 25th of this month we are to leave our present old house, the materials of which are to be applied to the new building, and to take shelter in the parsonage at Moreton for two years. The change, in point of goodness of mansion, is considerably for the better, and we are still within Hodnet parish, properly so called, of which Moreton is a dependent member.

<sup>1</sup> "Palestine" was set to music, as an Oratorio, by Dr. Crotch, about this time.—ED.



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“ Both the crown Prince of Denmark and the ——— seem inclined to give their old friends a practical comment on the text in Scripture, forbidding us to put trust in them. Henceforth I should recommend all political prophets to fortify their opinions by the salvo of Tiresias :

“ ‘ O Laertiadæ ! quicquid dico, aut erit, aut non.’ ”

*To R. J. Wilmot, Esq.*

*Harrogate, June 10, 1812.*

“ We are now very snugly established in lodgings in High Harrogate, which continues as empty as possible. The great P—— is still president at the Crown, though he has been so bilious that the necessity of a regency was apprehended.

“ We had a very pleasant round by Ripon and York, seeing the various lions in and near each, such as Fountain’s Abbey, Newby, and Castle Howard. Yesterday we went to Bolton Priory, which I do not think you mentioned having seen, but which is ‘ past all peradventure,’ as Master Fuller writes ; the thing most worth seeing in the neighbourhood, and which struck us more, as nothing can be more dreary and barren than the surrounding country, and the woods and waterfalls burst on us completely by surprise. Emily drinks the chalybeate a *l’envi*, and is improving visibly in health. I, too, begin to have better hopes of myself than formerly, as, though far from well, my disorder certainly loses ground. Emily is a complete missionary of mnemonics, and has established a little, but thriving society of converts and neophytes at Ripon, where, however, are some who rebel.

“ King Arthur has made pretty considerable progress in another canto, which is to be much fuller of moralization than the former.

“ To speak of politics to you, would be carrying coals to Newcastle ; so I shall only express my concern at the strange chaos which at this moment perplexes all firesides, from the parson’s to the privy-counsellor’s. \* \* \* \*



“ You have, I conclude, got acquainted with your cousin, Lord Byron, of whom, I entreat you by your father’s beard and your own right hand, to send me a full and impartial account.

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\* \* \* \* \*

“ Ever your’s faithfully,  
“ REGINALD HEBER.”

*To Mrs. C. L. Shipley.*

*Moreton, July, 1812.*

“ Emily has borne the shock of the sad event announced in your letter, quite as well as I could have expected. Poor thing! she had not even the advantage of having her loss gradually broken to her, as she came unexpectedly into my room while I was reading the letter, and immediately anticipated its contents, as her alarms had been excited some days before, by accounts of the yellow fever in the West Indies. \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \* Emily, herself, is, I think, the greatest sufferer of the family, as from parity of age and other circumstances, her affection to John<sup>1</sup> was, perhaps, strongest. \* \* \* Indeed her loss is very heavy. Little as I myself had seen of her brother, I never, on so short an acquaintance, was disposed to like a young man so much. Not only were his talents, temper, and manners every thing that was most promising and pleasing, but there was a guilelessness about his character, joined with a steadiness of principle, and a freedom, apparently at least, from most of the common vices of a young man, such as I have very seldom met with. These latter traits, however, though they make the loss more heavy, afford the best comfort under it.

“ I pity the poor Dean greatly. God knows what we wish for when we wish for children. Farewell, God bless and comfort you all.

“ Your’s truly,  
“ REGINALD HEBER.”

<sup>1</sup> Robert John Shipley, fifth and youngest son of the Dean of St. Asaph, a Lieutenant in the Royal Artillery, who died of the yellow fever in the West Indies, 1812.



*To R. W. Hay, Esq.**Moreton, 1812.*

“DEAR HAY,

“I feel truly gratified by your kind letter and recollection of me, and am sorry that I can send you no satisfactory answer respecting the Russian navy at Cherson and Nicolaef. I had taken some memoranda respecting both these places, but since Dr. Clarke has selected from my journals whatever he thought most curious, my papers have been so much dispersed, that I am altogether at a loss to know how to recur to any part of them. The time since I received your letter has been spent in endeavouring to recover some facts, but there are none on which I can rely. At Cherson they were building two ships, one of 60, the other of 36 or 38 guns, which were then very little advanced beyond the keels. I think, but am not positive, that there were no vessels in a sea-worthy state, except some of the small craft used in the Black Sea of four or six guns, and a large latteen sail.

“At Nicolaef there was very little appearance of activity in the dock-yards, as far as building was concerned; but a great show of stores, great at least to an inexperienced eye; three sail of the line, I think, were in the harbour, but apparently as well stricken in years as those at Sebastopol. Next to being able to give information oneself is telling where it can be got; and I recollect an intelligent young Englishman whom I met at Cherson, with the consul Yeames, who was very well-informed as to the sea-ports in the south of Russia. He has since been clerk in Thornton's house; and by his means Thornton was enabled to offer some very curious information respecting the then state of Russian commerce to Dr. Clarke, who for some reason did not, I believe, make use of it. From him you may obtain more satisfactory intelligence as to the two arsenals which are the objects of your enquiry.

“I had the pleasure of being introduced this summer at Harrogate to your uncle, Dr. ———, and heard with great satis-



faction from him that you were well, and, what I know is necessary to your happiness, that you were active. It is, alas, almost a hopeless thing to ask you to visit a remote situation in Shropshire; but if such an excursion should fall within the compass of probability, I need not say how happy I should feel in renewing our Oxford and Russian colloquies over my rectory fire. You have ranged far and wide since we last met; the extent of my excursions meantime has been little more than that of an artichoke, between the garden and the fire-side. My German reading, which I have kept up with some care, is the only thing which continues to connect me with the scenes of my former rambling.

“ Believe me, dear Hay,

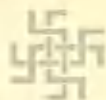
“ Ever your's most truly,

“ REGINALD HEBER.”

*To R. J. Wilmot, Esq.*

*Moreton, August 2, 1812.*

“ Writing has been for a fortnight back a service of some pain and difficulty to me. If you ever fell in with Costigan's Travels in Portugal, you need not be informed of the high military station held by Saint Anthony, who was in those days Colonel of the First Regiment of Guards, and held the rank of Field Marshal of the forces. Just such a military Saint Anthony has kept up the hottest fire ever witnessed on this side the Douro on my right-wing; and though, in the first instance, repelled by copious lotions of goulard and water, has repeated his attack a second time, and is now a second time defeated. The enemy being expelled, the civil powers have resumed their functions, and this is almost the first exertion since the second siege. This aggression of the saint's is more unprovoked and unexpected, as it has no necessary connection with my former complaint, any more than as the irritable state of my skin makes me more liable to such affections than I otherwise should be. It has too, I think, had an unfavourable influence on my original enemy, which still maintains a sort of guerilla warfare, and by too evident tokens gives me to understand that it has



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by no means yielded to the boasted waters of Yorkshire. There are those who assure me, that in the neighbourhood of Wellington, in this county, is a well of more efficacious stench and ill taste than even that we lately imbibed together. \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

Darwin still maintains the curability of my disorder ; and even in this last visitation, the severest to which I have ever been exposed, I have ample reason for gratitude to Providence ; had the erysipelas attacked my legs, it is probable, from the irritable state of the skin, that I should have been lame for many months ; and if my head had been assailed with equal violence, my wife's affectionate care of her sick husband, would have, possibly, ere this been brought to a conclusion.

" I am glad to hear you have settled yourself comfortably in London. I know not whether the scenes of bustle which you are now in all probability witnessing, have a tendency to increase or diminish your parliamentary ardour ; if indeed a seat in parliament be an object of so great importance to those who enter it with no intention of speaking, how much more will it be to one who regards it as an honourable career, and who looks to an interminable vista of other pursuits ? \* \* \*

" My paper is at an end, though not what I had to say. How garrulous is complaint ! I have, I find, taken up two-thirds of my sheet with the narrative of my own illness, a subject which might require an apology, did I not know the friendly interest which you take in my existence such as it is."

The following letter was written, but never sent, to the editor of a periodical work, who had published some animadversions on an article on lay baptism, which appeared in the Quarterly Review for March, 1812.

" Mr. EDITOR,

" I have no pretensions to set myself up as moderator between the Quarterly Review, and the gentleman, who, in your



miscellany for July, has offered some pretty severe strictures on their assertions concerning lay baptism. But, as I verily believe that the general principles on which that review is conducted, are deserving of the praise which your correspondent liberally bestows on them, I am anxious to suggest some reasons which may, perhaps, induce him to think that, even in the question where their decision has offended him, they are not so much at variance as he supposes, either with the common practice of the Christian Church, or the doctrines and ritual of the Church of England. I am anxious to do this, because I willingly give your correspondent credit for the same attachment to our religious establishment, which he allows to the Quarterly reviewers; and because the present time is one which makes it peculiarly desirable, that no mutual suspicion or jealousy should exist between those who are, in all essential points, like-minded.

“1st. The Quarterly reviewer has not, in any instance that I am aware of, attempted to *justify* lay baptism, or the assumption (in ordinary cases at least) of a power to dispense this Sacrament by any but persons episcopally ordained. All for which he contends, so far as I understand him, is this, that ‘*quod fieri non debet, factum valet*,’ and that, though the person baptizing may himself be guilty of usurpation and schism, the person baptized with water in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, may still be regarded as a partaker in the privileges of Christianity, and consequently entitled to receive the Eucharist, to be admitted to Christian burial, and all other rites of the Catholic Church. The reviewer cannot, therefore, be said to extenuate the danger of schism, by maintaining that the deficiency of the instrument does not impair the efficacy of the Sacramental grace, any more than the Church of England, and the great body of protestant divines, can be said to extenuate the danger of sin, by maintaining, against the Romanists, that the same Sacramental grace is not impaired by the unworthiness of the priest officiating.

“2ndly. That this is the usual doctrine of the several Churches of the continent, your correspondent is probably aware.



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He himself admits that the Church of Rome goes still further ; and not only recognizes the validity of baptism administered by laymen, or by women in cases of necessity, but admits of it as a legal and usual practice. Nor does he seem to have considered that the uniform decision of a sect, embracing so large a proportion of the Christian world, and which, however corrupt, is admitted by those who most differ from her, to be a true Church of Christ, is, in all doubtful questions, of no inconsiderable authority; while, from the known disposition of the Romish Clergy to advance, as far as possible, the sacred character of the priesthood, a presumption will always lie against every doctrine which tends to carry the exclusive privileges of the sacerdotal office to an extent which the See of Rome has not claimed.

“ 3dly. The Church of Rome does not, in this respect, stand alone. The Greek Church, that of Russia, the Armenian, and all the eastern Christians of whose tenets I know any thing, (though they generally *discourage* lay baptism, and many of them consider it as sinful in the agent) allow it to be valid in the recipient, provided the forms which they regard as essential are duly complied with. Their ordinary rule is, that the rite ought not to be thus performed, except in cases of absolute necessity ; but that when performed, it need not, and may not be repeated. With them the Lutherans agree ; so that the Calvinists alone remain, who, I readily concede, are, after the authority of Calvin himself, and Beza, of the same opinion with your correspondent, and opposed, as they are in many other particulars, to the general faith and practice of the Christian world.

“ 4thly. I apprehend that not only the modern, but the ancient practice and weight of authority, are decidedly in favour of the reviewer. I do not say, nor does the reviewer say, that the administration of baptism by laymen was sanctioned, in ordinary cases, by the primitive Church, inasmuch as, in the beginning, neither deacons, nor even priests, were suffered to baptize without some additional authority from the bishop, or a visible and urgent necessity. But it may be safely maintained that a great propor-



tion of the principal Fathers admitted of lay baptism, in cases of similar necessity ; and that almost all, even of those who disapproved of the practice, allowed the rite to be efficacious. Tertulian de Baptismo, Op. p. 231. Ed. Rigalt, admits expressly not only its validity but its legality, though he dissuades from the practice, as fruitful of emulation and schism. St. Jerome, Dial. adversus Luciferianos, Op. T. 2. p. 96. Ed. Francfurt, 1684, is of the same opinion, and speaks of the practice as recognised and not uncommon. St. Augustin, in two dialogues preserved by Gratian, expresses himself similarly ; and in his second book against Parmenianus, he observes that ‘ *si necessitas urgeat, aut nullum aut veniale delictum est.*’

“ I have not now time nor access to books, or it would be no difficult matter to multiply authorities. If it be urged, as Wheatley has done, that the great men whom I have quoted spoke only their own opinion, not that of the Church ; it may be answered, that, in very many points, we have no other way of learning the opinion of the ancient Church but through those whom that Church most honoured. But the fact is, that the council of Eliberis absolutely permitted the exercise of this rite to any believing layman, not a bigamist. And the bishop and clergy of the Alexandrine Church even went so far as to admit as valid the baptism of certain children, whom the great Athanasius, when himself a boy, had, in idle and most culpable imitation of a religious ceremony, sprinkled with water in the name of the Blessed Trinity. The story is told by Socrates, Sozomen and Ruffinus, and is received by the great majority of learned men as a genuine part of their histories.

“ 5thly. The words of St. Chrysostom, which are generally urged on the opposite side, if they are understood as absolute, and condemning all such baptism without exception, will go too far, inasmuch as he excludes deacons from the office, as well, and as strongly, as laymen. De Sacerdot. lib. iii. chap. v. And that deacons were ordinarily thus excluded in ancient times is a known fact. But, in cases of necessity, he elsewhere allows of the deacon



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baptizing; and it is apparent, therefore, that his general rule was not to be understood without occasional relaxation.

“Of the most distinguished ancients, there remain, therefore, only Basil, and Cyprian as quoted by him, who maintained the necessity of re-baptizing, not only those who had received that Sacrament from lay hands, but those who were initiated by heretical priests and bishops, a conclusion plainly at variance with the general sense of the Church.

“6thly. Nor, if lay-baptism be once allowed as valid, can the schism of the administrator vitiate it. The whole force of the opposition rests in the argument, that a man cannot give what he has not himself. But the right of baptizing, if it were ever possessed, is certainly not taken away by the sinfulness of the party; and it follows that, however the Fathers to whom I have referred, might condemn the usurpation of our dissenting teachers, they could not, in consistency, deny their baptism to be real, provided it were with the proper element, and in the words prescribed by Christ. If the usurpation of the agent could vitiate the act, the baptism of Athanasius’ playfellows must have been repeated.

“7thly. That the Church of England forbids, without exception, all lay-baptism, I admit. I admit that it is an indulgence which any national Church may grant or withhold; and, in the peculiar circumstances of our own Church, I think she has done most wisely. But I have too little respect for Wheatley to follow implicitly a scholar so shallow, and a guide, in many respects, so dangerous, even in points relating to mere rituals; nor can I forget that in *condemning* the act, the Church does not necessarily *invalidate* it. I am sure that the practice and authority of the Church has been always contrary to Wheatley’s statement. I know of no clergymen, except the Wesleys, who have refused the Eucharist to persons who, having been baptized in a dissenting communion, have afterwards come over to the Church; and your correspondent may recollect, that their practice in this particular was condemned both by Gibson, bishop of London, and by Archbishop Potter. The German Lutheran clergy are as absolutely without episcopal



ordination ; and, therefore, in the view of an episcopal Church, as merely laymen as the dissenting teachers in our own country. Yet, who ever maintained that King George the First, or the successive queens of this country, were not members of the Christian Church ? Or who has blamed the venerable Societies for the Propagation of the Gospel, and Promotion of Christian Knowledge for recognizing not only the baptism, but the ordination of Lutheran superintendants and elders, and employing as missionaries and as dispensers of the Sacrament, those who, if your correspondent were correct, are not entitled to receive the Eucharist themselves ? Bishop Butler and Archbishop Secker were both baptized by dissenters. Was it thought necessary to re-baptize them ? Was Archbishop Whitgift wrong when he maintained that ‘ the lyfe of baptisme is to baptize in the name of the Father, the Sonne, and the Holy Ghoste ; which forme being observed, the Sacrament remaineth in full force and strength of whomsoever it be administered ? ’ Were Bishop Bilson, Archbishop Abbot, and the ‘ judicious Hooker,’ and the learned Bingham, heretics in following his opinion ? Or, lastly, is it of no importance to the question, that the highest legal authority of our Church, the Court of Arches, has given a decision (December 11, 1809) exactly in conformity with these sentiments ? Your correspondent is, of course, at liberty to differ from all these. He has one illustrious name on his side, Jeremy Taylor, in his *Ductor Dubitantium* ; he has Dodwell, who would have been better authority had he been less fond of paradox ; and he has, I believe, the learned and highly respectable Archdeacon Daubeny. None of these, I am ready to allow, can be mentioned without deference ; and I do not vindicate the Quarterly reviewer for his hasty expressions, in ascribing the opinion which they have maintained to bigotry. But it is rather too much to say that ‘ this opinion is held by the Church of England ; ’ nor can I think the reviewer very wrong in asserting that the contrary doctrine is supported by the great majority of learning and authority among her members.”



*To E. D. Davenport, Esq.**Moreton, August 9th, 1812.*

“ DEAR DAVENPORT,

“ If you feel any inclination to escape for a few days from the seat of war in Cheshire, in which palatinate the interests of your father are, we are told, pretty secure, you may perhaps recollect how much pleasure your society will confer on a certain country rector, his wife and kindred, in a neighbouring county.

“ We are approached some little nearer to Calveley Hall than we were at Hodnet, and are much better housed and stabled. The *façade* of the house, indeed, is not to be looked at fasting, as you remember, without risque of the same nausea which was excited in Winkelman by seeing, after a long absence ‘ *les toits pyramidales*’ of Germany. The inside, however, is really convenient and comfortable; and compared with our former hovel, appears to us much more so. We are distant from you, *viâ* Dorfold and Shavington, about twenty-two miles as I should guess. \* \* \* \*

“ Wilmot has, perhaps, given you some account of our Harrogate campaign, which has, I hope, been of more service to him than it has to me. I have, indeed, been hardly my former self since I last saw you. You, I hope, have been always well and un-plagued by that sharp-toothed pledge of longevity, the gout.

“ Believe me, dear Davenport,

“ Ever your obliged friend,

“ REGINALD HEBER.”





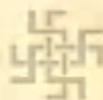
*To John Thornton Esq.**High Lake, Oct. 10th, 1812.*

“ MY DEAR FRIEND,

“ After four weeks sea-bathing, I am now about, to my great joy, to turn my face homewards. Though perhaps a little weakened by the quantity of mercury I have taken, I am on the whole better than I have been for a long time; and as far as one can judge from outward appearance, entirely recovered from my tormenting complaint; whether my present freedom will continue I know not; but I owe very great gratitude indeed to God for this relief, and for the continuance of my general health under a weakening course of medicines. We have not lost sight of the hope you so kindly held out of passing a few days with us in October; and I now write chiefly to remind you that October is arrived, and that we shall be at home again this day fortnight, for the rest of the year.

“ This year has been to me a year of wandering and non-residence; but I may safely say that neither the one nor the other has been from choice, nor prolonged a single day beyond the necessity imposed by my ill health.

“ We have all here been greatly surprised and shocked at the termination of the supposed victory of the Russians; yet, that Alexander has had the fortitude to abandon Moscow, and to adhere so long to the system of defence originally intended, is surely a good sign. I conclude the next line of defence will be the Volga between Yaroslav and Kostroma, by which means their communication with Petersburg will be preserved. Which of us could have believed, when we witnessed the wolf-hunt on those wide frozen waters, that the cuirassiers of France would ever let their horses drink there? For the fate of Moscow, I confess I feel very keenly; I cannot without sorrow fancy to myself any one of those wooden houses where we were so hospitably received, a prey to flames and military plunder, and I can even pity Latombelle's



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hotel, and the vile hovel of Mon. Makarof. I wonder whether Rouffe was one of the three thousand ruffians let loose from the prisons, or whether young V \* \* wore my stolen sword-belt in the first ranks at Borodino.

“ I feel a more real interest in asking whether your prospects are materially affected by this progress of the French. As I know from your former letters you anticipated even a still greater advance on their part, I flatter myself they are not ; and I trust that if the Russian armies still maintain a formidable front, their Scythian system of substituting extent of country for defensible features may, joined to the superiority one would think they possessed in light cavalry, compel the French to a final retreat. \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

If possible contrive to give us the pleasure of seeing you. I have always much to consult you about ; and it is now so long since we met that I wish for you more than ever.”

*To R. J. Wilmot, Esq.*

*Moreton, Nov. 12, 1812.*

“ \* \* \* Canning, you find, has got a retaining fee from Manchester as well as Liverpool. All these successes of his are wormwood to both whig and tory in this neighbourhood ; the one fearing the rival of the present ministers and the friend of the Catholics ; the other, the pupil of Mr. Pitt's. He has received a considerable accession of talent and reputation in Ward, who has now formally announced his intention of joining him ; and Worsely Holmes has, I understand, given the entire disposal of his boroughs (two or three seats he has) to Lord Wellesley.

“ While you are regretting not being a representative in the present parliament, you will laugh to find that I am one of the proctors nominated to my archdeaconry, out of whose number a representative is to be chosen for the clergy in convocation.



There was a time when this election was a matter of warm canvassing and active ambition; it is now only considered as the cause of a troublesome journey to Lichfield, and does not even, as I first fancied it might, exempt me from residence. \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

"I am strongly recommended by Heber to proceed in my 'Dictionaire Historique Critique,' without, however, giving up my Bampton lecture scheme, or Ganore. For the dictionary I am collecting the necessary books of reference; the principal of which is a collection of tracts on Scriptural antiquities, which I must endeavour to get from Italy, contained in thirty-four folio volumes; in the mean time I go on with paradigms of Arabic, &c.

"Ever your obliged friend,

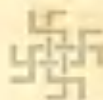
"REGINALD HEBER."

*To R. J. Wilmot, Esq.*

*Moreton, Dec. 5, 1812.*

" \* \* \* I received your packet last night, and I have not yet had time to examine either of its contents. \* \* It is a curious portrait which you give of Mr. Gyles; a theological work by an esquire is not common in these days of statistics and calculations, and I shall feel very anxious to see whether he is orthodox. I am a good deal vexed with Gifford; after I had toiled to get my Swedish review in time, he postponed it to another number<sup>1</sup>. Having at present only three great works on my hands, I have some thoughts of setting up 'the Drayton Quarterly, or Salopian Register,' in opposition; and shall request your contribution in politics, Dr. Butler's (of Shrewsbury) in Greek, Davenport's in Italian literature, and Tom Smythe in belles lettres and poetry. Has not the scheme a promising face? As to Russian politics, as my hopes never were so high as some of my neighbours', I am dis-

<sup>1</sup> "Last years of the reign of Gustavus Adolphus the Fourth, late king of Sweden."—*Quarterly Review*, 1812.



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posed to be very well contented with the disastrous retreat and loss of reputation experienced by Buonaparte. If he persist in trying another invasion, viâ Petersburg, he certainly will have no opportunity of advancing even a verst before Easter; and at whatever time he set out, the country in that direction is far better qualified for the Wellingtonian system of retreat, than that between Smolensk and Moscow; yet I do not doubt that the same alarms will be raised and believed, as were believed at the beginning of the campaign which is now at its close.

“Dr. Butler of Shrewsbury gives a most flaming account of Lucien Buonaparte’s poem, which he has read, and which he sets on the same parallel with Ariosto! Is not this a marvellous age in which we live? a poor parson like myself, who writes a dictionary and preaches a Bampton lecture, has no chance for notoriety among these *Deos Majorum Gentium*.”

*To John Thornton, Esq.*

*Moreton, December, 1812.*

“I certainly never expected our old Russian hosts would have made so good a fight, though I apprehend this uncommonly hard and early frost will materially assist the retreat of Buonaparte’s army, and that the reports of their being surrounded are decidedly premature. This has been on the whole a very singular campaign; in some respects it bears a slight resemblance to the inroad of Darius Hystaspes into the same country, when occupied by the Scythians; but it offers some still more striking points of comparison with the memorable invasion of Persia by Julian the Apostate. The only differences are, that there heat, here cold, has been the agent of destruction; and that the modern Julian has not yet met with his death wound. Apropos of Persia and Russia, I have been, at different times during the summer, projecting a half religious, half descriptive poem, to be called “The Desert,” giving an account of the wilder features of nature, as displayed in different latitudes. Much might be said about the steppes, which we



ourselves have traversed, and the fine woods of Oesterdal and Dovre; and Bruce affords some noble painting of the wilderness of tropical climates. One might, too, find Cossaks, Laplanders, Arabs, Mohawks and Israelites as moving objects in the picture in their several compartments, and describe the hand of Providence as displayed in the support and comfort of each. What will come of it I, as yet, hardly know. I have given up the translation of Klopstock's Messiah, from a real doubt how far we may venture to attribute to so awful a Being, at such a moment, words and actions of our own invention. My main project, however, and on which I work hard a part of every day, is a sort of critical dictionary of the Bible, which, if I ever finish it, will supply on an enlarged scale, the defects of Calmet; and even if I do not, makes me more and more familiar with those books which it should be the business of my life to study.

"I often wish for you here, and while I was ill I thought of you very often. I have much reason to be thankful for the excellent friends which, besides my own family, Heaven has blest me with; but I feel it as very unfortunate that the earliest of them is placed at such a distance from me.

"Ever your obliged friend,

"REGINALD HEBER."

*To R. J. Wilmot, Esq.*

*Moreton, March 16, 1813.*

"I was disappointed at not seeing your memory article in the present number of the Quarterly; Heber says, however, that it is at last in print and ready for the next. Owing to the misfortune of mislaying Thornton's letter, I had not, after all, my song ready for his father's Russian dinner; a piece of apparent negligence which has caused me much vexation, as I was, on my own account, ambitious of doing the thing well, and as my failure in performing my promise may well make him seriously angry. How often have I resolved to be more careful and circumspect in my dealings in



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future, and how often have I broken my resolution ! Seriously, I often fear when I am in low spirits, as is the case at this moment, that for want of steadiness, whatever I begin will never come to any good ; and now that your example (which certainly used to stimulate me) is taken out of the way, you will hear of me presently subsiding into your friend's description of a country magistrate, ' a ruminating animal busied about turnpike roads.' \* \*

*To John Thornton, Esq.*

*May, 1813.*

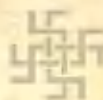
" I had hoped, my dear friend, to have been able in my present letter to promise myself the pleasure of soon seeing you and your family in London, as we had been for some months proposing such a jaunt this spring. The building, however, in which I am engaged, and my other expences, ordinary and extraordinary, unite to condemn us to one year more of retirement. It is, in fact, a problem, which my building expences by no means entirely solve, how it happens, that with no expensive habit that I know of in either of us, and with an income beyond even our wishes, we have never succeeded in having that best sort of abundance which arises from living within one's income. Partly this arises, I believe, from the habits of Shropshire, where the expence of a servants' hall is considerably more than that of the parlour, and partly from my own habits of heedlessness, which I fear I am not likely to get the better of.

" It is very foolish, perhaps ; but I own I sometimes think that I am not thrown into that situation of life for which I am best qualified. I am in a sort of half-way station, between a parson and a squire ; condemned, in spite of myself, to attend to the duties of the latter, while yet I neither do nor can attend to them sufficiently ; nor am I quite sure that even my literary habits are well-suited to the situation of a country clergyman. I have sometimes felt an unwillingness in quitting my books for the care of my parish ; and have been tempted to fancy that, as my studies are Scrip-



tural, I was not neglecting my duty. Yet I must not, and cannot, deceive myself; the duties which I am paid to execute, have certainly the first claim on my attention; and while other pursuits are my amusement, these are properly my calling. Probably, had I not been a scholar, other pursuits, or other amusements, would have stepped in, and I should have been exposed to equal or greater temptations; but, I confess, when I consider how much I might have done, and how little, comparatively, I have done in my parish, I sometimes am inclined to think that a fondness for study is an unfortunate predilection for one who is the pastor of so many people. The improvement of my parish does not correspond to those pleasant dreams with which I entered on my office. My neighbours profess to esteem me; but an easy temper will, in this respect, go a great way. I write sermons, and have moderately good congregations; but not better than I had on first commencing my career. The schools, &c. which I projected, are all comparatively at a stand-still; and I am occasionally disposed to fancy that a man cannot attend to two pursuits at once, and that it will be at length necessary to burn my books, like the early converts to Christianity; and, since Providence has called me to a station which so many men regard with envy, to give my undivided attention to the duties which it requires.

“Wilmot, whom, next to yourself, I esteem and love most warmly, tells me that with method and a little resolution, I may arrange all that I have to do, so as that one pursuit shall not interfere with another. I wish I knew how, or that, knowing how, I had firmness to follow it. If you and your family would pass a part of your summer here, you might, like a college Visitor, correct what you found amiss; and you need not be told that I shall listen to no suggestions with so much readiness as yours. Possibly, for I will own that I am in a gloomy humour, I exaggerate circumstances; but a day seldom passes without my being more or less affected by them. On the whole, perhaps, such repinings at the imperfect manner in which our duties are performed, are necessary parts of our discipline, and such as we can never hope to get rid



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of. Do not, however, blame me for bestowing (as Dogberry says) all my tediousness upon you, but retaliate, when you have time, by a letter equally long, and equally egotistical.

“I conclude you have rubbed up all your Russian to converse with the Cossak; had he been the serjeant who accompanied us to Ecatherinodar, I should have been delighted to renew the acquaintance. Gifford, the Quarterly Reviewer, says all the world are Cossak-mad, and wants me to furnish him with a short article on the subject, for the next number of the Review. I have not yet begun it, and know not whether I shall have time. I had previously offered a review of Sir W. Drummond’s *Œdipus Judaicus*, a very wicked and foolish book, which its author has, in order to escape the reviewers, only circulated privately; on this account my offer was declined. D’Oyley, of Bennet college, has since answered him very well; and a third person, I know not who, has offered to review D’Oyley; so that I am able at present to attend pretty closely to my dictionary, and to the eastern languages and customs. The necessity of making weekly sermons I feel pretty heavily; but, alas! this preference of my amusements to my especial duties, is the very feeling of which I complained.

“I am aware that you are busy, and cannot write often; but when you know how much pleasure your letters give, you will, I am sure, occasionally send me one. God bless you!

“REGINALD HEBER.”

*To E. D. Davenport, Esq.*

*Tunbridge Wells, June 24th, 1813.*

“MY DEAR DAVENPORT,

“I was so hurried during my two days stay in town, that, however unwillingly, I was obliged to give up calling on you to learn your intentions respecting Tunbridge. We are now comfortably settled here, and find the place really very pretty, and, as we were told we should, quiet. The gaieties, however, such as they are, are now likely to commence, as this is the usual begin-



ning of their season. *Our gaiety* will certainly be much increased if you still persevere in your intention of coming here. There are at present *maintes* good lodgings to be had of all dimensions; we have a small house, which, like the other *ædes minorum gentium* at watering-places, is too small to enable us to offer you an apartment, though not too small to admit of our messing together. We shall stay here a month. If, during that time you think of coming down, we will, on due notice, get you lodgings, though we should rather recommend your coming to choose for yourself. Next door to us is a cottage, which I should, on many accounts, recommend, were it not that the situation, though very beautiful, is more retired than a man who comes to Tunbridge for a week or so to amuse himself, would perhaps wish; though for contrary reasons it suits us admirably. I have contrived to get a violent cold and defluxion in my eyes, or rather from them, which makes writing at present rather a duty than a pleasure. Fortunately, I have green woods and fields to look at, and shall therefore, I hope, soon be well.

“ Believe me my dear friend,

“ Ever truly your’s,

“ REGINALD HEBER.”

*To R. J. Wilmot, Esq.*

*Tunbridge Wells, July 13th, 1813.*

“ We have now been three weeks at Tunbridge, which is really a far prettier and more agreeable place than I expected, with less of gossip and the other distastes of a watering-place than generally make up our idea of such situations, and with a very shady and hilly neighbourhood, affording many interesting rides. I am the more inclined to like it since there is, at present, pretty strong appearance that our stay will be lengthened beyond the month which was originally talked of, as Emily has certainly profited by the experiment, and I apprehend her physician will, as usual, urge her to a longer trial. This circumstance



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alone would unfortunately discomfit all our hopes of being parties to the delightful plan which you mention in your last letter. There are indeed so many imperious calls, to me to hurry back, as soon as I am at liberty, into Shropshire, that from the first moment of receiving your very kind invitation to join your party, I hardly dared hope to do it. I have, it is true, still some time to spare out of the three months of absence which the law allows me from my living; and as my wife's health is concerned, might doubtless plead it as an excuse; but I cannot help feeling that conscience as well as law is to be attended to; and even so far as ambition is concerned, and the pursuit of my regular studies, I find that I have been already too long from home. Even here, however, my time has not been entirely lost, as by good fortune the circulating library has furnished me with Volney and other oriental travels, with which, though I was slightly versed in them before, I have seized the opportunity of being better acquainted, and have gained from them considerable accessions to my common-place book.

"You will be surprised to learn that I have had, since my arrival here, an offer of a prebendary of Durham in exchange for Hodnet. This is an exchange which, notwithstanding the difference of income, I should, on some accounts, be disposed to like; but as I believe that such a measure would neither be agreeable to my brothers, nor consistent with my regard for their interests, I declined it, reserving merely the power of applying to the person who made the offer, in case circumstances should induce me to change my mind. It is whimsical that when we were last talking about my ambitious views, I mentioned to you my liking for a prebendary of the sort which has now been thrown in my way.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Believe me, my dear friend,

"Ever your's truly,

"REGINALD HEBER."





*To John Thornton, Esq.**Moreton, August 9, 1813.*

“ We had the pleasure of getting safe and well to our parish last Saturday ; and I yesterday found myself restored to my usual scene of duties and interests, which I find considerably endeared to me by this temporary cessation. I was, I own, before our late excursion, growing listless, and almost discontented with my situation, and the little apparent good which my exertions brought about. I am now, I trust, cured ; at least I feel no small degree of my original sanguine disposition returning, and could even fancy that I was listened to with more attention yesterday than I attracted during the spring. This is, perhaps, mere fancy ; but the same feeling has thrown a sort of charm over many of the objects which had lost their value from my being accustomed to them ; and from my pulpit and my new building, down to the little domestic arrangements of my present habitation, and the ‘ *desiderato requiescere in lecto*,’ I find every thing more comfortable than when I left it. This stimulus to my spirits I owe to my late excursion ; and if this were all I should have reason to rejoice in it ; but it has, in other respects, caused both Emily and myself so much unmixed pleasure, that, even if her health is not improved, we are still gainers. We have seen more of you and your family than we have done since our marriage ; and I confess that I began to feel the long interval which had elapsed without our meeting as a serious vexation ; nor, indeed, is there any drawback to our present comforts but the distance at which we are thrown from some of our best friends. Next year, as we cannot get to you, I do hope you will come to us.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Madame de Staël, to whom we were introduced the day after we left Tunbridge, said a good thing on the style of London parties, which she called ‘ *une société aux coups de poing*.’ I told



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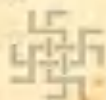
her R. G——'s idea of the female slave trade; but though she understood the mercantile part of the idea, I do not think she was sufficiently acquainted with the arrangements of a slave ship to feel the wit of the comparison, as to crowding, pressure, &c. We met her three times, and I had a good deal of conversation with her. She is so little different in appearance, manner, and general conversation from many foreign women, that I could have fancied myself once or twice talking to la folle Gargarin. She is, however, better mannered, and more feminine and sensible than that worthy personage, and I think you would like her. She is not handsome, but, certainly, not ugly for her time of life.

“ From town we started on Monday se’nnight ; \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \* we had good weather all the  
journey, and the satisfaction of seeing very promising crops in all  
the counties which we traversed.”

*To R. J. Wilmot, Esq.*

*Moreton, August 21, 1813.*

“ We set out homewards, viâ Oxford and Gloucester, the day after we dined with you, and arrived at Moreton after a prosperous tour of a fortnight, only breaking two springs of our gig by the way, and seeing the splendid Cathedrals of Gloucester, Tewkesbury, and Worcester; the deep and rapid river Severn, (which, like a cow’s tail, grows smaller the further it recedes from its source, being a noble stream at Bridgenorth, and a very paltry one at Gloucester and Tewksbury) together with all the usual lions of Colebrook Dale, which Emily had never visited before, and which I had not seen for so long a time that I enjoyed all the pleasure of novelty. Since our return we have been staying quietly at home, observing the small progress made during our absence in the finishing of our new house, and alternately elated and depressed with agrestic hopes and apprehensions, as the weather-glass has risen or sunk.





“ Our neighbours, the Hills, have been, of course, in great anxiety during the long interval of suspense between the first and second accounts of the late battle. Sir John’s four sons are, however, all safe. I felt very anxious on another account, as I could not help thinking, that if Lord Wellington had not beaten Soult very decidedly indeed, he must have been obliged to fall back to the Ebro, abandoning both Pamplona and St. Sebastian. At present there is nothing apparently to regret, except the heavy loss of lives. An intimate friend of Heber’s, James Stanhope, is among the wounded. Did you see Madame La Baronne ? \* \*

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“ Adieu ; be healthy, be prosperous, and do not forget me.

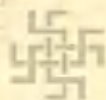
“ Heber tells me your article on memory is very generally well spoken of.”

*To R. J. Wilmot, Esq.*

*Moreton, September 14, 1813.*

“ MY DEAR WILMOT,

“ I have been too much occupied by a sermon for the Bible Society, which I had to preach at Shrewsbury, to think of any thing else ; so that I am grievously in arrear both to you and Gifford, whose Cossaks are still in mid-campaign, and making very little progress. For yourself, who have been dancing like a sun-beam on the wave, or refreshing your fancy with French novels, I apprehend you also have had little time for Madame La Baronne’s book, which, though eloquent, contains, I think, but little that is very new, except the daring forgery of Lady Jane Grey’s letter. What a strange fancy to make poor old Roger Ascham (whose name she cannot spell) the bearer of ‘ a box of poison strong ;’ or to make Lady Jane talk of the beauty of the



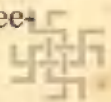
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prospect from the Tower garden ! It is still, however, a pretty letter, and is calculated to give one a very favourable idea of the character of its writer.

“ I have just met with a phenomenon which has considerably surprised me, in an epic poem on Gustavus Vasa, by an Eton boy of seventeen, named Walker. You will laugh at the idea, and so at first did I ; but on carelessly looking it over to enable me to answer the questions of the lady who lent it me, I have found so much skill in the construction of his verse, and so many passages of lively and powerful description, as give promise of something very good indeed hereafter. Many parts will not shrink from a comparison with Pope’s translation of the *Thebaid* at the same age. The story, as he has told it, is childish ; and there is, as might be expected, a boyish ambition of introducing celestial machinery, such as angels and the Supreme Being, which are not happily introduced, and are weapons too ponderous for him to manage ; but even this ambition, at his age, is no bad sign. I do not advise you to buy the book, but I do strenuously recommend your borrowing it, as it is really a curiosity. You, as an old Etonian, will probably be able to learn who the boy is, and whether he is thought clever in other respects.

“ What a disappointing result to our hopes on the continent ! I do not indeed apprehend that the fate of the campaign can entirely depend on this failure, though Berlin will be lost by it, as Buonaparte will now be enabled to detach so strong a corps against Bernadotte as to compell his retreat ; but how mortifying it is to think, that had Buonaparte’s return from Silesia been retarded a single day, he would have been in a state more disastrous than Peter the First at Pruth. And so the Austrians are again beaten by their old plan of extending their wings too much. ‘ Bray a fool in a mortar,’ saith Solomon, ‘ yet will not his folly depart from him.’

“ I envy you very much both your water-parties and your renewed intercourse with ———, whose society, from the little I have seen, and the much I have heard of him, must be very agree-





able. Do not, however, allow that philosophic indolence of which you talk, to seduce you. \* \* \* \*

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\* \* \* A merely theoretic life must inevitably grow tiresome in the long-run; and though there may be fatigue, and will be disappointment wherever there is ambition, yet its enjoyments are, I apprehend, keener than its regrets. Nor is this all; an active and busy man is not only happier, but better than an idle one. \* \* \* \*

God bless you!"

*To John Thornton, Esq.*

*Moreton, September 14, 1813.*

"The last bulletin from the continent has disappointed me sadly; not that, from the face of events, it appears to have at all decided the fate of the campaign; but because it is the failure of an enterprize which, if successful, would have reduced Buonaparte to greater straits than he has ever been before, and which, apparently, nothing but a rapid march of the guards from Silesia to Dresden has enabled him to avert. An ordinary general would, doubtless, have been undone; Buonaparte has turned this destruction on his ensnarers.

—— Woe to him! he hath laid his toils  
To take the antelope,  
The lion is come in!

"\* \* \* I preached a Bible Society sermon, on Sunday the 5th, at Shrewsbury, to a numerous and attentive, though not very liberal, congregation. The archdeacon, all the Evangelical and several of the other clergy, with a great body of squirearchy, as Cobbett calls them, form our society; there are some, also, of the old dissenters and baptists; but of the methodists, so few are subscribers that this last year only one name could be found of sufficient respectability to be placed on the committee. A few sensible men still continue



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to oppose us ; some of them were among my hearers, but whether I have converted them I do not know."

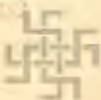
*To the Rev. George Wilkins.*

*Moreton, October 20, 1813.*

" MY DEAR SIR,

" I ought to apologize for keeping your manuscript<sup>1</sup> so long ; but as my engagements were, at the time of my receiving it, very numerous, and as I felt myself not so well versed in many parts of Josephus as I ought to be, I deferred undertaking its perusal till I had time to do it with real attention ; and till this deficiency on my own part should be remedied, or, at least, till I had refreshed my memory in the principal part of the high priest's narrative. You will observe that, according to my promise, I have read over your history with a very attentive and a tolerably severe eye ; and I can honestly assure you that I have not knowingly passed over any material fault or incorrectness either of fact or style. I have not been equally exact in noting such passages as I approved of, because every author is pretty well able to find out his own beauties ; and it is the most useful, though certainly the most ungracious part which a friend can take, to guard a young writer against whatever might lay him open to censure, or diminish the general effect of his book ; while, if I had marked my praise as well as blame in the margin, your manuscript would have been still more defaced than you at present behold it. I cannot hope that you will assent to all my alterations and erasures ; but I am sure that you will impute them to their real motive ; and also be sensible that if I had not thought your work worth some trouble I should not have been thus severe with it. The main faults which (though I have noted all the instances as they occurred to me) I think it right to mention in this place, are, the general

<sup>1</sup> Wilkins' History of the Siege of Jerusalem.





omission of the relative 'which' in your sentences, a habit which has of late become very common, but which is, nevertheless, slovenly, and in serious writing very improper. Secondly, the application of certain prophecies of the Old Testament to the final destruction of Jerusalem, of which it is far from certain that they do not relate to the previous calamity under Nebuchadnezzar. Thirdly, I would advise shorter applications and more details of the incidents mentioned by Josephus and others. There are other circumstances which I could not help noting down, and in which we differ, though I certainly do not consider them as *faults* in your work; I mean those circumstances in which you think more favourably of Titus than I do, and in which it is not only fair to differ, but you have most commentators and historians on your side. But I must protest against the argument in favour of his virtues, derived from the important commission which he had from God to fulfil. The King of Assyria had a similar commission; yet how the prophets exult in his fall, declaiming against his proud looks, and raising up hell to meet him. God, in fact, often makes use of the wicked to work His gracious purposes, blindly, and in their own despite; and all those tyrants of the earth, from Tiglath Pelesar to Buonaparte, have been first used as God's staff to chastize the nations, and then the staff has been thrown away.

"I have said all the evil of your book which I could; I must now, in justice, say something in its favour. It is pious, rational, and pleasingly written; when you have been warmed with your subject you have shown very considerable powers of description; and when it shall have received your further corrections, I have no doubt of its being both a useful and popular volume.

"I remain, dear Sir,

"Your's most truly,

"REGINALD HEBER."



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*To R. W. Hay, Esq.*

*Moreton, Nov. 20th, 1813.*

“ I was unwilling to answer your letter till I had been able to ascertain whether Heber possessed the book you mention, but can now say that unluckily we neither of us have it. I have not seen the book since I was at Petersburg. The following circumstances, if I remember rightly, he mentions. The Finnish language is oriental, and radically the same with the Hungarian, though differing more from it than English does from German. The Finns, Laplanders, and possibly the Greenlanders and Esquimaux are all of Mongolian race. The Finns are the earliest inhabitants with whom we are acquainted in the north of Russia; and are, perhaps, the red-haired nation living in wooden cities, mentioned by Herodotus as lying to the north of his Sarmatians. How they got the red hair, so different from their oriental ancestors, and from the black hair of the Laplanders, Greenlanders, and Samoieds, is not easy to say; probably by intermarriage with the Gothic tribes. In the days of Alfred (see Ohthere’s description of his voyage made by that monarch’s orders round the North Cape, published by Daines Barrington,) the Finns had a great city at Perm, with a female idol, all gilt, whom they worshipped; and they carried on an extensive trade with the Caspian, the people of Igur or Bukharia, and India, by means of the two rivers Volga and Petchora. Two Indians came to Alfred’s court by this channel; and it was the general way by which the lighter commodities of India, or at least of Samarcand, came to the north of Europe; exactly as we met the Bukharian venders of shawls and herons’ plumes in Petersburg. Karamsin, of Moscow, told me that the Finnish city of Perm was in alliance afterwards with the Hanse towns, and sent three hundred men to the aid of Novogorod against Ivan Vasilovitch; and Dr. Guthrie said that the Aurea Venus of Perm was mentioned by the Russian chronicles under the name of *Soliotta Baba*, ‘ the golden old woman.’ I wish this scanty information may be of any use to



you, as I fear the book of Professor Porltan is not to be met with in England. I have myself been sedulously hunting old Polish and Hungarian Chronicles to find out the origin of the Cossaks.

\* \* \* Did not we meet Skioldebrand one day at Vennerquist's, a stout tall officer full of *empfindung*?

"Our friend Gifford is a little unreasonable on busy men like you and me, who cannot be expected to give up so much time to articles for the Quarterly, as those who have less to do. B—— indeed is a case which may be urged against us; but he has acquired all his ideas, and has only to write them down; at our age we are obliged to read to enable us to write.

"Ever your's truly,

"REGINALD HEBER."

*To John Thornton, Esq.*

*Moreton, February, 1814.*

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"You have been but too truly informed respecting Colonel Hill's death, which, from its suddenness as well as the greatness of the loss, not only to his own family, but to the neighbourhood, in which he had many friends, and, I believe in my conscience, not a single enemy, has produced a greater and more general shock than any event of the kind which has fallen under my knowledge. I began a letter to announce the circumstance to you the day after it took place, and was so completely overset that I broke off in the middle. A wife, whose whole happiness was wrapt up in him; children at an age when a father's advice and authority are most necessary; an aged father, whose other sons having been wonderfully preserved in situations of more apparent danger, was little prepared to resign the one who remained at home, all make it a cup of deeper worldly sorrow than is usually allotted for any family to drink. His death was extremely sudden, since, though he had some time before had a tedious liver complaint, he was considered as quite recovered; and the inflammation



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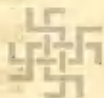
in his bowels, which carried him off, was only first perceived a week before his death, and was supposed to be overcome, till, within two days of the catastrophe, mortification was detected. He himself was one of the first sensible of his approaching end, and prepared for it, his friends assure me, with a Christian resignation and coolness, which few possess when thus suddenly called on. He retained his faculties to the last moment, which he employed in comforting his wife and father. \* \* \*

The funeral was private, but it was distinguished by very uncommon marks of grief, not only in the friends of the deceased, who were there, but among the tenants and the common people who were spectators. I saw, myself, several of the last shedding tears; a very unusual thing in persons to whom death-beds and funerals are so familiar."

*To R. J. Wilmot, Esq.*

*Moreton, Feb. 10, 1814.*

"I am much disappointed at your being prevented from coming here, as I have several things respecting which I want your advice and criticism. I shall, therefore, if I can with any degree of convenience, follow you to town during the spring as a bachelor; probably immediately after Easter. I have been for these three weeks busy at work on a volume of Cossak history, being the issue of my abortive endeavours to furnish an article for the Quarterly on that subject. I found that I had too many materials for an article, and, therefore, determined to have a book to myself. This I should like very much to show you; nay, it is necessary that I should show it to you before it makes its appearance, so that you may make up your mind to be plagued with it."





## CHAPTER XIII.

*Dissenters—Letter to a Roman Catholic—Allied Sovereigns at Paris—Review of Madame de Staël's "De l'Allemagne"—Letter from Madame de Staël—"Lara"—Mr. Reginald Heber's return to Hodnet—His mode of life—Anecdote—Correspondence with Mr. Rowland Hill—Preaches the Bampton Lectures—Letter from Lord Grenville—Controversy with Mr. Nolan—Remarks on Corn Bill—"Champion"—Distresses of the country—Eastern poetry.*

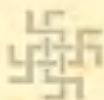
MR. REGINALD HEBER had the good fortune to find but few dissenters in his parish. There was one Wesleyan chapel, but the number who frequented it was small, and during the sixteen years of his ministry they did not increase. A short time before his removal to Moreton, a Roman Catholic married the daughter of one of his most respectable parishioners. He had often wished for an opportunity of endeavouring to convert this man, and when he heard that some superstitious ceremonies had been observed in his wife's apartment during her confinement, and that he had caused his new-born child to be baptized by a Roman Catholic clergyman, he wrote him the following letter.

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"MY DEAR NEIGHBOUR,

"During the few months of your residence in my parish, it has often been my wish to address you on the subject of religion; but the want of a proper opportunity, and my own unavoidable absence from Hodnet, on account of my health, during a great part of the time, have prevented my taking a step which, even now, perhaps, may seem unusual, and such as to demand an apology. Your absence from Church and the baptism of your



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child by a clergyman of the Church of Rome, were circumstances which, from my former knowledge of your family, could cause, of course, no surprise ; and you know, I trust, enough of my character not to suspect me of a disposition to quarrel with any man for worshipping the Blessed Trinity in the manner most agreeable to his conscience. Whatever may be your peculiar opinions I have no doubt that you are an honest man and a sincere believer. But, since I naturally feel the same regard for you which I feel for my other parishioners, the same desire to feed you with the bread of life, and the same earnest wish to amend whatever I believe to be wrong either in your opinions or practice, I trust you will not take unkindly the observations which I now offer, but that you will examine them with an attentive and impartial mind, as questions belonging to your eternal peace, and to your acceptance with God through Jesus Christ. And I am the more anxious that you should do so from my esteem for your wife, whose family is one of the most respectable in this parish, and whom, till lately, I have very seldom missed attending in her place at Church. If such arguments as I can offer should confirm her in the faith of her worthy parents, and induce you also to abandon those doctrines which now prevent your joining our Protestant worship, I shall indeed consider myself as most happy ; and I beg you to reflect that, at all events, to read and meditate on my arguments can do you no harm. If you are not convinced by them, you will be only where you were at first ; if you are convinced, I hope that nothing will prevent your forsaking opinions and practices which (forgive me for saying so) I cannot help thinking offensive to God and to Jesus Christ.

“ Both your Church and ours are, I believe, at the present day, agreed in regarding the Holy Scriptures as the best and only certain rule of faith or conduct. They contain the only accounts on which we can at all depend of the laws given by God to Moses ; of the Jewish kings and prophets ; of the birth of our Saviour, His miracles, His doctrines, and His death. God has given no laws to men which are not contained in the Sacred Volume ; nothing which is not grounded on Scripture can be necessary to be believed ;



nothing which is contrary to Scripture can safely be taught or practised. If then we prefer any human authority whatever to the written word of God, we fall under the heavy condemnation pronounced by Christ against the Pharisees, where He saith that they vainly sought Him, while they taught 'for doctrine the commandments of men;' and where He complains that they had rendered 'the commandments of God of none effect through their traditions.' It is then by the Bible, and the Bible only, not by traditions or by the authority of the ancient fathers, (though even these are by no means favourable to the modern Church of Rome) it is by the Bible that every doctrine is to be at last determined; and every Christian who can read is bound, so far as he has ability, to build his judgement on this foundation. Christ commanded the Jews to 'search the Scriptures.' The men of Berea are praised by St. Luke, in the Acts of the Apostles, for their diligent examination of the Sacred Volume: and I am sure that not even the clergy of your own Church, can or will find fault with you for examining whether my arguments are really confirmed by the law of Moses and the Gospel of Christ. The Church of England, both in doctrine and discipline, differs less from the Church of Rome than most other Protestant societies do; and there are many things in which, thank God, you and I are fully agreed. We both believe in the blessed Trinity, in the incarnation of Jesus Christ, His birth of a pure virgin, His wonderful life and painful death; and it is through the merits of that death that we both of us hope to enjoy a blessed eternity. I also, as well as you, believe in the Holy Catholic Church; for 'catholic' (as any of your learned divines will tell you) is a Greek word signifying 'universal' or 'general;' so that, by the Catholic Church we mean that society of faithful people all over the world, which is called by the name of Christ, and governed, according to the appointment of the Apostles, by bishops, priests, and deacons; and this we believe shall continue to the end of the world, though we do not believe with you, that the pope or bishop of Rome has any authority over others of the same degree. The Church of England also acknowledges the commu-



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nion of saints; for 'saint,' which is taken from a Latin word, signifying a holy person, is the same applied by St. Paul to all Christians in general; and their 'communion' (which is another Latin word, meaning fellowship or society) may be either taken for the holy Communion of Christ's body and blood, in which all Christians should partake; or else for that union of interests, that good will, that mutual help and comfort, which all should render to one another. We also believe, as well as you, in the resurrection of the body, the life everlasting, and all the other articles of the Apostles' Creed.

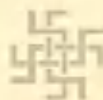
"There are, however, many things in which you differ from us; and those not things of trifling consequence, which a man may believe or disbelieve without endangering his soul; but things which must be either true or false, right or wrong; and which, if they are false, and contrary to the word of God, must, from their nature, be greatly displeasing to Him. Of these, the following are some of the most important.

"1st. We worship God in the language which we understand and usually speak; you, in your congregations, worship in Latin, whether you understand it or no. I shall, perhaps, be answered that there are some of your prayer-books in which directions are given in English to tell you when to kneel, and explanations of that which the priest is saying. That such are allowed, (for it is only of late years that they have been allowed,) is a proof of the gradual progress which truth is making among all classes of men; and is also a tacit confession on the part of your clergy, that our manner of worship is, on this point, more reasonable than their own. But for such as cannot obtain these books, and for the far greater number who cannot read, no provision can thus be made; and I appeal to yourself whether, in a congregation of Roman Catholics, by far the greatest number are not necessarily ignorant of the meaning of whatever is said or chaunted. Now I will not ask your clergy the reason, if any reason can be given, for so strange a practice. God surely understands all languages as well as Latin, and will hear our prayers which we offer, 'every man in his own tongue, wherein we



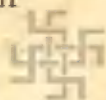
were born.' Nor will I ask the unlearned man how he can be sure that the priest is not abusing him to his face in an unknown tongue ; or how he can be said to join in a prayer, which he can neither pronounce nor understand. It is sufficient to observe, that this practice is directly contrary to the words of St. Paul in 1 Cor. xiv. 14. 'For,' saith he, 'if I pray in an unknown tongue, my spirit prayeth, but my understanding is unfruitful. What is it, then? I will pray with the spirit, and I will pray with the understanding also. I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also. Else, when thou shalt bless with the Spirit, how shall he that occupieth the room of the unlearned say Amen at thy giving of thanks? seeing he understandest not what thou sayest.' These are the words of an Apostle of Jesus Christ, a man inspired by the Holy Ghost. I leave you to judge which of our Churches, in this respect, conforms to his directions.

" 2dly. Another point in which we conceive the Church of Rome to have greatly departed from Apostolic purity, is the administration of the Lord's Supper. All the communicants with us receive both bread and wine ; with you the bread only is distributed to the people, and the priests reserve the wine to themselves. The reason, I believe, which is assigned for refusing the cup is, that it is unnecessary ; and this is grounded on the doctrine which is called 'transubstantiation,' or change of substance. That is, instead of supposing, as we do, the bread and wine to be symbols or representations of our Saviour's mangled body, and of His blood poured out for our salvation, your Church maintains that, after the words of the priest, the bread and wine subsist no longer, but are absolutely changed into the very flesh and blood of Christ. And as the body must needs have some blood in it, so they maintain that whosoever partakes in the bread, partakes at the same time in both parts of the Sacrament. But consider, I beg of you, how can such a change be possible? Christ's body is ascended into Heaven, not to return till He comes with His mighty angels to judge the world. How, then, can this body, (for the question here is of the *body*, not of that spiritual existence by which, as God, He



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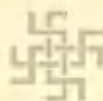
is present every where;) how can His body be supposed to come down to twenty thousand different Churches at once, at the word of as many clergymen, to be divided, chewed, swallowed, and digested? I will go no farther! God forbid that we should believe such abominations! I know it will be answered that Christ Himself said, speaking of the bread and wine, 'This is my body;' 'this is my blood.' But does not Christ, in like manner, call Himself a 'door,' a 'vine,' a 'shepherd?' Do not the Scriptures call Him a 'lion,' and a 'corner-stone?' Does not St. Paul say that the rock from which the fountain flowed in the wilderness was Christ? And do not we understand, in common discourse, the exact force of such expressions? If, pointing to my own picture, I should say, 'this is my head,' would any one suppose that I meant any more than the likeness or representation of my head or countenance? How could that bread be Christ? or how could Christ carry Himself in His hand, say grace over Himself, break Himself, and distribute Himself to be swallowed by His disciples? Do we not see the bread? Do we not feel and taste it, that it is bread still? How then can learned men maintain an opinion which eyes, touch, taste, and smell alike pronounce untrue? But even if I should, for the sake of argument, admit the truth of such a change in the substance, yet would not this justify the conduct of your clergy in denying the wine to the congregation. Whatever the change is now, the same change took place when Christ Himself instituted the Sacrament. Christ Himself, as we learn from Scripture, 'after supper took the cup, and when He had given thanks, He gave to them, saying, drink ye all of it.' And St. Paul, writing to the Corinthian Christians, saith to all of them without exception, 'so eat ye that bread, and drink ye that cup.' And according to these injunctions, all the congregation were accustomed to receive the wine for almost a thousand years after the death of Christ; at which time the Romish clergy, they best knew why, began to rob the laity of one-half of the Lord's Supper, and to make, so far as they could, the word of God of none effect by their tradition.





“ 3dly. I might ask your clergy on what authority the power assumed by the pope is founded? By what text of Scripture they can prove St. Peter to have been bishop of Rome? or what instance they can show in which the same Apostle (from whom they deduce the pope’s prerogative) exercised any authority over the other Apostles? I might ask their grounds for the doctrine of purgatory, and of masses for the dead; for holy water and holy candles; and for many other particulars in the tenets and ceremonies of your Church. But I will not urge these points at present on account of the great length to which my letter has already extended. There is one, however, which I will mention, because it shows the little regard paid by the rulers of your Church to the words of Scripture, and the example of that apostle whose authority they chiefly profess to venerate. With us, priests are allowed to marry or live single as they find expedient. With you, they are, without exception, forbidden to marry. Now, whence comes it, I would ask, that your doctors impose this grievous yoke on men who have the same passions and the same temptations as the rest of the world? They cannot deny that St. Peter himself was a married man; that in the first ages of Christianity priests married like other men; that St. Paul twice gives directions that ‘ a bishop should be blameless, the husband of one wife;’ or that the same St. Paul assures us, that they who forbid to marry ‘ have their consciences seared with a red-hot iron and preach the doctrines of devils.’

“ 4thly. But heavier charges are yet to come against your Church, charges of so much importance to the vital principles of Christianity, that, as you value the hopes of a Christian, I entreat you to consider them attentively. The first of these remaining charges is the reverence paid by your Church to the Virgin Mary, to saints and to angels. We ourselves have holy-days in honour, and in memory of the chief of these; and collects, in which we give God thanks for the benefits which we have, by their means, received, and in which we pray Him to give us grace to follow their good examples. But, to pray to the saints themselves, to



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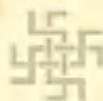
sing hymns to them, to beg their mediation with God, is what we dare not do ; since, let me ask, what warrant is there in Scripture for our paying them such an honour ? What reason have we for thinking that they can hear the prayers which we offer ? or how shall we venture to address them in this manner, seeing that Christ assures us we must ‘ worship the Lord our God and serve Him only ? ’ and since the Scripture allows no other mediator between God and man save only the Lord Jesus ? The Virgin Mary we acknowledge to have been blessed and honourable above all women ; but a woman still, and, in some respects, a sinful one ; nor to be saved except by the merits of her Son, who was also her God. The Apostles, the martyrs, and the other holy men who have departed this life, were and are our fellow-creatures and fellow-servants, and therefore not to be adored ; and St. Paul gives us an express caution saying ‘ Let no man beguile you in a voluntary humility and worship of angels ! ’ Nay, these holy beings themselves are so far from claiming such honour, that when St. John fell down at the feet of one of them, he answered ‘ see thou do it not ! I am thy fellow-servant, and of thy brethren the prophets, and of them which keep the sayings of this book. Worship God ! ’

“ 5thly.—A still more serious charge remains against the Roman Church,—the honour, that is, and worship paid to images and pictures. I am well aware that Christians of every persuasion are indignant at the charge of idolatry. But it remains for the divines of your Church to prove by what authority, what distinction, grounded on Scripture, they can exempt from this grievous imputation, the practice which they not only permit, but enjoin. To represent God the Father under the likeness of an old man, or otherwise, in any picture or carving, (a sight too common both in your books and Churches,) is surely no other than that crime which God so expressly forbids in the book of Deuteronomy. ‘ Take ye therefore good heed to yourselves,’ saith Moses to the Israelites, ‘ for ye saw no manner of similitude on the day that the Lord spake unto you in Horeb, out of the midst of the fire. Lest ye corrupt yourselves, and make you a graven image, the likeness of



male or female.' Other images or pictures, as of the Virgin, of our Saviour, of the Apostles, or of different transactions in the history of the Bible, are not, indeed, forbidden to be made, or to be placed as Christian ornaments in Churches or in dwelling-houses; but to worship these, to bow, or kneel down before them; to say our prayers to them; to burn candles or perfumes before them; to crown them with garlands or jewels; to hope for any help or relief from them, is surely no other than that very same fault of which the ancient heathen were guilty. St. Peter, when he paid his visit to Cornelius the centurion, forbade Cornelius to bow down before him, saying, 'Stand up, I also am a man.' The angel's answer to St. John I have already told you. Shall we then do that to St. Peter's picture, which St. Peter, if he were present, would not suffer to be done to himself? Shall we pay that reverence to a piece of wood, with gilded wings, which a real angel would not receive, but declared to be due to God alone? And is it not far better to contemplate Christ with the eye of faith, where He sitteth at God's right hand, than to direct our eyes, our attention, and our prayers, to a painted representation of His sufferings? Above all, by what distinction is it, by what permission of God, or what text of Scripture, that the Roman Catholics hope to escape the sentence of that Holy Book, which saith, 'cursed is he that maketh any graven or molten image to worship it!' or of that commandment wherein we are told, 'thou shalt not bow down to them nor worship them?'

"If then, my worthy neighbour, you believe, as I doubt not you do believe, the Scriptures; if you reverence the Apostle St. Paul, who bids us celebrate our public prayers in a language understood by all; if you reverence Jesus Christ, who commanded His followers to receive the wine as well as the bread in the Sacrament: consider, I pray you, whether it be not necessary to separate yourself from those who transgress so positive commandments! If you hope to be saved by the merits of the Son of God, seek not the mediation of saints, of angels, or of the Virgin Mary! If you desire to escape the dreadful curse of the Almighty, bow not



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down your knees before a graven image or picture, or 'the likeness of any thing in heaven or in earth, or in the waters under the earth.' That many good men, many great, and wise, and learned men, have held the opinions of the Church of Rome, is nothing to the purpose. We must not build our faith on man's authority, but on the words of Scripture; and we must remember that St. Paul saith, that if any man, or even if an angel, were to preach a doctrine contrary to the Gospel, we must not listen to him.

"In what I have now written I can have no desire to deceive you, nor can I have any worldly interest in your conversion. I do not wish to take you by surprise. Read this letter often; turn to those places of Scripture which I have mentioned, and compare my words with the Word of God. Show them, if you think fit, to your own spiritual adviser; and what answers he can offer, and again compare those answers with the Bible. The more you think upon religious subjects,—the more you read God's Word,—and the more you pray for His grace to enlighten your heart and understanding, the wiser man and the better Christian you will undoubtedly become; and the nearer, unless I am much mistaken, to that which I hope one day to see you, a Protestant of the pure Church of England!

"I remain your sincere well-wisher,

"REGINALD HEBER."

This letter was said, by some of the man's neighbours, to have produced a considerable effect on his mind; but it was, apparently, not sufficiently strong to induce him to make further inquiries into the truth of the representations it contains, for he still remains in the faith of his forefathers.

*To R. J. Wilmot, Esq.*

*Hodnet Rectory, April 20, 1814.*

"I do not wonder at your anxiety to repair to Paris at the present juncture, more especially as to you, who have seen Buonaparte



in his glory, the change of dynasty and the deportment of Paris under it, must be very interesting. For myself I must, perforce, be contented with hearing an account of the procession of the allied sovereigns to Notre Dame, and with reading the parallel cases of Sejanus and Rufinus, in Juvenal and Claudian. Is not the parallel perfectly extraordinary between the cries of the mob in Juvenal, and the first proclamation of the Parisian senate against the man whom they had so lately addressed as the second Charlemagne? That passage above all, is, from its nationality, invaluable, in which, after recounting various instances of Buonaparte's misgovernment, they charge him with having 'rallied females on the decline of their beauty!' Yet with all their faults and follies, how well have this people fought! Will it not follow that animal spirits and national pride are the principles of valour? and that a sense or desire of liberty has nothing to do with it? On the whole, the revolution which has taken place is so like the last scene of a comedy, that when I wake in a morning I can hardly believe it real. Not that even yet we are quite on dry land; the Jacobins in England will still continue bawling for a reform in parliament; and though the Irish catholics will probably sink in their demands, I fear the orthodox will harden their hearts in proportion. There are, in fact, too many mischievous spirits abroad to subside into perfect tranquillity; and though our external peace is, probably, for several years secured, yet the contemporaneous expansion of French and English commerce will, I suppose, bring as an inevitable consequence, that the first war in which France engages will be a naval one. Still we have, God knows, great reason to be thankful; and when we compare our best hopes two years ago with the worst of our fears now, we may well exult. I want to talk over various matters with you, in particular my Cossaks, who have been cruelly neglected during this canvass for Oxford, and whose services will now, I fear, be forgotten by Europe before my volume can make its appearance. From you I have, as you well know, no secrets; you may, therefore, be surprised that I had not already told you that the article on Madame de Staël, in the last Quarterly,



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was mine. In truth, had we met, you would have seen the MS. I desired Murray and Gifford, for obvious reasons, not to name the author; why they have attributed it to a 'young lawyer' the father of *concealment* (for I will not use a harsher word) only knows<sup>1</sup>."

*To R. J. Wilmot, Esq.*

*Hodnet Rectory, Sept. 5, 1814.*

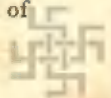
"All my pursuits have for a time been standing still, and I have so many employments gradually accumulating about me, that, like the ass between the two bundles of hay, I have not known which, to begin upon; or, still more, like Baretta's sluttish cook-maid, who, on being told that she had the house to clean, the fire to make, the clothes to wash, and a large dinner to dress, ran crying up stairs and went to bed in despair, I have been often tempted to shut my eyes on all my engagements and pursuits together. The vexations which have engrossed most of my mind, more indeed than they ought or needed to have done, were the necessity of dabbling still further in brick and mortar, when I had hoped I was at the end of my troubles, the continued plague of my waterless well, which at present only yields a fluid that would baffle the thirst of an Arab, the being compelled to run further into debt, which I hate and abhor, and, above all, the prospect of a law-suit for part of my last year's tithes. The manner in which these things have

<sup>1</sup> "De L'Allemagne," par Madame La Baronne de Staël Holstein. *Quarterly Review*, 1814.

The Editor cannot deny herself the gratification of publishing a note written by Madame de Staël, to Mr. Murray, on the article here alluded to.

"Ne pourriez vous donc pas me dire, my dear Sir, qui a fait l'extrait de mon ouvrage dans le *Quarterly Review*? Je ne parle pas seulement de la bienveillance pour moi qui me touche — mais il me paroît impossible de montrer plus de justice et d'étendue d'esprit, de connoissance plus approfondie, et un sentiment de pitié si ferme et si éclairé, qu'il m'est impossible de ne pas regretter d'avoir suivi les conseils qu'il m'auroit donné; le morceau sur Klopstock en particulier est du premier rang: dites moi donc le nom."

To another person Madame de Staël remarked, "that of all the reviews on her work, (and she had carefully read them all,) this was the only one which had raised her opinion of the talents and acquirements of the English."





worried and unfitted me for writing and reading, has given me a pretty accurate knowledge of my own unfitness for business; and I have, seriously, at times, been led to feel thankful that I have no children, since if I am thus annoyed without them, what anxiety should I feel, if I had the embarrassed prospects of others to look to. For the last fortnight I have been endeavouring to run away from my cares into Wales, where Emily has had cares of another kind, in nursing her sister, Mrs. Dashwood, and attending her in her journey to London, where she is now waiting the departure of a store-ship to Malta.

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“Lara, though it has several good lines, is a further proof of the melancholy fact, which is true of all sequels from the continuation of the *Æneid*, by one of the famous Italian poets of the middle ages, down to ‘Polly, a sequel to the Beggar’s opera,’ that ‘more last words’ may generally be spared without any great detriment to the world.”

In the spring of 1814, the new rectory-house being completed, Mr. Reginald Heber returned to Hodnet. His health was now re-established; and although he continued through life subject to inflammatory attacks, yet by constant exercise and temperance, he was enabled to pursue his studies without injuring his constitution. He was an early riser, and after the family devotions were ended, he usually spent seven or eight hours among his books, leaving them only at the call of duty. Fond of society, and eminently qualified to shine in it, he never suffered his relish for its pleasures to betray him into neglecting his duties. He delighted in literature, but, at the same time, was a most active parish priest; remarkably happy in gaining the confidence and affection of his flock, he found his purest pleasure in administering to their necessities, and in attending their sick and dying beds; in consoling the mourner, in exhorting the sinner to repentance, and in endeavouring to draw all hearts after him to his God. In the long course of his labours he had occasionally to attend the death-bed of the wicked,



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and to witness and grieve over the failure of his attempts to awaken the hardened conscience. But far more frequently the scenes of piety and resignation which he witnessed in the lowly cottage, were such as he delighted to relate to his happy wife ; and such as he humbly trusted would make him a better man. He often observed that the mere bodily fear of dying is not a feeling implanted in us by nature ; and that the manner in which a poor and unlearned man, who has little to regret leaving, and who fervently and humbly relies on the mercies of his Saviour, looks to the moment of dissolution, affords a useful lesson to the rich and the learned. It is with a mixture of feelings that the writer of the present memoir looks back to those days of happiness ; and her grief that the bright vision has passed away is chastened and alleviated by the reflection, that every revolving year was fitting her husband more and more for the glorious crown of immortality prepared for him in Heaven.

It will be seen, as well from the tenour of Mr. Reginald Heber's writings already before the world, as from the present correspondence, that although his mind was deeply imbued with devotional feelings, he considered a moderate participation in what are usually called "worldly amusements," as allowable and blameless. When the editor requested his advice on this subject the year after her marriage, being for a short time without him in London, his answer was, "you may go where you please, as I am sure you will not exceed the limits of moderation, except to Sunday evening parties, to which I have a very serious objection." He thought that the strictness, which made no distinction between things blameable only in their abuse, and practices which were really immoral, was prejudicial to the interests of true religion ; and on this point his opinion remained unchanged to the last. His own life, indeed, was a proof that amusements so participated in may be perfectly harmless, and no way interfere with any religious or moral duty. The Sabbath he kept with Christian reverence, but not with Mosaical strictness. His domestic arrangements were such as to enable every member of his household to attend Divine Service, at least



once on that day. After its public duties were ended, he employed the remainder of the evening in attending to the spiritual and temporal necessities of his parishioners, in composing sermons, in study, or in instructive conversation with his family<sup>1</sup>.

He was equally ready to converse with the learned, or to enliven by his anecdotes and poetical talents the innocent gaiety of the social circle; and the editor has preserved many effusions of his muse, which, though forgotten by himself almost as soon as repeated, will long be remembered with pleasure and regret by those who were admitted to his unreserved intimacy. His modesty and humility heightened, in a very considerable degree, the influence of his talents upon the minds of those with whom he associated. In conversation he was much less eager to display his own acquirements than anxious to draw out those of others; and he rather led his hearers to think better of their own abilities than to feel mortified by his superiority. A child, by her mother's request, had been repeating her lesson to him; after listening to the little girl he gradually began to talk to her on the subject it related to; and when she was asked, 'how she liked saying her lesson to Mr. Reginald Heber?' she answered, 'oh, very much, and he told me a great many things, but I do not think he knows much more than I do<sup>2</sup>.'

<sup>1</sup> The following anecdote only came to the editor's knowledge after her return from India. As Mr. Reginald Heber was riding one Sunday morning to preach at Moreton, his horse cast a shoe. Seeing the village blacksmith standing at the door of his forge, he requested him to replace it. The man immediately set about blowing up the embers of his Saturday night's fire, on seeing which, he said, "On second thoughts, John, it does not signify; I can walk my mare; it will not lame her, and I do not like to disturb your day of rest." The blacksmith, when he related this, added, that though as a matter of necessity he had often shod horses on a Sunday, he was much struck by the anxiety of his Rector to avoid being the cause of what would be blameable if made habitual, and might hurt the conscience of some of his poor parishioners.

<sup>2</sup> A friend and neighbour of her husband's writes thus to the editor:

"I never met with the man who, having so many positive excellencies and high accomplishments, had the negative and passive good qualities in the same degree; who, being so admirable, was also so amiable, and with such powers and imagination, was so inoffensive and so innocent. In social intercourse he was as attentive as he was communicative, and as good a listener as he was a talker. I used to think that, as a religious character, he was not always appreciated as he deserved; but it seemed to me that this arose from his being in every thing



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The parish of Hodnet being very extensive, contains, besides the perpetual curacy of Moreton See, already mentioned, a small Chapel of ease to which the curate is appointed by the rector. Weston Chapel is within a mile of Hawkstone, and is generally attended by the family of the Hills. About this time the celebrated Mr. Rowland Hill, great uncle to the present baronet, Sir Rowland Hill, obtained the curate's permission to preach in his pulpit; and a few days after, his intention was announced of preaching likewise in the dissenting chapel at Woollerton, which is also within the parish. Although Mr. Reginald Heber would not interfere with the right of the curate of Weston to admit to his pulpit any regularly ordained clergyman whom he thought fit, yet when he understood that it was Mr. Rowland Hill's intention to preach on a subsequent day at Woollerton, he immediately, though with very painful feelings, forbade his officiating at Weston, and stated his reasons in letters to himself and to his brother, the Rev. Brian Hill.

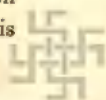
*To the Rev. Mr. P——, curate of Weston.*

“DEAR SIR,

“It is my wish that Mr. Rowland Hill be on no future occasion admitted to officiate in Weston Chapel. To spare you any embarrassment or unpleasant discussion with him on the subject, I have just sent him a note, of which the following is a

so absolutely simple and good-natured, and from these qualities being so rare with most men. He was never considering how others might view him; and about things in which *he* saw no evil, he did not express himself doubtingly, *because* he knew that others were offended by them.

“I saw him often at religious meetings, and though his manner of speaking at the outset showed what he meant by an expression he once used to me, that he was, like Moses, ‘a man of uncircumcised lips,’ yet, as soon as he got a little into his subject, he was admirably clear, and impressive, and interesting. And he put so much of his heart into his act, seemed so unaffectedly zealous, and so far from thinking it beneath him to bring his great powers to our aid upon those occasions, that it was impossible not to be greatly animated, both by what he said, and his manner of saying it.”





copy. I trust that you will see my motives for this step in their true light, and that you will believe me, dear Sir,

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Your's, with much respect and regard,

“ REGINALD HEBER.”

*To the Rev. Rowland Hill.*

*July, 1814.*

“ REVEREND SIR,

“ I am informed that yesterday you addressed a sermon to my parishioners at Weston, and that you have announced your intention to preach on Wednesday next in the dissenting chapel at Woollerton, and again at Weston on the ensuing Sunday. I think it my duty, as rector of Hodnet, to request that you will not make use of the Chapel of ease at Weston. The munificence of Sir Richard Hill in rebuilding it, and the friendship which has, for so many years, subsisted between our families, render this a very unpleasant task to me; but it is one from which I am not justified in shrinking.

“ Of your peculiar religious opinions I know but little; and I can well bear that a brother clergyman should differ from me on points which have no immediate reference to Christian faith or practice. But whatever your opinions may be, and happy as I might feel myself in the assistance of any man of talent or orthodoxy, yet as a member of the Church of England, I will not permit that the pulpits where I have any influence, shall be used by a person who encourages by his presence and preaching a dissenting place of worship.

“ For this letter no apology is necessary. If you expect that your own way of preaching the Gospel should meet with a candid construction, you must allow me also my prejudices, my natural anxiety for the congregations entrusted to my charge, and my zeal for those institutions which I have, through life, been taught to venerate.



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“ With the greatest respect and esteem for the family of which you are a member, and a ready acknowledgement of the purity of your motives,

“ I remain, Reverend Sir,

“ Your very humble servant,

“ REGINALD HEBER.”

*To the Rev. Brian Hill.*

“ DEAR SIR,

“ \* \* \*

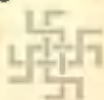
I am far from desiring to dictate to any one, especially to one so much my senior, the manner in which he is to do good ; but, as I sincerely believe separation from the Church of England to be both evil in itself and productive of evil, I am very earnest that, in this neighbourhood at least, the popular and powerful name of Hill should not lend its sanction to meetings which I cannot help considering as sinful. If Mr. Hill has no intention of preaching in the neighbouring dissenting chapel, I cannot object to his officiating at Weston, if Mr. Pugh thinks proper. Otherwise, however painful the task, I shall feel it right to bear my testimony against the practice. I have thought it my duty to be thus candid with you on a very distressing subject, begging you, at the same time, to believe that I have a perfect respect for your brother's character and intentions, and am sensible how much I myself might learn from his dauntless zeal and unwearied exertions.

“ Believe me, dear Sir,

“ Your obliged friend,

“ REGINALD HEBER.”

These letters were received in the same spirit with which they were written, and the circumstance did not interrupt the friendship which had so long existed, and still exists, between the families.





In the course of this year Mr. Reginald Heber was appointed Bampton lecturer for 1815. The subject he chose, "The Personality and Office of the Christian Comforter," was well calculated to bring forward his stores of theological learning, and to exhibit the calm and profound devotion of his own spirit. Many of his friends differed from him on some speculative points; but "every competent judge was compelled to do justice to the depth of learning, the variety of research, and the richness of illustration which these compositions displayed."

In compliance with the will of the founder, Mr. Reginald Heber published these lectures the year after, dedicated to Lord Grenville, chancellor of the university. From this eminent scholar and statesman he received the following flattering testimonial to the merits of the work.

"\* \* \* You have treated of a subject of the very first importance, yet one not in the ordinary and beaten paths of such enquiries; you have brought to bear upon it great ability and learning, and on some parts of it you have opened views which are new, at least to my limited knowledge of such subjects; and I feel persuaded that I have derived from what you have written, much satisfactory and useful information.

"I have only, therefore, to add to the expression of my personal thanks, that of my earnest hope that you will have health and resolution to persevere in studies, which, with your talents, must render you not only an ornament to the university, but a valuable and highly useful member of the sacred profession to which you have devoted yourself.

"I am with great truth and regard, Sir, your most faithful and most obedient humble servant,

"GRENVILLE."

*Dropmore, April 25th, 1816.*

By many other able persons of great theological acquirements, similar tributes were paid to the learning, the piety, and the rectitude of mind displayed throughout the whole volume.



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But a few months after its publication, an article which was subsequently acknowledged to have been written by the Rev.——Nolan, appeared in the *British Critic* for December 1816, and January 1817, which contained such unwarrantable charges against Mr. Reginald Heber's orthodoxy, as well as so much misrepresentation of his meaning, as to induce him to conquer his dislike to polemical controversy, and to publish an answer to the review. His pamphlet was generally considered a triumphant refutation of Mr. Nolan's assertions; and even his antagonist appears to have thought it, in a great degree, unanswerable, as, although he published a reply, it embraced only the former part of Mr. Heber's answer, and the promised conclusion never made its appearance.

The narration of the events consequent on the publication of the Bampton lectures, has necessarily interrupted the course of the more constant correspondence which will now be resumed.

*To R. J. Wilmot, Esq.*

*Hodnet Rectory, Feb. 12, 1815.*

"If I am not ashamed of writing you in the face after my long neglect, may I be doomed to the lot of the witty old hermit of Prague, who never saw pen and ink. Yet I now may promise amendment with more confidence than I could have done a week ago, since I have finished, to my own satisfaction, the three sermons which I am to preach before Easter; and of the remaining five, three are in a competent state of forwardness.

"I am not so fortunate, certainly, as to taste that which Gibbon calls the luxury of composition; at least it is a luxury which only attends history and poetry, while the streams of polemic Divinity are nothing less than Hippocrene; and till I have rinsed my mouth with Morte Arthur, I hardly look to be my own man again. I do not know whether you will understand me when I talk of the dislike which I feel to any subject which I have been long engaged in writing and re-writing; and yet such is my hard fortune, that I have never been engaged in any thing of conse-



quence where I did not find this necessary. I quite long to get back to my old laborious idleness of the dictionary and the Quarterly. Do you mean to give any thing to the next number? I should not have asked you had you got into parliament, and glad indeed shall I be to hear that there is yet any chance of your being better employed than in reviewing. The corn laws are a subject which I am much vexed to think you will not have an opportunity of speaking on in parliament; and they are, it appears, the only point of interesting debate which is likely to come on before the holidays. I was a good deal comforted by learning from an old farmer yesterday, that the year after the American war things went still worse with men of his situation than now, and that the signs of the times were still less promising; yet then no corn-bill, I believe, was thought of. I wish you would give me some little sense on this difficult question. The clergy are certainly interested to keep the price up; but I cannot, as yet, admit a principle so apparently at variance with political economy, as any of the measures which the newspapers have hitherto offered; and cannot help thinking that though the return from our recent unnatural state may be painful, it is better to discontinue, as soon as possible, habits which we know to be eventually destructive. At all events, I rather want to make up my own mind, in order that I may have something to say to my neighbours, who are all wild after petitioning, and whom I have as yet exhorted to patience.

“Thank you for your communication respecting magic-lan-thorns; I shall be very happy to subscribe to the Sieurs’s first volume, which will, indeed, be only a necessary precaution, since, if he enables our friends and neighbours to become every man his own conjurer, the uninitiated will walk in continual terrors of quicksilver, phosphorus, and catoptric mirrors; never be able to take out their purse in a stage-coach, lest the gentleman opposite should swallow it; nor sit down without receiving a slap from an invisible hand. I only wish that the ingenious author may be able to account for the deception which is related, I believe, in ‘Wanley’s Wonders,’ that one Zedekiah, a Jew and magician in ordinary to



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Wenceslaus, King of Bohemia, in presence of the king and his nobles, swallowed the court-jester, or clown, all save his shoes, the same being then very dirty, the company standing by, without the said jester sustaining any injury; an experiment which doubtless transcends all the feats of the Madras jugglers.

“ Believe me, your obliged and affectionate

“ REGINALD HEBER.”

*To R. J. Wilmot, Esq.*

*Oxford, April 14th, 1815.*

“ I am still obliged to fag very hard at my seventh and eighth sermons, which I was unable to finish during my stay in the country; my whole time and attention being engrossed by some very unpleasant circumstances in my household<sup>1</sup>, which have ended in my dismissing some of my servants, and taking, what I am utterly unqualified for, the management of my farm into my own hands.

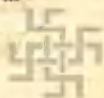
“ My occupations have not, however, prevented my deriving much pleasure from your pamphlet, though it is more warlike than I should, *à priori*, have expected from you. I find that James<sup>2</sup>, who is just come here, and some other people know that you are the author. I should have guessed, from certain internal marks, that it was yours, if you had not let me into the secret.

“ Ever your obliged friend,

“ REGINALD HEBER.”

<sup>1</sup> A short time previous to the date of this letter, one of Mr. Reginald Heber's servants had been suspected of dishonesty; but many circumstances concurred, as the fact had not been clearly proved, to induce him to give the man another trial. In a letter to the editor, who was from home, he remarks, “ God knows whether I have done right or wrong, but I have acted as I thought best became a Christian. It has been rather in his favour that I took his case into consideration to-day (Good-Friday;) for when a man is praying for pardon of his own sins, he is seldom much inclined to visit the sins of others very severely.”

<sup>2</sup> The Rev. J. T. James, who succeeded Mr. Reginald Heber in the bishoprick of Calcutta.—ED.





*To R. J. Wilmot, Esq.**Hodnet Rectory, May 20th, 1815.*

"When I tell you that I had not finished my concluding Bampton lecture till eleven o'clock on the Saturday night previous to my preaching it, you may well believe that I had little time to write any thing else.

"Since my arrival here I have been busily employed in transcribing and finally correcting for the press, a task which weighs heavily on me, as I have now no curate, and the season is so sickly, that between visiting the dying and burying the dead, my time is fully employed. My friends in Oxford have given me very opposite advice as to whether I shall send my sermons to press immediately, or keep them by me for a year. Those who counsel the last, say that a second edition of Bampton lectures is a thing not to be expected, and that it is therefore wise to make them as correct as possible before they go into the world. Those who are for a speedy publication, urge that it is better they should be found fault with than not read at all, and that Bampton lectures when not published till their preachment has been forgotten, have very seldom any great circulation. I think, though half measures are almost always bad, I shall divide myself between the two opinions, and shall so contrive, if possible, as to have them make their appearance immediately after the long vacation. \* \* \* \*

I am most heartily glad you have broken the ice of political controversy. \* \* \* In this, as in every thing else, it is little more than *le premier pas qui coute*, and when a man has once got the ear of the world, he may, if he have any adroitness, say almost what he will to her.

"A report prevailed in Oxford, that on Abbott's becoming a peer, it was the intention of a strong party in Christ Church to set up Mr. Peel. Do you believe any thing of it? You, from your contemporary acquaintance, are likely to know it as soon as most



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people. With best wishes for all that belong to you, or in which your happiness is interested,

“ Believe me your obliged friend,

“ REGINALD HEBER.”

*To R. J. Wilmot, Esq.*

*Hodnet Rectory, Nov. 14, 1815.*

“ We had only just returned home from Wales after a month's absence, when your letter arrived, and I have since been in hot-water, and occupations of so many kinds, that I have not had time to say how sorry we feel at not having it in our power to come over to Catton at present, especially as I am, in consequence, to miss seeing Hay. Pray tell him so, with thanks for his letter, which shall have a separate answer so soon as I have got these lectures off my shoulders, which at present have worn my fingers to the stumps, and my brains to the lees. I hope to get them out in the course of next month, or even sooner.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Have you any fresh political engines stirring, or what do you make or meditate? For me, I have little correspondence but with the Clarendon press; no studies but Wagenseil's ‘ *Tela Ignea Satanae* ;’ nor any anxiety so great as to conform myself to that truly golden rule, ‘ Blessed are they that expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed.’ ”

*To the Reverend George Wilkins.*

*“ Hodnet Rectory, Dec. 4, 1815.*

“ \* \* \* \* \*

You will find several notes in pencil on your manuscript, some of which you may probably consider as hypercritical; but as the common error of friends is to be too favourable, I have not only restricted myself to finding fault, but have even found fault, in some cases, where my objection was very slight.





"You will now allow me to say that I think your work very much improved by the additions and alterations which it has received since I saw it before ; and that I sincerely hope it will be useful to the world and productive of solid reputation to yourself. Your narrative is told in a very spirited and unaffected manner, and, in narrow bounds, a great deal of valuable matter is comprised.

"I have taken the liberty to keep one of your engraved pedigrees of the Herod family, and one of your elegant plans of Jerusalem. I have paid considerable attention to the very perplexed account which Josephus gives us as to the fortifications of his native city, and have compared it with the different ideas of Villalpardus, Calmet, Clarke, &c., and it is no flattery to say that your system reconciles the difficulties better than any other which I have met with.

"Ever your's most truly,

"REGINALD HEBER."

*To E. D. Davenport, Esq.*

*Hodnet Rectory, Jan. 2, 1816.*

"MY DEAR DAVENPORT,

"I deferred several days writing to you, in the idea that I should be able to say something definite as to our time of visiting Catton, but our schemes of amusement have suffered a material derangement by a tooth, which first kept me awake several nights in intense pain, then swelled my face to a size little less than the turban of a Sherife, and, lastly, laid me on my back in a high fever, and blind of an eye, in what my apothecary called 'a superinduced paroxysm of regular erysipelas.' This unpleasant guest has at length taken its leave ; but my eye is still weak, and I am altogether in an unfit state to leave the house during the present seasonable weather. I am sorry to learn that you have yourself been plagued in a way not altogether dissimilar ; let us hear how you are as soon as it ceases to be too severe a task on



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your eyes ; and pray arrange matters so as that you may meet the Wilmots here in February. You are, I conclude, nay hope, since the contrary would be a strong mark of indisposition, a bird of passage ; but I shall continue to direct to you at Capesthorpe, as the best prospect of avoiding the same mischance which has befallen my letter to Brussels. Believe me, you could not suspect me of wilfully dropping our correspondence, if you knew how much I have been annoyed at its cessation."

*To R. W. Hay, Esq.*

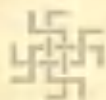
*Hodnet Rectory, March 8, 1816.*

"Your 'Champion' interested me a good deal, though the subject of his discussion was not quite what I expected. I feared to meet with the old pleadings over again 'in the matter of Tweddell,' and was heartily glad to find that the subject was one of more general interest. Who is Scott?—what is his breeding and history? He is so decidedly the ablest of the weekly journalists, and has so much excelled his illustrious namesake as a French tourist, that I feel considerable curiosity about him. For Lord E—<sup>lyn</sup>— he has made a very good case, but has cautiously avoided touching on the more doubtful feature of his conduct at Athens, the injury alleged to have been done to some of the buildings,—the ruin of a temple, for instance, by removing one of its caryatides. As to the expediency of purchasing the collection for the national gallery, I think his reasoning very just ; and I cannot help thinking that, though stinginess is, at the present time, a very natural and laudable feeling, as far as public money is concerned, that means may be found of obtaining the collection without materially deserving Mr. B——'s reprehension. If the sum at which the antiques are appraised be so large as to give offence even to the poorest midshipman now unprovided for, why not give it in the shape of an annuity? Fifty thousand pounds at one payment sounds alarming ; and there are many people in the country who would fancy they felt their fractional part of even



20,000%. in the next half year's property tax which they have to pay; but 5000% a year for life has not so formidable an appearance; and 2000% is a flea-bite not to be put in large letters even in the most factious county chronicle, both the editors and readers of which are at present in a disposition to think a payment two years hence far more tolerable than even a better bargain for which ready money would be required.

“ Talking of newspapers, I observe in the ‘ Champion ’ what I regard as one of the least pleasing signs of the time, that its editor, though feeling a bias towards the kingly side of the question, and approving, apparently, of the conduct of ministers, is afraid of speaking out, and assumes a sort of independent slang. Now I do not care a rush what his sentiments may be on these subjects so far as the ministers themselves are concerned; but I am convinced that a tory feeling is that which it is for the happiness of the country to cherish; and that when this is unfashionable, and its open avowal unpopular, a feverish and uncomfortable state is implied. A few years ago any expressions favourable to France or Buonaparte, or what, for want of a better word, we must call Jacobinism, were used with diffidence and fear, as if the person who used them was conscious that he belonged to the minority of his country. Now, with the exception of the Morning Post, which is utterly below criticism one way or the other, there is hardly any political essayist who does not, whatever may be his wishes, affect a contrary feeling; and the provincial papers, without exception, are little less than factious. It is a singular circumstance that *all* the political information which the lowest classes receive, goes through a medium of this kind,—that those who only see a newspaper once a week are *sure* to see in it personal reflections on the regent, angry remonstrances about sinecures and large establishments, interesting anecdotes of Buonaparte, and long extracts from Cobbett and Leigh Hunt. I suppose it is because the world has nothing else to think about, that the increase of grumbling since the peace has certainly more than kept pace with the increased difficulties of the landed interest. I cannot help thinking



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that you would do a good service to the country if you made the causes of the present discontents the subject of an article in the Quarterly. They are all of a nature in which ministers are not concerned, and I am far from sure that, to any great extent, ministers can apply a remedy. There is much more in the power of the country gentlemen; and something might be effected by a true, though consolatory statement of the bright side of our prospects, and the reasonable grounds of hope that the present distresses are likely to be only temporary. Pray turn this in your mind; it can be best done by a man who lives in the world, and who can have access to calculations, &c. Figures, properly arranged, have a wonderful effect on the minds of Englishmen; and I really think you may do good service to the country by a paper, something on the plan of Southey's on Paisley, but going deeper into the causes of the bitterness of the public mind, and the absolute necessity which exists that men of property should make some more considerable sacrifices than they are now inclined to do, for the sake of public tranquillity.

"My wife desires her kindest regards to you; she and I were much concerned that you could not accompany the Wilmots here. Pray calculate so as to include us in your next leave of absence."

The following lines were proposed by Mr. Reginald Heber as an inscription for the vase presented to Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, by the nobility and gentry of Denbighshire, at the conclusion of the war in 1815:

"Ask ye why around me twine  
Tendrils of the Gascon vine?  
Ask ye why, in martial pride,  
Sculptured laurels deck my side,  
Blended with that noble tree,  
Badge of Albion's liberty?  
Cambria me, for glory won  
By the waves of broad Garronne,  
Sends to greet her bravest son;  
Proved beyond the western deep,  
By rebel clans on Ulster's steep;





Proved, where first on Gallia's plain,  
 The banish'd lily bloom'd again ;  
 And prov'd where ancient bounty calls  
 The traveller to his father's halls !  
 Nor marvell, then, that round me twine  
 The oak, the laurel, and the vine ;  
 For thus was Cambria wont to see  
 Her Hirlas-horn of victory :  
 Nor Cambria e'er, in days of yore,  
 To worthier chief the Hirlas bore !"

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*To E. D. Davenport, Esq.*

*Hodnet, March 14th, 1816.*

" DEAR DAVENPORT,

" I feel that I have too long neglected to thank you for the kind and useful warning which you sent me from Lichfield, of which I did not fail to take advantage, though whether any further benefit is likely to accrue to me from the *çi-devant* Old Bank<sup>1</sup>, than the excellent appetite produced by a long ride on a snowy and rainy day, is as yet in the darkness of futurity.

" The farmers in this neighbourhood speak very despondingly of the bankrupt's sufficiency ; but at the present moment a farmer is disposed to look on every thing in the most unfavourable and hopeless light. The Old Bank at Shrewsbury (on whose shoulders all the subsequent defaulters lay the blame of their own difficulties) is expected to recommence immediately, more strong from its fall. \* \* \* \* \*

" I congratulate you most sincerely on your having so well arranged the letting of your farms. Verily, for those who can persevere in a course of losing for a few months longer, farming, I believe, will turn out a profitable concern, inasmuch as it will approach nearer to a monopoly than it has done for many years past. Yet, amid all these distresses, with the exception of a few flannel merchants in Shrewsbury, nobody in this neighbourhood has petitioned against the income tax. I do not ascribe this to

<sup>1</sup> At Nantwich, by the failure of which house Mr. Reginald Heber was a considerable loser.—ED.



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patience, much less to indifference, but simply to the persuasion, which in this neighbourhood is very prevalent, that to petition would be only useless trouble, and I believe to some remains of the old confidence in that identity of interests, which De Lolme extols, between the representatives and the represented.

“ I feel curious to know whether the necessities of the country gentlemen have rendered London duller than usual. Do more men dine at clubs, and give fewer parties? Are routs less crowded? or has bankruptcy produced, as it often does, a greater display, and more eagerness to conceal the poverty of which men are conscious? I should fancy that, as the present times are such as undoubtedly neither you nor I have seen before, and such as there is good reason to hope we shall neither of us fall in with again, the behaviour of mankind under their pressure might, to a philosopher like yourself, be not uninteresting. Nor can your lucubrations be communicated to one who will receive them more gladly than,

“ Dear Davenport,

“ Your obliged friend,

“ REGINALD HEBER.”

*To the Rev. George Wilkins.*

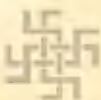
*Hodnet Rectory, March 16, 1816.*

“ MY DEAR SIR,

“ After a pilgrimage little less tedious than that of Mirza Abu Taleb Khân, your beautiful manuscript of Hafiz is at length safely arrived. Allow me to offer you my best thanks for so valuable a present, which will make a very conspicuous figure in my humble collection. I shall always look at it with pleasure, as recalling to mind the confidence with which you have flattered me, and as encouraging the hope that, notwithstanding our distance and occupations, we may still, at no distant time, contrive a meeting, and thus put an end to the solecism of a friendship carried on without personal acquaintance.

“ Your’s very truly,

“ REGINALD HEBER.”





In looking over some prose translations of the Shah Nameh of Ferdusi, and the Moallakah of Hareth, Mr. Reginald Heber was so much struck with the beauty of the oriental imagery which they present, that he versified the two following passages :

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SPEECH OF GEOORGIN TO BEYUN.

(*From the Shah Nameh.*)

Seest thou yon shelter'd vale of various dye,  
 Refreshing prospect to the warrior's eye ?  
 Yon dusky grove, yon garden blooming fair,  
 The turf of velvet, and of musk the air ?  
 Surcharg'd with sweets the languid river glides,  
 The lilies bending o'er its silver tides ;  
 While through the copse in bashful beauty glows  
 The dark luxuriance of the lurking rose.  
 Now seen, now lost, amid the flowery maze,  
 With slender foot the nimble pheasant strays ;  
 The ring-dove's murmur lulls the cypress dell,  
 And richest notes of tranced Philomel.  
 Still, still the same, through every circling year,  
 Unwearied spring renews an Eden here.  
 And mark, my friend, where many a sylph-like maid  
 Weaves the lithe dance beneath the citron shade !  
 Where chief, of Touran's king the matchless child,  
 Beams like a sun-ray through this scented wild ;  
 Sitara next, her sister, beauteous queen,  
 Than rose or fairest jasmine fairer seen ;  
 And last, their Turkish maids, whose sleepy eyes  
 Laugh from beneath each envious veil's disguise ,  
 Whose length of locks the coal-black musk disclose,  
 Their forms the cypress, and their cheeks the rose ;  
 While on their sugar'd lips the grape's rich water glows. }  
 How blest the traveller not forbid to stay  
 In such sweet bowers the scorching summer's day !  
 How fam'd the knight whose dauntless arm should bear  
 To great Khi-Kusroo's court a Turkish fair !



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FROM THE MOALLAKAH OF HARETH.

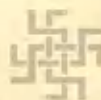
And Asma! lovely sojourner! wilt thou forsake our land,  
Forgetful of thy plighted vows on Shamma's glittering sand?  
No more in Shoreb's rugged dell I see thee by my side,  
No more in Katha's mead of green where vocal waters glide!  
In Ayla and in Shobathan all lonely must I go,  
And, therefore, sleep has fled my soul, and fast my sorrows flow!

Yet am I loved, and yet my eyes behold the beacon light  
Which Hinda kindles on her hill, to lure me through the night,  
Broad as the dawn, from Akik's brow its ruddy embers shine,  
But Hinda's heart may never meet an answering glow in mine!  
And I must seek a nobler aid against consuming care,  
Where all the brethren of my tribe the battle bow prepare.

My camel with the mother-bird in swiftness well may vie,  
Tall as a tent, 'mid desert sands that rears her progeny,  
That lists the murmur of the breeze, the hunter's lightest sound  
With stealthy foot at twilight fall soft gliding o'er the ground;

But not the ostrich speed of fire my camel can excell,  
Whose footstep leaves so light a mark we guess not where it fell;  
Now up, now down, like wither'd leaves that flit before the wind,  
On her I stem the burning noon that strikes the valiant blind.

Yes, we have heard an angry sound of danger from afar,  
Our brother's bands of Tayleb's seed have braved us to the war;  
The good and evil they confound, their words are fierce and fell,  
"Their league," say they, "is with the tribe that in the desert dwell."  
Their men of might have met by night, and as the day began,  
A proud and a disdainful shout throughout their army ran,  
And horses neighed, and camels screamed, and man cried out on man!





## CHAPTER XIV.

*Death of the Rev. T. C. Heber—"Timour's Councils"—Milman's "Siege of Jerusalem"—Hears of a proposed pamphlet "On the Causes of the present Discontents"—Kinneir's "Travels in Asia Minor"—"Childe Harold"—Mr. Reginald Heber's appointment as University Preacher—Fragment of the "Masque of Gwendolen"—Bowdler's "Select Pieces in Prose and Verse"—The distresses of the country—Anecdote of a beggar—Treatise on the distinction between the two Maries.*

IN the year 1816 Mr. Reginald Heber sustained a heavy affliction in the loss of his youngest brother, Thomas Cuthbert, who died from the rupture of a vessel on the brain, after a short illness, on the 27th of March. A similarity of age, education, and profession had united them with more than ordinary fraternal affection. From infancy they had seldom been separated; and the younger brother had acted as curate to the elder till the year before his death, when he removed to his own perpetual curacy of Moreton See. The blow thus fell with peculiar weight; under its influence the hymn for the fourth Sunday after the Epiphany was composed, and the original manuscript contained the following stanza:

"He called me by a brother's bier,  
As down I knelt to prayer,  
But ah! though sorrow shed the tear,  
Repentance was not there!"

From this time forward it was Mr. Reginald Heber's constant

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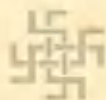
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custom to consecrate every important occurrence of his life by a short prayer. Several of these aspirations have unfortunately been lost in the various removals of his papers; but such as are preserved will be given according to their dates. On his birth-day in this year he writes, "completed my thirty-third year. *Oh omnipotens et sempiterna Deus, da veniam peccatis annorum præteritorum et concedas, precor, ut quicquid vitæ sit reliquum melius sit et sapientius præteritâ. Exaudi me, Deus, per merita Jesu Christi. Amen.*"

*To R. J. Wilmot, Esq.*

*Hodnet Rectory, April 8, 1816.*

"Thank you sincerely for your kind condolence under our very great and unexpected calamity. We have all borne it so much the worse for having been flattered by the appearance of gradual recovery, from the time of my poor brother's first seizure, to the moment of his fatal relapse; and still more, I think, from a sort of feeling that we hardly appreciated his worth while living; certainly that we were not aware of half the acts of kindness and liberality which we now find that, with a small income, he was in the constant habit of performing in this neighbourhood. The poor speak of his kindness and good-nature with a regret which is painfully flattering. To his brothers, his singular disinterestedness, his warmth of attachment, and devotion to their service and prospects, can never be replaced; and he formed so prominent an object in all my airy schemes of ambition and utility; I miss him so continually in my walks and my study, that I can scarcely help feeling that there is only one being in the world whom I could have worse spared. He had himself had several vexations and disappointments, which, though of a hasty temper, he bore with philosophy and almost indifference; but where the happiness of a friend was concerned, his whole heart was engaged; and there was no labour or inconvenience which he would not incur, almost with-





out knowing that he made a sacrifice. I never knew so warm a heart which felt so little for itself; or one whose few faults were, apparently, in so fair a way of being corrected, when He, who in all things determines best, thought fit to remove him.

"These are early days of mourning, and I cannot yet be supposed to have abated in my sorrow. I sometimes think I have hardly yet begun to feel so much as I shall do hereafter. There are moments when all seems an illusion. I think my sister feels our loss the most; but she has concealed her grief from my mother with a spirit which might shame an old Roman."

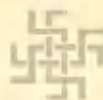
Mr. Reginald Heber's literary pursuits were never for any long interval suspended; more various and excursive than those of almost any of his contemporaries, they found riches in every soil. It is curious to see the raw materials from which he would occasionally work, and the poetry which he could extract from a solitary fact.

In a review of Sir John Malcolm's "History of Persia," which appeared at this time in the Quarterly<sup>1</sup>, he introduces a prophecy of the death of Timour, or Tamerlane, who, "after founding an empire more extensive than the life of any other man has sufficed to traverse, was arrested, like a tyrant of later days, in his schemes of universal sovereignty, by the rigours of a premature winter, which prevented his march to China." He died at Otrar, seventy-six leagues from Samarcand. "This event," *he* observes, "almost naturally slides into poetry."

#### TIMOUR'S COUNCILS.

Emirs and Khâns in long array,  
To Timour's council bent their way;  
The lordly Tartar, vaunting high,  
The Persian with dejected eye,  
The vassal Russ, and, lured from far,  
Circassia's mercenary war.

<sup>1</sup> Vol. XV.



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But one there came, uncall'd and last,  
The spirit of the wintry blast !  
He mark'd, while wrapt in mist he stood,  
The purpos'd track of spoil and blood ;  
He mark'd, unmov'd by mortal woe,  
That old man's eye of swarthy glow ;  
That restless soul, whose single pride  
Was cause enough that millions died ;  
He heard, he saw, till envy woke,  
And thus the voice of thunder spoke :—  
" And hop'st thou thus, in pride unfurl'd,  
To bear those banners thro' the world ?  
Can time nor space thy toils defy ?  
Oh king, thy fellow-demon I !  
Servants of Death, alike we sweep  
The wasted earth, or shrinking deep.  
And on the land, and o'er the wave,  
We reap the harvest of the grave.  
But thickest then that harvest lies,  
And wildest sorrows rend the skies,  
In darker cloud the vultures sail,  
And richer carnage taints the gale,  
And few the mourners that remain,  
When winter leagues with Tamerlane !  
But on, to work our lord's decree ;  
Then, tyrant, turn, and cope with me !  
And learn, though far thy trophies shine,  
How deadlier are my blasts than thine !  
Nor cities burnt, nor blood of men,  
Nor thine own pride shall warm thee then !  
Forth to thy task ! We meet again  
On wild Chabanga's frozen plain !"

*To R. W. Hay, Esq.*

*Hodnet Rectory, August 8, 1816.*

" A severe fit of rheumatism is almost worth having when it serves as a shoeing-horn to draw on such a tour as you propose to yourself. I am heartily sorry, however, that you have so bad a reason for going to the Tyrol, and trust that the hot waters of Gastein will do all that your friends can wish them. You are



very good to recollect so favourably the few hints which I was able to give you in your southern Russian tour. The regions which you have now to pass through I only know as Parnell's hermit knew the world, by books and swains, since, when I was in Austria, the emperor Napoleon had made the best part of Europe a *terra sigillata* to the English. K——, whom I believe you may still find at Stutgard, you know as well as I do. If you should have time and inclination to go on to Vienna, which is a tour that all the Austrians will advise you to make, I could give you some few letters which might be useful; and the neighbouring hot-baths at Baden are greatly renowned for their stimulating powers. I am sorry that you and Wilmot have not contrived to make your tour together.

"Ever your obliged friend,

"REGINALD HEBER."

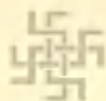
"Murray has sent me a copy of a glorious poem by Milman on the fall of Jerusalem, which he wishes me to review immediately. I have looked at some parts and been delighted with it."

*To R. H. Inglis, Esq.*

*Bodryddan, October 25, 1816.*

"MY DEAR INGLIS,

"Thornton tells me that you have kindly taken the trouble to make some marginal notes on my Lectures. I am now about to send out a new edition; and should regard your friendly criticisms as a very valuable help in my necessary task of correction and improvement. I certainly will not promise implicit obedience to your suggestions; but I will promise them a very attentive consideration; and I have already derived so much advantage from similar communications, that you may rely on my being both patient and docile under your lash. If your observations are not too numerous for transcription within the bounds of a large sheet of paper, such a letter directed to me at Hodnet,



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near Shrewsbury, will be thankfully received; or if you will send your copy of the Lectures to Hatchard's, it will be forwarded to me; and I will take all possible care of it. I believe Hatchard is in no great hurry for the second edition; and, therefore, I am naturally anxious to send it out in as improved a state as I can; but I trust, at farthest, another three weeks will enable me to send it to him, with all the advantage of your castigation.

"I write this letter from North Wales, where my wife and I are paying our annual visit; but I return to Hodnet next week. All here are in great alarm about the harvest, which is as yet very partially stacked, and some not even reaped. In Shropshire we are more forward; and the crops were not deficient in quantity, but the quality very bad indeed; some nearly spoiled by the rain, and some ruined by being stacked in too great a hurry.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Dear Inglis,

"Ever your affectionate friend,

"REGINALD HEBER."

*To R. J. Wilmot, Esq.*

*Hodnet Rectory, November 5, 1816.*

"MY DEAR WILMOT,

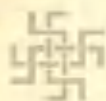
"I must answer both your letters together, as your first, having to follow me into Wales, only arrived two days before your second. And 'First of the First,' as our ancient divines used to say in dividing a sermon, I need not say that it gave me much pleasure to hear of your safe return to England, and that your tour had, in all its circumstances, answered your expectations. I am hardly sure whether it is a selfish unwillingness to lose you for so long a time, or from a disinterested opinion that a protracted absence abroad may, in more ways than one, be disadvantageous to your ultimate and English views, that I feel some alarm at the hints which you drop of an extensive Italian journey and



residence on the continent next year. Perhaps, however, I do not understand your schemes rightly. In the mean time, for I know you *cannot* be idle, what are you going to do? The times are very favourable for one way of aiming at distinction, and I cannot help thinking you might do well to try your hand at a pamphlet, 'On the causes of the present discontents, by the author of a letter, &c.' You write rapidly, and you have the means of getting as much official information as would serve your purpose without encumbering you.

Such a pamphlet as I should expect from you, might, I think, be of real service to the country, in which there seems to prevail, at present, among the higher ranks, a singular blindness to the feelings of the larger half of the country; and with the lower orders a still more fatal disposition to view through a very distorted medium every action of their superiors, and every circumstance of the real situation of the country. You might, on the one hand, point out how little reason for such complaints really exists in the conduct of the higher classes, when fairly stated; and how fair a prospect we have that our difficulties, if we are not impatient under them, may gradually pass away. The real amount of sinecures, of the expenses of the civil list, &c. which have, I apprehend, been greatly and wilfully exaggerated, might be given and compared with those of other countries, particularly of France under Buonaparte. You might, on the other hand, enlarge on the utter madness of despising popular clamour, whether unjust or no, when it is little less than universal,—on the natural excuse which such clamour may plead, where great real want is contrasted with great real or apparent prodigality. You might give your opinions, whatever they may be, on reform in Parliament, though you must, as I conceive, admit that the practical benefits of such a measure would be doubtful and far from immediate. The best practical manner of reducing public expense might be enquired into, and what *has* been done fairly stated.

" Here also a fair exposition of the expense and counterba-



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lancing advantages of our French army might come in ; uniforms, fêtes, &c. might be introduced, if you thought it expedient, since all these have fanned the flame which now burns in the minds of the common people ; and you might conclude by a parœnesis to the gentry of England to exert themselves in recovering their lost popularity ; pointing out the necessity, in particular, of relaxing the game laws, of residence on their property, and improving the condition of the cottager.

“ Such a pamphlet as I should hope to see from you, written in no party spirit, with something of the tone of a reformer, and something of aristocratic prejudice, secretly inclining to the tory side of the question, but sufficiently and, perhaps, ostentatiously just to the other, and, above all, enlarging on practical remedies, and on those points where the people really feel themselves aggrieved, (for parliamentary reform they do not care) might be very generally popular and do much good ; passages would be extracted from it by half the country newspapers, and I should have the satisfaction of boasting my friendship with the ingenious author, not only in drawing-rooms, but at turnpike-meetings, (*absit verbo invidia.*)

“ I have dwelt so long on the former part of my text, that I have little room for my latter. I am now come home for a few days to attend a committee for the relief of the poor. \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Ever your affectionate friend,

“ REGINALD HEBER.”

*To E. D. Davenport, Esq.*

*Hodnet Rectory, Nov. 24, 1816.*

“ MY DEAR DAVENPORT,

“ I fear the Wilmots and Hortons do not mean to take us in their way from Cheshire, as the former talk of pressing back to meet their boys. But though I am compelled to acquiesce in this excuse, yet, as I do not believe that you expect any



similar pledges of affection these Christmas holidays, I trust we are not to give up the hope of seeing you here as soon as you can after the second of December; the earlier the better.

"I have been a little alarmed on receiving a parcel from Mr. Crawford of six quarto volumes of manuscript, each of them, '*so dick als dis sheese*,' being the travels of Mr. Kinneir<sup>1</sup> through Asia Minor, respecting the merits of which I am to give an opinion, according to a rash promise which I made when I was with you. I was not then quite aware of the bulk of the undertaking, but must now persevere, though the journey may be as protracted as that of the ten thousand Greeks through the same route.

"How do you like the new '*Childe Harold*?' I think the beginning tolerable; the end very fine indeed; the middle '*party per pale*,' (to use the heraldic term,) very good and very prosaic and inharmonious. Bringing the mountains to bed of a young earthquake has been apparently suggested by the divine author of '*The Death of Hellebore*?' I am not sure that a mouse would not have been the more eligible son and heir of the two. The prisoner of Chillon is not yet arrived. I hear a very high character of a novel not yet published, but soon to be; '*The Tales of my Landlord, by Jedediah Cleishbotham*.' The author I do not know."

*To Mrs. R. Heber.*

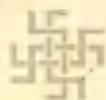
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"I had a letter yesterday from Hodson<sup>2</sup>, enquiring whether I had any objection to become one of the university preachers, and conveying a very civil message from Dr. Van Mildert, offering to nominate me, which he, as Regius Professor, is empowered to do.

<sup>1</sup> Sir John Kinneir Macdonald, now, 1830, British minister in Persia.—Ed.

<sup>2</sup> A mock heroic poem, written by an acquaintance of Mr. Reginald Heber's, to prove that perfect nonsense, when clothed in high-sounding language, and read with proper emphasis, may often be admired as eloquent poetry by superficial hearers.—Ed.

<sup>3</sup> The late Rev. Frodsham Hodson, D.D. Principal of Brazen Nose College.—Ed.

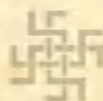


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This offer gives me pleasure as a mark of my Oxford friends, especially Dr. Van Mildert, having approved my sermons; and it may, as a further opportunity of distinguishing myself, be advantageous.

\* \* \* \* — brings dreadful reports of the harvest in Cambridgeshire and the neighbouring counties. As he went to Cambridge, he saw men reaping wheat knee deep in water; and the oats, which are a very principal crop with them, are almost all spoilt; a great deal of corn, I am assured, is still standing in the neighbourhood of Leek. — forebodes famine, and from the badness of the corn, perhaps, pestilence. I know no better comfort than the Mohamedan ‘Ullah kerim!’ But, in reality, I am not disposed to join in his forebodings. The dearth of corn may, possibly, serve as a stimulus to our manufactories. America and Poland will take back cotton and hard-ware in exchange for wheat; and if the affliction is not by these means taken away, it may be much lightened.”

During the short absence from home in which the preceding letter was written, Mr. Reginald Heber commenced, and subsequently completed a “masque,” taken from Chaucer’s “Wife of Bath’s tale.” The plot turns upon the solution of the same riddle; but in the introduction of Titania and her fairies, of Merlin, and of the personages of Arthur’s court, it differs from the original story. This was not the only dramatic poem he wrote; at different times he versified the oriental stories of Il Bondocani and Bluebeard; and there are many to whom the recollection of the kindness and promptitude with which he lent his talents to heighten the enjoyment of a merry Christmas party, will recur with a melancholy interest. From the “masque of Gwendolen,” alone, however, will some extracts now be given.





## FRAGMENTS OF THE MASQUE OF GWENDOLEN.

\* \* \* \* \*

*(Enter two Goblins bearing a casket.)**Gwendolen.* What forms are these?

*Goblin.* Spirits of nether earth  
 Are we, and servants to the mighty Merlin,  
 From whom we bear these treasures to his bride.  
 Or ere the raven twice hath flapt her wing  
 He will himself be here.

*Gwendolen.* Good angels guard me !

*Enter two Sylphs and two Sea Nymphs.*

## SONG.

Nymphs of air and ancient sea,  
 Bridal gifts we bring to thee !  
 Lo these plumes of rich device,  
 Pluck'd from birds of paradise !  
 Lo these drops of essence rare,  
 Shook from a wand'ring meteor's hair !  
 Nymphs of air and ancient sea,  
 Such the gifts we bring to thee !

Take these shells, approach them near,  
 And they shall murmur in thine ear  
 Tunes that lull the slumbering sea  
 More than mermaid's harmony !  
 Take these pearls, no diving-slave  
 Drags their like from ocean cave,—  
 Nymphs of air and ancient sea,  
 Such can only bring to thee.

*Enter two Genii of Fire, with a Vase.*

1 *Genius.* Loveliest of mortal mould ! distant we kneel,  
 Lest our hot breath should mar thy snowy skin,  
 Or scorch thy raven locks ! We are of fire  
 The swarthy ministers, whose active heat  
 Is as the soul of earth and sea and air ;  
 Who sow the seeds of gold, who give the diamond  
 Its eye of flame, and wake the carbuncle  
 To rival day. Of such strange alchemy



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We bring thee tokens; and before thy feet  
Bow down our crisped heads, and in the dust  
Abase our terrors!

\* \* \* \* \*

*Merlin.*

Am I proud, who lay  
Mine empire at thy feet? All thou hast seen  
Are but the least of wonders. Toiling fiends  
Shall sweat to work thy bidding, and their claws  
Rend from the greedy earth its buried treasure,  
And drag the deep for thee. The sylphs of air  
Shall fan thy slumber, and their viewless harps  
Pour on thy waking ear strange melody.  
The elfin nations, with fresh herbs and flowers,  
Shall in thy chambers keep perennial spring;  
And the wild mermaid sleek, with coral comb,  
Thy dark and perfum'd tresses. Seek'st thou more?  
More is in Merlin's power! Be thou my bride,  
And I will place thee on a regal throne  
Of solid adamant, hill above hill,  
Ten furlongs high, to match whose altitude  
Plinlimmon fails, and Idris' stony chair  
Sinks like an infant's bauble; there, enshrin'd  
A queen and goddess, shall the elements  
Wait on thee, and the countless multitude  
Of Genii worship thee supreme in hell!  
I pause for thy reply.

*Gwendolen.*

This then it is:  
Thy power I know not, but thine art I know  
For most unholy, and thy person hateful!  
I own my folly, with remorse I own it,  
Which play'd with such a visitor; but mine ears  
Drank in thy wisdom,—and it soothed my pride  
To see the powers of magic tax'd for me,  
And the strong features of a face like thine  
Relaxing in my presence! This forgive me!  
My last request! Nay look not thus on me,  
Nor press my hand! I may not dally longer.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Merlin.*

Ah, do not raise the fiend within my soul,  
Nor arm, sweet petulance, against thyself  
My worsen nature! In this rugged breast





The heart which throbs is Etna's earthy fire,  
Which, unprovok'd and slumbering in its strength,  
Rejoiceth Ceres, and with fresher flowers  
To Enna's valley lures back Proserpine :  
But, if it burst its bounds, hath hellish mettle  
Which is most dangerous ! I was not made  
To soothe a lady's scorn, or woo her lattice,  
What time the cold moon on her garden bower  
Flickers in silver whiteness, and the winds  
Blend with mine amorous harp's sad lullaby.  
My love or vengeance must be gratified.—  
Wherefore, proud dame, I say to thee, Be wise !  
In love unmatch'd, in hate unmatchable,  
I have done that ere now which mine own eyes  
Have wept to look upon. My Father's spirit  
Is blent with mine, and schools me to such horrors !  
Wherefore, I charge thee, as thou lov'st thyself,  
Be timely wise ! One little moment more,  
I feel the demon rush into my soul,  
And prayer will then be vain ! Be wise ! Be wise !

*Gwendolen.*

Oh horror, horror ! Oh for leprosy  
To scathe this fatal form ! Oh that the veil  
Wherewith I shroud me from thy dreaded glance,  
Were some wild thicket, some brake-tangled wood  
Where this poor head might shelter,—where no foot  
Of man approacheth : that myself were made  
A thing of loathing and of natural horror,  
Such as is pain to look on !—better so  
Than thus to tempt thy wooing : take me, throw me  
To the wild boar, or where the lioness  
Seeks for her brindled young their human banquet ;  
Yea, rather marry me to death, and make  
My bridal bed within the sepulchre,  
Than bid me mount with thee thy guilty throne !  
Thy wish be on thine head, and thine own curse  
Feed on thee till it waste thee ! Exquisite maid !  
Ev'n in the bitterness of my revenge  
I love thy graceful passion ! But my sire,  
Whose flames now burn within me, goads my purpose  
To wittier malice ! Shroud thee in thy veil,  
Oh my fair enemy ;—for that withdrawn  
Thy face shall never win a suitor more !

*Merlin.*



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Hear Spirits hear!—

(*Thunder.*)

I fix on thee

Curses, curses, one, two, three !  
Fouler than a grandame ape,  
Be thy features and thy shape ;  
Be thy face, so fresh and fair,  
Worse than those of furies are ;  
Be thy snowy forehead dark,  
And rougher than the maple bark ;  
In the green wood range alone  
Thy disastrous lot to moan ;  
Lion wild and bristly boar,  
Let them fly thy face before ;  
And the wolves that round thee prowl,  
More from fear than hunger howl ;  
As a thing most scorn'd and hated,  
And with demons only mated,  
Every kindly creature shun thee :  
And this burden be upon thee,  
Till a youth of form divine,  
Sprung from Brutus' ancient line,  
Of beauty careless, and delight,  
Shall woo thee to the nuptial rite ;  
Shall his arms around thee twine,  
Shall his warm lips press to thine,  
And sign thee with the holy sign !

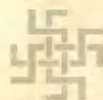
(*Thunder. Merlin sinks.*)

\* \* \* \* \*

(*Gwendolen asleep as transformed by Merlin. Three  
fairies strewing flowers and leaves over her.*)

#### SONG.

Rest thee on this mossy pillow  
"Till the morning light !  
Softly wave this whispering willow  
O'er thy bed to night !  
Every mortal grief forsake thee  
As our drowsy spells o'ertake thee,  
Nought from blessed sleep awake thee  
"Till the morning light !





*Enter* TITANIA.

*Titania.* Spirits, well done! for not of ruthless mood  
Are we, the rangers of the nightly wood.  
Where found ye this sad maid?

*1st Fairy.* Down in yon dell  
We found her, where the moon-beams brightest fell;  
For Cynthia mark'd her with benignant eye,  
And mourn'd, methought, a virgin's misery.  
We mark'd her too, with what intense despair  
She scatter'd on the winds her raven hair,  
Invoking death: then with accurst intent  
Of wilder madness, to the lake she went;  
But, bending o'er its mirror, shriek'd to spy  
In that wild glass her own deformity,  
And fled apace. Anon, amid the brakes,  
Like some pursued fawn a lair she makes,  
And shrowding with her furry gown those eyes  
Which not the curse of Merlin could disguise,  
As at herself she trembled, 'till her grief  
Found in a flood of gracious tears relief.

*Titania.* Poor wretch! ye sooth'd her then?

*1st Fairy.* Her tears we dried,  
And pluck'd the brambles from her bleeding side;  
O'er her hot brain a grateful vapour threw,  
And sprinkled every limb with drowsy dew;  
Then bore her slumb'ring to this green retreat,  
And with star-jelly cool'd her blister'd feet,  
And scatter'd every flower of purple die,  
And fann'd her rest with owlet's plumery.

*Titania.* Well have ye done! Sleep on, poor Gwendolen,  
The hour of retribution is arriv'd,  
And Merlin hath no longer power to harm.—  
*1st Fairy.* Is Merlin dead?

*Titania.* Ev'n now I heard the yell  
Of ghastly merriment; in upper air  
The fiends keep holyday. I knew their song,  
A song of triumph: "Merlin is no more!  
Merlin, the mighty one! Haste, haste to meet him  
Ye rulers of the damn'd, and open wide  
Your everlasting gates, to entertain  
The master of the spell! Such charms no more  
Shall tax our labours till the final doom!"



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*1st. Fairy.* How died he? Say—

*Titania.* By female wiles he fell.

She of the Lake, his elfin paramour,  
Jealous of his late wanderings,—in a tomb,  
(First having won by sugar'd blandishment  
From his dark soul th' unutterable name  
Which all things fear in hell, in earth and heaven,)  
Enclos'd the struggling wizard. Nine long nights  
Within the rock the fairies heard him moan,  
The tenth was silence!

*1st Fairy.* May the merciless

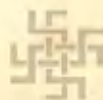
Such fate meet ever! But, our Gwendolen,  
Is she now free?

*Titania.* The fates their course must have,

And Merlin's spells have power beyond the grave.  
But Heaven, and those bright stars whose golden eyes  
Behold the link of mortal destinies,  
An equal lot of weal and woe prepare  
To Harleck's virgin and to Albion's heir.  
For this I came, to shed a soft controul  
Of heavenly wisdom o'er her sleeping soul;  
And bring to mind whate'er of secret lore  
She from her wizard lover learnt before.  
But soft, she stirs,—our potent pharmacy  
Has rous'd her dream, and oped her sealed eye.  
Vanish, kind fays—our forms she must not spy!

(*Gwendolen awakes.*)

*Gwendolen.* Oh sacred hour of retribution,  
Foredoom'd to dry the wretch's tear,  
And rectify this dark confusion,  
Of earthly sin and shame and fear;  
And art thou then a fond delusion  
Around our slumber hovering near,  
Of Heavenly bliss a blest infusion  
Too holy to be tasted here?  
Oh, in my dreams I feel them, see them!  
The days of bliss return again,  
As victor angels tread beneath them,  
The snare of fiends, the rage of men!  
And evermore a sweet delusion  
Above my slumber hovers near;  
And tells of holy retribution,  
And chides my doubt and soothes my fear;

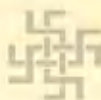




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I wake—and all is dark and drear.  
The oak wood rustles over head ;  
The aspen sheds its foliage sere  
Upon my wild and dewy bed ;  
Before the melancholy blast  
Autumnal clouds are driving fast ;  
For canopy of state I see  
The white moon glimmering thro' the tree ;  
I tremble as with woman fear  
The wolf's approaching howl I hear ;  
In sickening doubt I turn mine eyes  
From mine own self thus hideous grown ;  
And, ranging, in this goblin guise,  
The thorny brake, unseen, unknown,  
I curse my sleep, whose magic power  
Hath mocked with bliss my hopeless heart,  
And trebly curse my waking hour,  
Which bade that fancied bliss depart ;  
And doubt, so quick the changes seem,  
If this or that were all a dream.  
Alas ! how know we which is true,  
The night or day, the sun or shade,  
The forms which glide in long review  
Before our eyes in slumber laid,  
Or those our waking scenes renew ?  
Was it a dream that Harleck's hall  
Received my wandering steps again,  
As throbb'd my heart at rapture's call,  
More rapt'rous from remember'd pain ?  
On my cold cheek in joyful thrill,  
My brother's tear, I feel it still ;  
And, closer to my heart than he,  
The youth's warm kiss who set me free !  
Was this a dream ? or, dream I now  
Of mourning weeds and desert wild ;  
Of whistling wind in hawthorn bough ;  
Of form by magic curse defil'd ?  
Come pitying death, dissolve the strife,  
—And wake me from the trance of life !  
A footstep in the wood ! an armed man,  
And hither bound ! Retire thee, Gwendolen.  
Yet, what hast thou to fear ? Thine altered form  
Is safe from the worst danger, and thy life,



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Not worth the keeping, mocks his cruelty.—  
Yet must I hide me—lend me your shade kind boughs,  
To shade this hideous face from earth and Heaven!

\* \* \* \* \*

*Scene, the Court.—Arthur on his throne, Llewellyn in chains, Guards, &c. &c.*

*Arthur.* How wears the time?

*Kay.* The sun hath well nigh scaled  
The pinnacle of Heaven.

*Arthur.* Oh say not so :—

Is it indeed so late?—Where art thou Gawain,  
Too slow to save thy friend? Ah, cursed oath!  
Which stops the mouth of mercy, and but leaves  
A barren grief to after penitence—  
That I might now recall thee! Yet again  
Be it proclaimed,—if that mortal tongue  
Can solve our oracle,—and solving save  
Yon gallant gentleman,—our kingdom's power  
Is taxed for their reward. Still, still,—all still!  
Oh good Llewellyn, when the headsman's blow  
Redeems mine oath, my hoary hairs shall follow  
(Believe it) to the grave. Oh, that thy wrath  
Had cool'd betimes, or mine. Pardon, oh pardon!  
As I forgive thee thine unruly brow  
Triumphant o'er mine age, thy words of fire  
And looks of mutiny, such as no king  
Can brook without resistance,—pardon thou  
The rashness of mine oath, which sends thy youth  
Untimely to the tomb.

*Llewellyn.* My parting prayer  
Waits on your silver locks; be brief good king;  
Dismiss a soul which on its tiptoe stands  
Knocking at Heaven's high gates. I have met death  
In uglier shapes before, nor find I now,  
Save in this tardiness, his teeth or sting.  
Have with you, headsman.

*Arthur.* Stay, I charge ye stay!—  
A noise—I hear it well,—a horse's tread  
As one in speed—and hark that shout, oh Heaven.  
Run some of ye and learn.

*(Cry without.)* Long live Earl Gawain!

\* \* \* \* \*





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*Arthur.* Welcome brave nephew,  
Now more than ever welcome ; have ye sped ?  
Is mine oath cancelled ?—is the prisoner free ?  
Hath Merlin told his secret ?

*Gawain.* He hath borne  
That secret to the land of secrecy,  
Nor can Llewellyn claim a further sentence  
Than Heav'n hath past on Merlin. Oh my liege,  
Strange things have chanced, which at fitting season  
I shall unfold. Now to my chiefest care.  
Unlock these rivets jailor, for thy charge  
By Arthur's oath is free ;—Arthur hath sought  
What women mostly crave ;—my answer follows.  
Power is their passion. From the lordly dame  
To the brown maid that tends the harvest field,  
They prize it most. Wherefore is pleasure scorn'd  
But to increase their sway ?—why riches lavished,  
But as an argument of queenly state ?  
Wherefore is virtue scorn'd ? why vice thought comely ?  
But for the pride of taming him whose wiles  
Have ruined many,—why is beauty marr'd  
By ceruse or by corset ?—wherefore love  
Led like a blithe and perfum'd sacrifice  
To Phœbus' altar, but in hope to reign ?—  
Ye have mine answer.—

*Arthur.* Loose Llewellyn's chain !  
Gawain thou hast thine earldom. Valiant friends  
This day be peace to all. Let me embrace you  
With penitent fondness. Ah ! what ghastly spectre  
Troubles our happiness ?—Can this be human !  
She kneels, she holds a ring—

*Gwendolen.* A boon, a boon  
From Arthur and from Gawain ! What I am,  
What I have done, he knows.—What he hath sworn  
This ring be witness.

*Gawain.* I acknowledge all,  
And nobly will repay thee. Come to-morrow,—  
To-day,—this even,—only scare not now  
This royal presence.

*Gwendolen.* \* \* \* \* \*  
I saved thy friend,  
I brought thine earldom back ; my wisdom sounded  
The craft of Merlin ; and the grateful Gawain  
(For he was grateful then,) sware by his sword,



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This ring his sponsor,—to reward my pains  
With whatsoe'er I ask'd. I ask it now,  
Before the king—my hire, my righteous hire,  
Such as a knight must pay.

*Gawain.*

Ask and receive!

I own my oath,—and though my colder blood  
Thrills to its fountain at thy gaze, and nature  
Forebodes of something monstrous in thy soul,  
Which I may shrink to answer—I have sworn;  
And bid me tame the brindled pard, or keep  
Mine unarm'd vigil in a dragon's den,—  
Be the king witness, and this table round,  
I will perform thy bidding; speak and obtain.

*Gwendolen.*

Give me thyself,—be thou mine husband, Gawain!  
What! scared already,—hast thou sworn in vain?  
Am I so monstrous?—Oh, I feel I am!  
Yet have I sav'd thy friend.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Gawain.*

So are we married. Rule thou in my house,  
Govern my treasure,—prank thee in my jewels;  
All, all is thine!—for me, I mount my steed  
And ramble forth to-night, an errant warrior,  
To see thy face no more.—

*Gwendolen.*

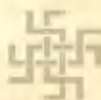
Alas for me!

Is this a marriage?—thus did Gawain swear,  
To mock me with himself,—to leave me thus,  
His lawful partner, to the scoffs of men,  
And the constructions of a peevish world,  
Weak and defenceless, childless, husbandless?  
Oh, my good lord,—shall it be said this face  
Has robb'd my country of its bravest knight?  
And shall the Saxon, and the ruthless Dane,  
Triumphant in your absence, thank the foulness  
Of Gawain's countess for their victory!  
Far be such curse from me! If I am loath'd,  
Beyond endurance loath'd,—command me hence,  
And I forsake your roof;—I know my duty;  
And your poor wife, from forth her wilderness,  
Shall bless and pray for Gawain.

*Gawain.*

Nay, not so;

For I have sworn to shield thee; rest thee here,  
And ev'n in absence shall mine eye behold  
Thy comforts and thy safety; weep not, dame,





I am thy guardian, and will well discharge  
 A guardian's office. Friendship may be ours,  
 Thy form forbids not that. What—weeping still!  
 I will not leave thee;—with a brother's zeal  
 For thy past service done I will watch over thee:  
 Be of good courage,—come, one kiss of peace  
 To seal our bargain.—Hateful! horrible!  
 And dost thou cling around me, cursed fiend,  
 To drag me to perdition! Out, aroint!  
 For in God's name I charge thee set me free,  
 And by this holy sign!

Gwendolen.

Oh, blessed be thou!—

Turn, Gawain, turn!—

*(Loud thunder.)*

\* \* \* \* \*

*To R. H. Inglis, Esq.**Hodnet Rectory, Dec. 2, 1816.*

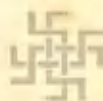
“MY DEAR INGLIS,

“I did not intend to have written till I had finished the correction of my lectures: but you have afforded me so substantial a proof of your kindness in the attention which you have bestowed on my writings, that I am unwilling any longer to defer thanking you. Some of your suggestions I must take credit to myself for having already adopted, and I will sincerely engage to reject none without a careful examination. If you were to see the margin of my corrected copy, you would acquit me of any idleness in the task of revision; at the same time I must own that my attention has as yet been paid to the collecting fresh authorities, and arranging my arguments in a more lucid order, rather than to questions of style. Your criticism may, therefore, be of real and great advantage to me. My wife joins in kindest regards to Mrs. Inglis with

“Dear Inglis,

“Ever your's truly,

“REGINALD HEBER.”



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*To R. H. Inglis, Esq.*

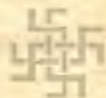
*Hodnet Rectory, Jan. 13, 1817.*

"MY DEAR INGLIS,

"I am sensible that I may seem to have delayed too long the acknowledgements which your very friendly and valuable present claimed from me, and, if I had had any reason to apprehend that my sincerity would have been taxed in speaking as highly as I could have wished of the remains of your excellent friend, I would not have deferred writing my thanks till I had received and read the volumes<sup>1</sup>. I can now say, with great truth, that I am highly sensible of the kind manner in which you have distinguished one who enjoyed, unfortunately, so small a share of Mr. Bowdler's acquaintance, and can assure you that you were not mistaken in supposing that I should regard his 'remains' with very deep feelings of respect and regret. I expected much from all which I had heard of him during his life, and my expectations have not been disappointed by the volumes which you have sent me. It is very unusual to find so much playfulness of fancy united to so many traces of severe application, or to find both these brought to bear at once on so many different branches of knowledge; and I own my respect is much increased by the consideration, that these essays, which might many of them seem to have required a man's best exertions and undivided attention, were, in his case, nothing more than the relaxations of a mind daily pressed on by other cares, and fighting its way through the gloom of sickness and the hindrances of a most laborious profession.

"I have said thus much of the talents which the work you have sent appears to me to display; of the exalted feelings of virtue and piety which it every where expresses, nothing need be said, as its author is already gone to receive the only approbation which he had in view. I often, during his life, have regretted that,

<sup>1</sup> "Select pieces in prose and verse," by the late John Bowdler, Esq.





though I knew so many of his friends, and was well acquainted with his character, I had very slight opportunities of being made known to him, and none of cultivating his acquaintance. That regret would be now much increased if I did not venture to look forward, not only to the continuance in another world of the friendships begun here, but to the obtaining and enjoying the society of many excellent persons, whom I have here chiefly or only known by the reputation which they have enjoyed, or the works which they have left behind them. I do not know that the mutual recognition of happy spirits is actually revealed, though I think it is implied in many parts of Scripture. But I am sure that the probabilities of the case are all in favour of the supposition; nor can I conceive that, while the animal part of our nature is not to be destroyed, but raised and glorified, the best and purest parts of our natural affection, and those which seem most suited to Heaven, are to expire to revive no more, or to become useless in a future state. Let us be willing to hope that it may be more than a mere expression, when I sign myself,

“ Dear Inglis,

“ *Ever* your sincere friend,

“ REGINALD HEBER.”

*To R. J. Wilmot, Esq.*

*Hodnet Rectory, June 17, 1817.*

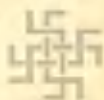
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“ I certainly think that, able and witty as ———’s statements of our prospects are, he is not sufficiently sensible to the dangers of the country. He says, and probably with truth, that a few fresh orders from Germany, and a little advance in the value of agricultural produce, would reconcile all parties to the constitution and the powers that be. But I wish he were able to prophesy that such mercantile orders are really likely to arrive, or that the prices which the farmer may expect when exposed to the competition of foreign corn-growers, will be such as to counterbalance his neces-



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sary loss in the quantity and quality of his harvest. In one respect it is, indeed, possible that the failure of our crops may be of real advantage to the trade of the country, (which is, doubtless, our weakest side, and the quarter most susceptible of injurious impressions from the enemies of order,) by supplying the Americans with the means of purchasing our manufactures by the exportation of their corn. But, unless our corn-bill is repealed, this relief must, of course, be temporary; and if this alternative is adopted, the parliament will be besieged by starving country gentlemen and farmers. Look which side one may, I do not perceive how the evils are to be avoided, which, sooner or later, must attend those who have over-traded, or the demand for whose commodities is greatly and rapidly diminished. You have considered these matters more than I have done; but it appears to me that the same consequence has now overtaken the nation, (which is, after all, only a collection of individuals,) as individuals under such cases experience; and that every soul in the country must sit down with a positive loss of so much struck off from what he lately believed himself possessed of. Even then, thank God, more will probably remain to each than is possessed by individuals of corresponding station in any country in the world; but the transit is, and must be, very painful; and, as each person can only meet it by retrenchment of his expences, so it falls most heavily on those (too numerous a class in this country,) who have earned their bread by supplying others with superfluities, under which name every comfort that can be dispensed with, is likely to be included by a great part of the nation.

“ I quite agree with you that government will be compelled to make concessions; I only trust that they will be made in time to prevent still more unreasonable demands, and that they will be of a nature really to meet the evil, which can only, I should think, be alleviated by a diminution of taxes, and an ostentatious removal of sinecures and extravagance. The people now are heartily wretched, and cordially inclined to lay the blame of their misery on any cause which may be pointed out to

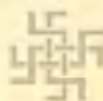


them. But a compliance with their plans of reforming parliament would be worse than loss of time, inasmuch as it could not relieve a single symptom of the public distress. \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

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“ I have just been reading Clarendon's first volume aloud to my wife. I had not looked at it for many years, and am a good deal surprised with many points of resemblance between that time and our present prospects. The same accusations of extravagance and supposed luxury in the court, and complaints of bad times among the people, appear, as now, to have been the primary causes of discontent. The cry of reformation in the Church, to whose abuses all the ills of the country were imputed, was then as mere a stalking-horse for sedition as reform in parliament is now ; and those who were most clamorous then, appear to have really cared as little for religion, as those who make most noise at present do for liberty ; and what is more to our purpose, there was, at first, the same want of men of consequence and remarkable abilities on the disaffected side as there is now ; it was only when disaffection became universal among the lower classes, that it began to obtain partizans among the higher. Yet, when this point was once attained, how many wise and good and powerful persons were carried away with the torrent ; and how many demagogues of great abilities started up as soon as the number of their followers made it safe to declare themselves ! The moral will be, that our friend comforts himself too soon with the reflection that the present discontents are not dangerous, because they have no leaders, since, when they reach a certain point, such leaders will not be wanting. What should now be done is to remove or lighten the real burdens, to disregard the ignorant or insidious remedies which are held out to the people as specifics, and to repress, with as much severity as possible, all tendency to innovation or revolution ; taking care, however, never to aim a blow which government is not very sure will take effect ; never to bring men to trial whom they are not sure of finding guilty, nor ever to bring out troops unless with a real design and under a plain necessity of bloodshed.



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Biting may be, sometimes, wise ; showing the teeth, never, not even with cowards.

“ What I have said is chiefly, however, in the hope of engaging your thoughts on these subjects, without thinking that my own suggestions are either very new or very profound.

\* \* \* \* \*

I have just returned from Wynnstay, where I went to meet the Grand Duke and suite, who, however, journeying as royal and imperial highnesses usually do, had left the house before I got there, having paid a visit of about ten hours, instead of three days, as had been expected. I can, therefore, give you no account of him.”

*To R. J. Wilmot, Esq.*

*Hodnet Rectory, April 19, 1817.*

“ Among the anecdotes of the general distress of the times, the following is not least singular. While I was at Bodryddan last Monday, the overseer of an adjoining village came to ask the Dean's directions about a miserable beggar, who had fallen from weakness in the street, and who seemed dying. The apothecary, who happened to be in the house, was despatched to the spot, and directions were given for providing the miserable object with food, lodging, &c. On the apothecary's return, he reported that the man was dying of hunger and filth ; that the vermin had, apparently, eaten into his flesh, and that his rags and person were in such a state that none of the cottagers could be bribed to take him into their houses. They laid him in a barn, where he was a little revived by some broth ; and then, with much caution and reluctance, they proceeded to remove his rags, as it was considered absolutely necessary to wash and fumigate him with tobacco water. In the rags they found eighteen guineas in gold, seven or eight pounds' worth of old silver, fifteen dollars, and twenty-seven shillings. The man's age seemed to be about sixty. He had a





remarkably intelligent countenance, and spoke English well, but from weakness said very little; except weakness and filth he seemed to have no complaint. Is not this a strange picture of existence? A man with the means of purchasing food and comfort, literally reduced to the brink of the grave for want of both! Yet it is not a story to which I would, at this time of distress, give too great publicity. It cannot be a case of frequent occurrence, and there are many people who are glad to urge such stories as reasons for disbelieving all instances of distress."

*To R. W. Hay, Esq.*

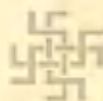
*Hodnet Rectory, May 4, 1817.*

"MY DEAR HAY,

\* \* \* \* \*

"We wished for you very much this spring at Hodnet, to complete a party which I think you would have found not an unpleasant one; but I knew too well that wishing was, at that time, vain. Wilmot stayed a week longer than the rest of our friends. \* \* \* He gives a good account of the party at Grillon's, which has, certainly, obtained some very valuable accessions. Wilmot says that in London nobody is talking of distress; here, where we have not many other things to talk of, it is a standing subject of conversation. The amount of suffering is, unquestionably, great in this neighbourhood; though as we have no manufacturing population, it does not appear in so terrible a shape as in many parts of England, and much has been done in a very judicious manner by different persons and parishes towards employing the poor on the roads.

"The farmers are in rather better spirits than they were during the winter, and those who were not obliged to thresh their corn early, find it better in quality than was the case with such as poverty compelled to sell it while new. Potatoes are at present the most urgent want, and which is likely to extend in its conse-



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quences into next year, since many of the labourers will hardly get a sufficiency to plant their gardens with. I do not think that either the Spencean or the reformist partizans have made many converts among us ; though I verily believe that Southey's powerful exposition of the principles of the former, as it appeared in the Quarterly, and has since been copied into all provincial papers, has put many odd fancies into the brains of men, who, but for this infusion, would never have dreamt of such a system. It is a great misfortune, by the way, that a poor man who is fond of reading, has so little wholesome nourishment provided for this laudable appetite, that he is almost driven to satisfy it with publications of the worst description, which are carefully disseminated through the country. This evil is not met by the usual distribution of tracts by the different religious societies, since their works are not read as amusement ; and therefore, though they may sometimes correct the evil of a blasphemous or seditious publication, do not come in *instead* of such a work. Mrs. Hannah More's repository, to a certain extent, answered this object, but an abridgement of some historical books, of the lives of the admirals, Southey's Nelson, Hume's history, &c. would, I think, be of still greater advantage, if a society could be instituted to print them in numbers, so cheap as to make it more worth the while of the hawkers to sell them than Paine's Age of Reason, &c. which I believe they now do sell to a greater amount than is generally supposed.

“ We are all here, as makers of cheese, in great sorrow that the salt tax is not taken off. Have you been ever induced to turn your attention to the fisheries, so as to have ascertained to what extent it affects them, or how far they are susceptible of improvement ?”

*To R. J. Wilmot, Esq.*

*Hodnet Rectory, May 4, 1817.*

“ \* \* \* Sir John Hill is very full of the advantage of tacking a clause to the bill for assisting parishes, &c. to enable them

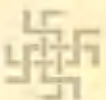


to enclose commons without a special act of parliament; and has written to our county members on the subject. He says that there are many parishes where the best possible effects would follow from attaching a farm to the poor-house; and that wherever there is a common this might be done without difficulty. If you think the measure worth discussing, or that any benefit could arise from naming it, you would confer on the good old baronet a great obligation, by mentioning it to some of your parliamentary friends. I am myself not very sanguine in expecting advantage from Mr. Vansittart's plan, either with or without this additional clause. Some individual cases of distress may be alleviated, and that species and degree of relief given to the public, which would be obtained by an issue of bank paper to the same amount, increasing the quantity, and, so far as it reaches, depreciating the value of the circulating medium, which, on Franklin's principle, which you may recollect talking over, may be, as far as it goes, no bad thing for debtors, or for nations in debt. I had rather the salt tax had been struck off, or reduced to half its present rate; and verily think that by the stimulus which it would have given to the fisheries, as well as to dairy and grazing farms, a more general relief would have been afforded to the country.

"I fancy you will have, by this time, received my *epistola objurgatoria*, in answer to the British Critic, on the style of which I shall be glad to have your opinion.

"I am glad you have met with Charles Vaughan<sup>1</sup>, of whom I have a very high opinion; he has excellent sense, and very pleasing manners and disposition. Many thanks for your repeated kind invitation to Montague Square. I want no persuasions to induce me to accept it, as independent of the pleasure of being with you, I have a periodical thirst after London society this time of year. Yet, to say the truth, I have so much to do, and see so many hindrances in the way, that I can scarcely promise myself the indulgence."

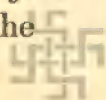
<sup>1</sup> Right Hon. C. R. Vaughan, now, 1830, British minister in America.—ED.



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About this time Mr. Reginald Heber was asked by a friend to look over a MS. intended for publication. Its author had fallen into the error of believing that Mary Magdalene was a woman of abandoned character before she became a follower of our Saviour, thus confounding her with the "sinner" who also washed our Saviour's feet. The letter in which Mr. Reginald Heber entered at considerable length into the question, has, accidentally, been lost; but at the request of a sister of the editor, who had occasionally heard the subject argued, and who wished to have it in her power to show his recorded opinion, he wrote the following treatise, drawing such a distinction between them, as to make it impossible for its readers to confound the one with the other.

"It has been a very common opinion among Christians, that Mary Magdalene was a prostitute before she became a follower of Christ. This rests, partly, on the supposed connexion of some passages of Scripture, partly on alleged tradition. I will examine both these grounds. Of Mary Magdalene, *under that name*, nothing is related in Scripture which can favour such an opinion. She is said, indeed, to have been possessed by seven devils, and to have been delivered from this affliction by our Lord. (Luke viii. 2.) But this was a misfortune by no means confined to the wicked, and is no where spoken of in the Gospels as more *judicial* than any disease, by whatever means occasioned. And all which we read of her besides is highly to her honour, as being one among several devout women who supported Jesus, when alive, by their contributions, and brought an expensive preparation of spices for his funeral (Matt. xxvii. 55-6.; Luke viii. 2, 3.; Mark xvi. 1.). The probability is that she (as well as Joanna the wife of Herod's steward) was a person of some wealth and consideration. But be that as it may, often as Mary Magdalene is mentioned, we hear nothing of her previous sins, or her exemplary repentance. We read, however, that as Jesus was at meat in a house at Bethany, a woman named *Mary*, the sister of Martha, and of Lazarus, whom Christ raised from the



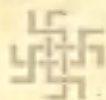


dead, anointed the feet of Jesus with precious ointment and wiped them with her hair; (John xii. 1, 2, 3.) and, by comparing the accounts given by St. Matthew xxvi. 6, 7., and by St. Mark xiv. 3, 4. of what appears to be the same transaction, we learn that this took place in the house of one *Simon* of Bethany surnamed 'the leper.' This is apprehended to be the same event which is related by St. Luke vii. 37, 38. ; in which also a woman, of whom it was expressly said that she was 'a sinner,' is introduced as anointing our Lord's feet, washing them with her tears, and wiping them with her hair, the house of one *Simon* a Pharisee. And by understanding the word 'sinner' to mean a prostitute, and identifying the sinner in question with *Mary of Bethany*, whom they suppose to be the same with *Mary Magdalene*, the persons of whom I speak arrive at the conclusion that Mary Magdalene was a prostitute.

"Now 1st. It is by no means certain that the word 'sinner' means a prostitute. The objection of the Pharisee to her being allowed to 'touch' our Saviour (Luke vii. 39.), would have applied to any immoral person, or any one under the censures of the Mosaic law<sup>1</sup>.

"2dly. The coincidences of the 'precious ointment,' and the name of 'Simon' are not enough to prove that St. Matthew, St. Mark, and St. John are speaking of the same event which St. Luke records, since the ceremony of perfuming illustrious guests has always been usual in the east, and may, therefore, have been more than once practised on our Saviour by those who believed in Him; and since Simon is so common a name among the Jews, that no stress can be laid upon it. And that they are not speaking of the same event is plain: 1st. because the tenour of the history, as told by St. Luke, supposes it to have occurred in a *city* of Galilee at an early period of our Saviour's ministry; while the event of which the other Evangelists speak, took place at Bethany, a *village* of Judea, in our Saviour's last visit to Jerusalem, and, by the reproof which, in consequence of it, he gave to Judas, conducted

<sup>1</sup> See Drusius de iii. Sectis.



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almost immediately to the revenge and treason of the latter. 2dly. It does not seem probable that the person described by St. Luke as 'a sinner,' can have been Mary, sister of Lazarus, because, in the former case, the Pharisee conceived it to be a proof that Jesus was no prophet, that He did not know 'who the woman was that touched Him.' This proves that she must have been a stranger, since no prophetic power was necessary to know an acquaintance. But Mary, sister of Lazarus, had long before been intimate with Jesus, and even dear to Him, as appears by the xiith chapter of St. John, which, in fact, is equally decisive against her being the sinner here spoken of, or her having been a sinner at all in any notorious and flagrant respect, at the time when *she* anointed the feet and head of Christ. The sinner, then, whose penitence is recorded by St. Luke, was not Mary, the sister of Martha and Lazarus.

" 3rdly. But, if we were even to concede that all the Evangelists were describing the same event, still, though the previous character of *this* Mary would be reflected on, yet it is certain that she and *Mary Magdalene* were different persons. 1st, because St. Luke, who always speaks of the latter with the addition of *Magdalene*, does, thereby, very clearly distinguish her from the person of whom he speaks as 'a sister of Martha called Mary.' (St. Luke x. 39). 2dly, the surname of 'Magdalene' implies that the birth-place or residence of the former was Magdala or Migdol, a city of Galilee; and she is accordingly described as one of the women who 'followed Christ out of Galilee' to Jerusalem. This does not agree with Mary the sister of Martha and Lazarus, who never that we know of was in Galilee, residing with her brother at Bethany, near Jerusalem; and so far from being a constant attendant on Jesus, sends after him into Galilee to implore him to heal her brother in his sickness. This Mary then is not the same with Mary Magdalene; and the latter would not be implicated in any reflexions cast on the former.

" 4thly. But still, it may be said, the sinner mentioned by St. Luke, *may* have been Mary Magdalene, though not Mary the



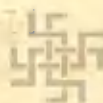
sister of Lazarus. This is a mere assumption without any proof whatever; and the circumstances of the history offer some violent presumptions to the contrary. Thus, if the sinner mentioned by St. Luke had been Mary Magdalene, it is strange that he should have named the latter, two verses after, without even hinting that she was the same with her whose penitence he had just recorded (Luke viii. 2). Again, Mary Magdalene is known to have been a constant attendant on our Lord's person and wants. But is it probable that Christ, at the age of thirty, and surrounded by calumniators, should have chosen a prostitute for this situation, however He might, in His own wisdom, know her to be reformed? And, further, we find Him so far from calling into His service the sinner in question, that He, to all appearance, dismisses her to her own house,—‘thy faith hath saved thee, *go in peace!*’ Here, surely, is no encouragement to a closer attendance on Him.

“It is plain, then, that the whole opinion of Mary Magdalene's loose character is founded on mistake, so far as Scripture is concerned. As to tradition, it is not worth while to spend much time on it. Jerome expressly distinguishes the woman who anointed Christ's head in the house of Simon of Bethany, from the ‘meretrix’ who washed his feet in the house of Simon the Pharisee (Comm. in Matt. xxvii. T. vi. p. 57). Mary Magdalene he calls ‘a widow,’ and says nothing of her having been a harlot in the commentary on St. Mark xv. which bears his name, T. vi. p. 87. Origen believes all the three narratives of Christ's unction to relate to different events and to different women, and does not seem to apprehend that any of the three was the same as Mary Magdalene. Chrysostom supposes the unction which took place in the house of Simon the leper, to be the same with that which took place in the house of Simon the Pharisee; but denies that ‘the sinner’ was Mary sister of Lazarus, and no where hints the possibility of her being Mary Magdalene. As for the pretended history of Mary Magdalene, purporting to be written by one Marcella, servant to



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Martha, sister of Lazarus, it is a mere novel of modern fabrication, and rejected by all critics, Catholic and Protestant. Yet this legend, and the authority of the Roman Catholic missal, are all which can be urged in favour of the popular opinion which we have been examining. The ancient Fathers are either opposed to it, or altogether silent."





## CHAPTER XV.

*Mr. Reginald Heber appointed Prebendary of St. Asaph—"The Spring Journey"—"Happiness"—"Carol for May-day"—Ladies' Association at Cornwallis House—Oxlee "On the Trinity"—Distress in Shropshire—Mr. Nolan—Southey's "History of the Brazils"—Chalmer's "Astronomical Discourses"—proposed heads of Mr. Reginald Heber's University Sermons—"Sketch of the Military and Political Power of Russia"—Typhus fever at Hodnet—Birth of Mr. Reginald Heber's first child—Proposed union between the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and the Church Missionary Society—Changes in Oxford—Death of Mr. Reginald Heber's child.*

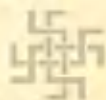
IN 1817 the late Bishop of St. Asaph, Dr. Luxmoore, appointed Mr. Reginald Heber to a stall in that Cathedral, at the request of his father-in-law, the Dean of St. Asaph. His journeys into Wales became, in consequence, more frequent; and as he usually made them on horseback, he beguiled the loneliness of the way with poetical compositions, generally suggested by the scenes around him. From these lighter effusions of his muse the following are selected.

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### THE SPRING JOURNEY<sup>1</sup>.

Oh green was the corn as I rode on my way,  
And bright were the dews on the blossoms of May,  
And dark was the sycamore's shade to behold,  
And the oak's tender leaf was of emerald and gold.

<sup>1</sup> Several of Mr. Reginald Heber's Hymns, and some of his minor compositions, have been set to music by the Rev. W. H. Havergal, for the benefit of different charitable institutions.



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The thrush from his holly, the lark from his cloud,  
Their chorus of rapture sung jovial and loud ;  
From the soft vernal sky, to the soft grassy ground,  
There was beauty above me, beneath, and around.

The mild southern breeze brought a shower from the hill,  
And yet, though it left me all dropping and chill,  
I felt a new pleasure, as onward I sped,  
To gaze where the rainbow gleam'd broad over head.

Oh, such be life's journey, and such be our skill,  
To lose in its blessings the sense of its ill ;  
Through sunshine and shower may our progress be even,  
And our tears add a charm to the prospect of Heaven !

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### HAPPINESS.

One morning in the month of May  
I wander'd o'er the hill ;  
Though nature all around was gay,  
My heart was heavy still.

Can God, I thought, the good, the great,  
These meaner creatures bless,  
And yet deny our human state  
The boon of happiness ?

Tell me, ye woods, ye smiling plains,  
Ye blessed birds around,  
Where, in creation's wild domains,  
Can perfect bliss be found ?

The birds wild caroll'd over head,  
The breeze around me blew,  
And nature's awful chorus said,  
No bliss for man she knew !

I question'd love, whose early ray  
So heav'nly bright appears ;  
And love, in answer, seem'd to say,  
His light was dimm'd by tears.





I question'd friendship,—friendship mourn'd,  
And thus her answer gave :  
The friends whom fortune had not turn'd  
Were vanished in the grave !

I ask'd of feeling,—if her skill  
Could heal the wounded breast ?  
And found her sorrows streaming still,  
For others' griefs distress.

I ask'd if vice could bliss bestow ?  
Vice boasted loud and well :  
But, fading, from her pallid brow  
The venom'd roses fell.

I question'd virtue,—virtue sigh'd,  
No boon could she dispense ;  
Nor virtue was her name, she cried,  
But humble penitence !

I question'd Death,—the grisly shade  
Relax'd his brow severe ;  
And, " I am happiness," he said,  
" If virtue guides thee here !"

OH for the morning gleam of youth, the half-unfolded flower,  
That sparkles in the diamond dew of that serener hour,  
What time the broad and level sun shone gaily o'er the sea,  
And in the woods the birds awoke to songs of extacy.  
The sun, that gilds the middle arch of man's maturer day,  
Smites heavy on the pilgrim's head, who plods his dusty way ;  
The birds are fled to deeper shades—the dewy flowers are dried,  
And hope, that with the day was born, before the day has died ;  
For who can promise to his soul a tranquil eventide ?  
Yes—though the dew will gleam anew—though from its western sky,  
The sun will give as mild a ray as morning could supply—  
Though from her tufted thorn again will sing the nightingale,  
Yet little will the ear of age enjoy her tender tale ;  
And night will find us toiling on with joyless travail worn,  
For day must pass, and night must come before another morn.



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## TO A WELCH AIR.

I mourn not the forest whose verdure is dying ;  
 I mourn not the summer whose beauty is o'er ;  
 I weep for the hopes that for ever are flying ;  
 I sigh for the worth that I slighted before ;  
 And sigh to bethink me how vain is my sighing,  
 For love, once extinguished, is kindled no more.

The spring may return with his garland of flowers,  
 And wake to new rapture the bird on the tree ;  
 The summer smile soft through his chrystalline bowers ;  
 The blessings of autumn wave brown o'er the lea ;  
 The rock may be shaken—the dead may awaken,  
 But the friend of my bosom returns not to me.

## CAROL FOR MAY-DAY.

Queen of fresh flowers,  
 Whom vernal stars obey,  
 Bring thy warm showers,  
 Bring thy genial ray.  
 In nature's greenest livery drest,  
 Descend on earth's expectant breast,  
 To earth and Heaven a welcome guest,  
 Thou merry month of May !

Mark how we meet thee  
 At dawn of dewy day !  
 Hark ! how we greet thee  
 With our roundelay !  
 While all the goodly things that be  
 In earth, and air, and ample sea,  
 Are waking up to welcome thee,  
 Thou merry month of May !

Flocks on the mountains,  
 And birds upon their spray,  
 Tree, turf, and fountains,  
 All hold holyday ;





And love, the life of living things,  
 Love waves his torch, love claps his wings,  
 And loud and wide thy praises sings,  
 Thour merry month of May !

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*To the Lady Isabella King<sup>1</sup>.*

*Hodnet Rectory, May 22, 1817.*

"MADAM,

"I am ashamed to think that so long a time has elapsed without my acknowledging the honour which your lady-

<sup>1</sup> The following extract from Mr. Southey's "Colloquies," will explain the nature and objects of the institution to which this letter refers :

"*Sir Thomas More.* \* \* \* \* Methinks it should make a living heart ache to think, whenever this land of credit is shaken by a commercial earthquake, how many a goodly fabric of happiness is laid in ruins ; and to know how many women, who have been bred up among all the refinements of affluence, and with the expectation that their fortune was in no danger of any such reverse, are reduced to seek for themselves a scanty and precarious support, by the exercise of those talents which had been cultivated for recreation or for display. \* \* \* \* You have no convents, no religious communities in which such persons may be received and sheltered. \* \* \* \*

"*Montesinos.*—An experiment of this kind has been undertaken ; it remains to be seen whether this generation will have the honour of supporting it, or the disgrace of suffering it to fail. That which is most essential, and which might have seemed most difficult to find, was found ; an institutress who devotes her fortunes, her influence, and her life, to this generous purpose ; and who, to every other advantage, adds that of rank. Her institution has not the sanction only, but the cordial approbation of persons in the highest rank ; but efficient patronage is still wanting ; nor is it likely to attain that general attention and consequent support which its general utility deserves. The likeliest chance for its being rendered permanent seems to be from posthumous bounty, if some of those persons, (and there are some in every generation) who bequeath large sums for pious purposes, should perceive that no purpose can be more pious than this. \* \* \* \*

"*Sir Thomas More.*—There is no endowment, then, for this institution ?

"*Montesinos.*—None. It was hoped that from ten to fifteen thousand pounds might have been raised, which would have sufficed for putting it upon a permanent establishment ; but though the queen, and the late princess Charlotte, and the other princesses, contributed to the subscription, not 5000*l.* were collected ; and the experiment could not have been made, had it not been for the support afforded it by the institutress, Lady Isabella King, and by those members who were able to pay a high rent for their apartments ;—the scheme being devised for three classes, differing in point of fortune, but upon an equal footing in education, principles and manners. The wealthier members contribute, by their larger payments, to the support of



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ship has conferred on me, both by your obliging letter and your interesting communication through Mr. Stanley. My engagements have been very numerous, and I am, I fear, at best but a negligent correspondent. I can, however, no longer delay offering you my best thanks for the flattering attention which you have paid to my slight hints for the conduct of an institution which bids fair, if successful, to lay the foundation of many similar societies, to alleviate much distress of the severest nature, and even to become an important feature in the domestic prosperity of the nation. I have read your rules with much attention, and am really unable to suggest any alteration which would, in the present state of the establishment, be advisable. Mr. Stanley suggests that an article in the Quarterly Review might be useful, as making the plan more widely known, and removing the foolish objections to which every new idea is exposed. I am not sure whether, as the little work which you have sent me is unpublished, it will come under the regular cognizance of criticism; but if this difficulty can be got over, I shall have much pleasure in offering my services if no better advocate presents himself, and if your ladyship, on further consideration, approves of the measure.

“ I remain, with unfeigned respect for the ability which has

the establishment; the second class pays 50*l.* each per year for their apartments and board; and there is a third class who, having no means of their own, though in other respects peculiarly fitted for such an institution, as well as peculiarly in need of such an asylum, are appointed to official situations, with salaries annexed. A school for female orphans, belonging to the same rank of life, is to be engrafted on the scheme whenever funds shall be obtained for it. No habit is worn; the institution has, necessarily, its regulations, to which all the members are expected to conform, but there is nothing approaching to what, in your days, would have been called a rule. It must be needless to say that no vows are required, nor even an engagement for any term of years. The scheme has succeeded upon trial, insomuch that the Queen, when she visited it, said it was a blessed asylum; and it would be as beneficial as it is practicable, if funds for extending and rendering it permanent were forthcoming.”—*Progress and Prospects of Society*, vol. ii. p. 301, &c.”

Cornwallis House, near Bristol, was purchased in the year 1821, by the trustees of “the Ladies’ Association,” as the permanent residence of the members. Lady Isabella King lives among them, presiding over the society, and devoting herself to its welfare and improvement.—ED.



dictated your plan, and the courageous benevolence which has carried you through its difficulties,

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" Madam,

" Your ladyship's obliged humble servant,

" REGINALD HEBER."

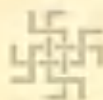
*To the Rev. J. Oxlee.*

*Hodnet Rectory, May 22, 1817.*

" MY DEAR SIR,

" Accept my best thanks for your obliging letter, and the very learned and interesting work<sup>1</sup> which you have sent me. I think myself unfortunate that it had not fallen in my way before my lectures were published, and still more that my reply to the attack made on me in the *British Critic*, was already struck off before your work reached me. Had I seen the last in time, you are perfectly right in supposing it would have been most useful to me. As it is, I have learnt much from its perusal, and shall be happy to speak of it as it deserves in the preface to the second edition of my lectures, now preparing for the public. There are, I must, in honesty, confess, some points on which I differ from, or perhaps I do not understand you, and on which I may, possibly, when I have more leisure than I now enjoy, trouble you with a few observations. I mean, in particular, that your view of the Trinity may be understood as Tritheistic, an opinion which I am convinced you did not mean to support, but which, as it seems to me, some parts of your statement might be so perverted as to favour. Your arguments, however, for the plurality of the persons are, I think, perfectly satisfactory; and you have the rare merit of having been the first in the present generation of superficial readers, to call the attention of the world to those mines of ancient Hebrew literature, by the cultivation of which, I am con-

<sup>1</sup> On the Trinity.



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vinced, we may best hope to interpret Scripture successfully, and to extend, in God's good time, the light of the Gospel to the nation from which, however now blinded, we ourselves first received it.

"With sincere respect for the learning and talent which have been now made known to me, and in the hope that circumstances may allow us to meet as well as to correspond, I remain,

"Dear, Sir,

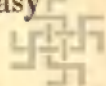
"Your's very truly,

"REGINALD HEBER."

*To R. J. Wilmot, Esq.*

*Hodnet Rectory, July 17, 1817.*

" \* \* \* Have you been led by your confinement to write any 'consolations of politics,' or has pain the same effect on you which it has on me, to indispose you from any serious employment of the mind? In this part of the world people care very little for Habeas Corpus; but a blow of village policy has just been struck, which has thrown half Shropshire into a ferment. The mining parishes have, several of them, declared, in a legal way, their utter inability to support their poor any longer, and have, consequently, called on the magistrates to rate all the other parishes in the hundred or county, in aid of their levies. In consequence, Hodnet has been ordered by three justices in the neighbourhood of Wellington, to send in a statement of its poor-rates, in order to determine the proportion in which we ought to be assessed for this object. My flock breathe nothing but war and defiance, as might be expected from persons who had murmured most grievously under the necessary burdens of their own parishioners. The law, however, seems to me, though it has never been acted on, I believe, since the time of Elizabeth, in favour of the demand made on us; but there are so many previous difficulties to be got over before any regular assessment can be enforced, that the distressed districts will gain little by their measure. It is, in the first place, not easy





to determine at what precise point a parish becomes unable to support its poor. Then, all the parishes are rated according to valuations of their property, made at different times, and by different surveyors; some almost a hundred years ago, others last year, some at a reduced rate, others at rack rents. All this must be equalized, or any parish or individual may appeal from the charge made on him, on the ground that it is more than his share. On the whole, I fear that the proposed measure will produce abundant harvests to attorneys and surveyors, and a very considerable expence to all parties besides, with but little benefit to the sufferers. If all the parishes called on in aid, would make a tender of some considerable sum as a free gift, and the magistrates would withdraw their order, more effectual good might be obtained; but this, I know very well, is not to be expected. The forges all this time are in a reviving state; but the miners, unfortunately, are not yet benefitted by this circumstance, since at the commencement of their distresses, the iron masters continued to lay in stocks of ore, which the probable consumption of many months to come will not exhaust.

*To R. J. Wilmot, Esq.*

*Hodnet Rectory, July 13, 1817.*

“ \* \* \* This year has passed with me apparently swifter, and in a more stealthy manner than most others, for lack of what had become a kind of annual mile-post, a mark of progress,—my visit to London. I still feel as if the spring was not over. We should not form habits and unnecessary wants; and, therefore, I ought to be glad that I was prevented from availing myself of the hospitality which you so kindly offered. But it, certainly, was a sacrifice; and I have felt it more, since I found that I might have helped, if not to nurse, at which I am no great proficient, at least to have kept you company on your sofa. Summer is generally an idle time with me, but I am now busy preparing sermons for the university in October term.



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“ I have got Mr. Nolan’s answer to my reply ; it is not a retort courteous, but this I had no particular reason to expect at his hands. Whether I shall write him a formal answer, or content myself with a very short notice of his pamphlet in the preface to the new edition of my lectures, I do not yet know. Something may depend on the degree of circulation which his work appears to obtain, and the degree of credit which is given to it, which my friends in Oxford and London may be able to ascertain for me. If I reply, it will, as you recommend, be very shortly, and with all my disposeable stock of good temper. There is one point, and only one, where I am, at present, inclined to think that, from haste and want of information, I *may* have allowed him to gain an advantage. This I can easily ascertain when I go to the Bodleian, and if I find myself wrong I shall not hesitate to own it.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ If, however, his pamphlet, as may very probably be the case, has few readers, and those few, persons of little consequence in the religious or literary world : if men, as I suspect, care too little about either of us to enquire which is orthodox, or whether we both are heretics, I shall, I think, do better to pay undivided attention to those progressive studies on which my reputation must eventually depend. In this light I regard myself as peculiarly fortunate in being appointed to preach again at Oxford, since a few popular sermons there, will do more to conciliate favour for my future efforts, and even to make men think well of my past doings, than all the answers which I can offer to charges so personal and offensive, as some of those which Mr. Nolan has brought against me.

*To R. J. Wilmot, Esq.*

*Hodnet Rectory, Sept. 24, 1817.*

“ I am now reviewing Southey’s *Brazil*<sup>1</sup>, where the Jesuit institutions will be interesting to all those who have studied the

<sup>1</sup> History of the Brazils, vol. ii. Quarterly Review, 1817.





congenial plans of Mr. Owen, who, with all the absurdity of his *new religion*, &c., is an enthusiast of no common power. I should have wished to have been able, and to have had sufficient time to make a separate article on him, and to clear from the bran and chaff which make up the greater part of his system, such parts of it as are really valuable and practical, whether for a poor-house or a new colony, the only instances to which any portions of his scheme can apply.

\* \* \* Sir Robert Wilson's

book I only know through the newspapers. \* \*

\* \* \* \*

"There are many good reasons why Russia never can be so dangerous to this country as France was; among which, one very obvious, is the fact that she has never been able to put *great* bodies of troops in motion beyond her own frontiers, without subsidies. The armies with which she subdued Turkey and Poland, were, in every instance, *small*."

\* \* \* \*

"I am greatly delighted with Chalmers's astronomical discourses. \* \* \* The matter is, in my opinion, so eloquent and admirable, that I should rejoice at few things more than to hear of a good French translation of them being undertaken. They are excellently qualified to do good on the continent, both in a religious view and as a specimen of British talent; and are likely not only to retain all their merits, but to get rid of their principal faults, when strained into a foreign tongue. His 'evidences' I have not yet read."

\* \* \* \*

"Heneage Legge's appointment had been mentioned to me, I was much surprised at his accepting it, as supposing that it obliged him to give up his profession, in which, I find, I was mistaken. I rejoice in any good fortune which befalls so worthy a man, and hope that this may lead to something better."

"You ask me concerning Mr. Nolan; I am no less surprised than you that he has not yet renewed his attack on me as he promised to do. I cannot suppose that he has abandoned his hostile



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intention; yet, if he delays much longer the appearance of his second letter, his first will be nearly forgotten, no less than the pamphlet which called it forth; but I certainly have no business to hurry him.

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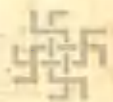
*To John Thornton, Esq.*

*Hodnet Rectory, Sept. 24, 1817.*

“ \* \* \* The poor round us have been all sickly, with a tendency to typhus fever. I feel very grateful that this did not occur four or five months ago, when the workhouse and several of the cottages were crowded like slave-ships. At present, the iron-trade having revived, the greater part of these inmates are returned to their former places of residence, and the population, being neither so condensed nor so miserable as it was, is far less likely to receive or transmit infection.

“ When does Inglis return from Boulogne? There is a meagre and unsatisfactory review<sup>1</sup> of the works of his and your friend Bowdler, which, though I believe it may be meant as friendly, does great injustice to his principles, and misrepresents one of his arguments strangely. You have probably seen the article, so I need not repeat what he or they say; but it is plain that they have entirely overlooked the jet of his argument, which is to show, that, as a firm persuasion of certain physical and political truths, as having a tendency to produce corresponding actions, has, in this world, an obvious influence on our happiness; so, in another world, our happiness may depend on the strength and accuracy of our religious persuasions here. To this, it is no answer to say that it is not the *belief*, but the *conduct* which arises from that belief, which, in either case, leads to happiness; the belief is, in both cases, the ‘*causa sine quâ non*’ of the conduct, since no man acts without a motive; and therefore Bowdler’s answer is strictly logical, as well as elegant.

<sup>1</sup> Quarterly Review for 1817.





" You ask respecting the subjects of my intended sermons at Oxford ; one is on the existence, power, and number of evil spirits, and a practical conclusion on the necessity of Christian watchfulness ; a second on the protection afforded through the agency of Heavenly spirits by the Almighty ; a third on the gain of a Christian in dying, and a discussion of the various grounds of hope which men have built on against the fear of death ; a fourth will be, I believe, on St. Paul's shipwreck, and the advantages of associating with persons of holy character. \* \* \*

\* \* \* I had a visit a short time ago from Hatchard, the bookseller, and Mortlock, the china-dealer, who were going round the country on a benevolent mission from the Society for relieving the manufacturing poor. I was glad to hear from them that the distress, on the whole, was fast diminishing. What is now most wanted is clothing."

*To R. W. Hay, Esq.*

*Hodnet Rectory, Sept. 24, 1817.*

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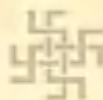
" I hope you have got through the autumn in better health than several of my friends. Poor Gifford has, I fear, been dismally ill. What is to become of the Quarterly when he goes ? \*

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" The Quarterly Review brings Sir R. Wilson into my head, whose book I only know as yet by the extracts in the Times, but which appears, if *they* are a fair sample, to deserve castigation, in an article, which may prove the present inability and, I verily think, indisposition of Russia to the schemes which Sir Robert Wilson imputes to her ; and the length of time and many events in the chapter of accidents which may be expected to intervene before she really becomes what Buonaparte's empire was. \*

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And surely it would not be





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a bad piece of work to expose the inconsistency of those who could see no danger from Buonaparte at our doors, while they are so tremblingly alive to the ambitious schemes which may be entertained by Alexander's grandsons<sup>1</sup>. Is there not one respect in which we are rather obliged to the Princess Charlotte's choice of a husband, than to our own wisdom? I mean, that the greatest possible danger which could have arisen to Europe, would have been a conspiracy between France and Russia to divide the world; an event which is now rendered highly improbable by the manner in which Russia has connected herself with the Netherlands and Bavaria.

"To pass from these speculations to matters more befitting my profession, let me hope you have read Chalmers's Sermons. I can at present read little else, so much am I taken with the richness of his matter, in spite of one of the worst styles that ever matter was encumbered with on this side of chaos. I heartily wish that somebody would translate him into French; his arguments would do infinite good to the cause of Christianity on the continent, and his beauties are precisely of the kind which lose nothing by transfusion into another language, and which would be extremely popular abroad. When I go to Oxford next term, I will sound Bertin on the subject. I do not know whether he is an elegant French writer, but he certainly understands English, which not many of his countrymen do well enough to translate from it.

"I do hope we may be able to meet somewhere this year; and though there are few inducements to bring you so far, I should like to show you my new house and goings-on. Surely in these 'piping times of peace,' you are not kept in the midst of your well-mapped apartment so closely, as when the Algerines were to be brought to reason."

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Reginald Heber subsequently undertook himself the task which he here suggested. The article in the Quarterly Review for April, 1818, on "A Sketch of the Military and Political Power of Russia, in 1817," was from his pen.





*To the Rev. J. Oxlee.**Hodnet Rectory, October 6, 1817.*

“ MY DEAR SIR,

“ I received yesterday a letter from Mr. Gifford, who has been for a long time too seriously ill to attend to any business. He informs me that the first sheets of the article on my lectures had been already printed off for the next number, before your offer could be attended to. He begs me to express his regret that he has been deprived of the power of availing himself of your able assistance ; and desires me to exert my influence with you to obtain your help on some future occasion. I do not think he is strong in theological labourers, as those who used chiefly to contribute to his review, in this branch of criticism, are now too fully employed in their own pursuits to be able to do so often ; and I really conceive that, if any publication should appear which you may think a proper subject for your pen, you may be able in this way both to do much good, and add to your own literary reputation. It is fair to tell you beforehand, that Gifford claims the privilege, and exercises it with very little ceremony, of either rejecting or curtailing the articles sent to him.

“ I now come to a much less interesting subject,—I mean Mr. Nolan. I have been a good deal surprised to hear nothing of his second letter, but have certainly no wish to hurry him, or to answer the first till he has entirely finished his plea. My brother tells me the former has been but little known or noticed in London ; and my friends, in general, appear to think that unless the second produces more effect, it will not be advisable to answer either. I am to go to Oxford early in term, where I shall be better able to judge, and will lose no time in apprising you of my intentions.

“ I am afraid that you are perfectly right in ascribing a less





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degree of Hebrew knowledge to the Fathers than I did in my reply; their pretensions are not of a kind to bear sifting.

“ Believe me, dear Sir,

“ Ever truly your’s,

“ REGINALD HEBER.”

*To R. J. Wilmot, Esq.*

*Hodnet Rectory, Dec. 13, 1817.*

“ Thank you very much for your interesting particulars respecting the imperial family, which have enabled me to lay down the law on Russian politics in great style in several places. I had heard before so many facts as to the emperor’s piety, that I had been by degrees constrained to think it unaffected, though it certainly did not tally with the general course of his life when I was in Russia.

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“ As to the younger Grand Dukes being on fire for military glory, it is so common, I might say, so universal a fever in lads of eighteen or twenty, that we can lay no stress on it. This feeling, however, on their parts, from whatever cause it springs, is, beyond all doubt, an additional reason for wishing long life to Alexander.

“ The oriental scholar whose learning and modesty I praised, is a Mr. Lee of Cambridge, who, from the situation of a journeyman carpenter in Shropshire, has, by his own application and talent, and, in some small measure, by the patronage of Archdeacon Corbet, raised himself to a great degree of deserved celebrity. His discovery relative to the Coptic is, that that language is radically the same with the Malayan.

“ Believe me your obliged friend,

“ REGINALD HEBER.”

<sup>1</sup> Arabic professor in Cambridge.—Ed. *appointed Regius*

*Professor of Hebrew 1837*





*To E. D. Davenport, Esq.*

*Hodnet Rectory, March 23, 1818.*

“MY DEAR DAVENPORT,

“Your offer to receive into your house such unwelcome guests as a family flying from contagion, is perfectly like yourself, and calls for our best thanks. The fear of a typhus fever, fortunately, is gone by; but we should have been still happy to accept your kind invitation, had not the Killmoreys already taken off our hands the friends whom we hoped you would have met here, and engaged us to meet them. Our house is still a sickly one, though, in point of direct ‘contumace,’ we have a ‘clean bill.’ The housekeeper, who was the first attacked, is still hardly able to speak or stir from the effects of quinsy. \* \* \* \*

The apothecary, at least, has derived from hence no small advantage; and the housekeeper is so well drenched with old port, that she has no great inducement to recover her health speedily. I am encouraged, however, to hope that she will be quite well enough before next Monday to cook for yourself, Wilmot, and the Dean of St. Asaph, who will then come to us, and whom I should like you much to meet. Emily, though a little flurried by what has passed in the house, is going on as well as can be desired. I am to take her to Chester the second or third week in April, and we have written to engage a house there. Our parsonage, during our absence, is to be painted and smartened up, so as to make a favourable first impression on the little stranger whom we hope to bring back with us.”

\* \* \* \*

*To ———.*

“Your last letter awakened so very blended sensations, and I so much distrusted my powers of comforting, that I deferred writing purposely, till I had reason to believe my letter would not

